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THE

# FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XCI. NEW SERIES.—JULY 1, 1874.

## IS A REPUBLIC POSSIBLE IN FRANCE?

THE speedy advent of a final and permanent republic in France seems to be assumed in many quarters as a contingency too obvious to require much in the way of evidence to prove it. The disposition is rather to expatiate on the grandeur of the prospect than to inquire whether the prospect will ever be realised at all. We are assured that a great change has come over the French nation—that a spirit of moderation hitherto rare, if not absent from their history, is now going to show itself; that while the partisans of monarchy have emerged from their obscurity, only to show their weakness, the republican symbol is spreading far and fast; that at last the stolid peasantry are practically conciliated to the republic; and that the whole movement is watched over by a statesman of such genius, capacity, and courage, in whom audacity and wariness are so happily compounded, that we may almost regard its success as an accomplished fact.

It is always invidious to traverse an amiable if somewhat crude enthusiasm, especially when the consummation in view is naturally desired by every liberal mind. The mere thought of France becoming at once orderly and free, of the epoch of violent and devastating revolutions being finally closed, is certainly well fitted to send an uncommon thrill of hope and joyfulness through every friend of progress. But inasmuch as, if the hope should prove to be fallacious, the joy will be turned into bitterness, the more intense through disappointment, it behoves all who possess their souls in patience to examine with quite especial scrutiny whether those things be so. We have been taught by a harsh experience that periods of undue exaltation are easily and habitually followed by others of undue depression; and these periods consequent on frustrated aspirations have been precisely some of the darkest in history. Then it has been seen that those whose confidence in the future had been so



great that they resented doubts as treacheries and warnings as impertinences, were among the first to yield to a passionate despair—to hope too little, having before hoped too much—to doubt the possibility of a new dawn, after having doubted the possibility of a setting sun.

Holding strongly the opinion that the danger here indicated is rather rashly incurred just now, I propose to submit a few considerations by which I am led to doubt the speedy advent of a stable French republic as commonly understood. It seems to be probable, but by no means certain, that an effort to establish one will shortly be made. But I question its duration. Both the past and the present are strewn thickly with facts which support this view.

I consider the impediments which stand in the way of a durable French republic are threefold, which I classify in a progressive order of magnitude:—(1) political, (2) moral, (3) social. By the political impediment I mean one arising from the distribution and composition of parties in France. The difficulties under this head are not necessarily very serious in kind, though they may be so in degree. They are precisely the difficulties with which statesmanship has to deal, and belong to a class of phenomena which are highly susceptible to the modifying influence of the human intellect and will. Hence, though they may present great obstacles, these need not be insurmountable. The moral difficulty is graver, as it springs from the national temperament of the French people. This all but escapes the action of statesmen, or yields only to modification applied over long periods of time. The third or social difficulty is the gravest of all, as, while closely connected with the moral one just named, it is compounded with and multiplied by the exceptional exacerbation of passions resulting from a series of disastrous incidents in the history of France, through which the average temperature of class-antipathies has been raised to a torrid heat, nearly, if not quite, unprecedented. I must not either omit another consideration of a general kind, viz., that the transformation of an old state hitherto despotically governed into a free commonwealth is an enterprise of which there are no successful examples as yet, and that we are forbidden to wonder at this failure by an elementary acquaintance with the laws which govern human society.

I. The political difficulty arises from the heterogeneous composition of the republican party, which almost forbids the hope that even after they have got hold of power they will be able to keep it. This impediment is partially veiled at present by the exigencies of their present state of opposition; but it would be manifest the moment the distribution of office and authority had to be attempted. The divisions in the Liberal camp are immense, varying from the Conservative Republicanism of M. Thiers and M. Dufaure up or down to

the Radicalism which demands a *liquidation sociale*. There is still a very wide gap indeed between the opinions and wishes of the ardent Radicals of Paris and the large towns, on the one hand, and the opinions and wishes of the sober and essentially timid country population on the other, even when this is frankly republican according to its lights. An English writer may accept without humiliation the judgment of such politicians as M. Barodet and M. Gambetta on this subject. M. Barodet gave it recently as a reason for not yielding to a pressure put upon him by certain of his constituents to use a more "energetic policy" in the Chamber, that if he and his friends were to do so, they would be at once abandoned by the less advanced Republicans of the country districts; and in a speech delivered before the Union Républicaine, M. Gambetta emphatically endorsed this view. Now, it is unnecessary to say that the activity and energy of the town populations immensely surpass those of the country. The notion that the passionate Radicalism of the towns, and especially of Paris, can be somehow suppressed or neutralised is too visionary to be entertained. The communard element has been sorely smitten during these last years, but its anger and vehemence are for that very reason greater than ever. It seems difficult even to imagine a policy which would satisfy on the one hand the rich capitalists of Lyons, Roubaix, Marseilles, Lille, and Paris, and on the other hand their more or less Socialist workmen, who regard them as so many robbers fattened on the spoliation of the poor.

But, confining our attention to the political side of the case, we have to notice that France again finds herself in a position which has grown habitual with her—in want, namely, of a constitution. If the coming republic elaborates a constitution, as we cannot doubt it will, that will make the sixteenth constitution with which France has been provided since 1789. Frenchmen not only acquiesce in, they are very proud of, their judicial and administrative systems. The less informed among them consider these institutions to be the triumphs won by the great Revolution; the more learned know how largely they are indebted for them to the old monarchy. But it may be broadly said that on the whole they are thoroughly satisfied with their civil and criminal law, and with their bureaucratic form of government. In the sphere of politics proper it is entirely the reverse. In this order there is not only no present agreement, but little hope of a future one. Frenchmen have not as yet in the least settled it among themselves on what first principles their country shall be governed. The advent of a new party to power is always marked, therefore, by the fabrication of a new constitution. This will be the first business of the future republic. There is no fear that expert draughtsmen will be wanting. Sieyès has left successors who will promptly produce a constitution fitted to the occasion,

which will be a masterpiece of lucidity and logic, and (on paper) leave nothing to be desired. As regards its permanence it is unnecessary to risk an opinion; but we can see already that its durability will be threatened by two dangers, and these are the question of a single or a double Chamber, and the question of the powers, attributes, and mode of election of the chief magistrate or the President.

The question of the single or double Chamber will reveal the profound divergences that exist in the Republican party—between the Conservative Republicans who follow M. Thiers and M. Dufaure, and the Radicals who follow M. Gambetta or even more advanced leaders. It will be remembered that M. Thiers was preparing bills for the institution of a second Chamber at the moment of his fall last year; and no one who frequented French society at that time can forget the dismay they caused among the partisans of the Extreme Left. M. Thiers was held up to odium for his reactionary intention. It was pointed out how, if he succeeded in establishing his obstructive Senate, the more liberal lower house would be constantly thwarted and checkmated, and that nothing but another revolution would be adequate to shake off the incubus, or, in other words, a desertion of that steadfast adherence to the path of plain legality which the Republican chiefs have so judiciously chosen and so wisely followed of late. The internal contest within the limits of the Republican party never came to a head, because M. Thiers and his measures were swept away by the sudden vote of the 24th May. But we cannot doubt that the difficulty will again emerge as soon as the Republicans have the field to themselves. A deceitful appearance of concord is produced now by the necessity of making war against the common enemy—the Monarchists. We shall not see the divergence till that enemy is vanquished. When he is, it will appear in all its gravity.

But this difficulty is secondary compared with the momentous question of the Presidency. Our cheerful prophets who assure us that the Republic is the only régime which can give France peace, seem to think the moment the republic is proclaimed all will go smoothly, and that French Presidents will go in and out of office with the dull decorum of London lord-mayors. It is a singular illusion, born of ignorance or thoughtlessness. The Presidential form of government amid a population adequately prepared for it by sobriety of character, by essential unity of opinion, and by habitual self-government, is one of the most excellent that exist; but it has grave defects, as its most ardent admirers well know. A people of such stalwart political life as the Americans, who could spend six leisurely years in discussing and preparing their constitution, has surmounted these defects. Yet even in America the election of a President gave the occasion for one of the most serious civil wars on

record. A people owning citizens of such zeal for the general good, that a great party leader like Jefferson could request his opponent Washington to allow himself to be nominated a second time to office, to give a greater assurance of permanency to the young State, can do and dare things which would ruin less robust nations. Above all, in a country where local self-government permeates the remotest fibres of the body politic, the office of chief magistrate, though of great importance, does not possess the unique character of a main-spring, as it does in a highly centralized state where the executive has been paramount for centuries.

It is needless to point out that France is at the opposite pole of politics as compared to America. We are entitled to infer *a priori*, that a system which worked well in the one country would not work well in the other. But the political differences between the two countries are trivial when compared with their social differences. In America opinion is essentially homogeneous; there are no hereditary class feuds; the religious antagonisms are so multitudinous that they neutralise each other. In France, as we know, all these conditions are reversed. The animosities between classes are ferocious, the differences of opinion are yawning chasms, and practically in the religious order there are only two parties—fanatical Catholics and fanatical Free-thinkers. In such a society it is proposed to institute a chief magistrate, armed inevitably with vast power, by election; and not only to elect him, but periodically to replace him. The weakest link in the Presidential form of government—the transition from one President to another—is to be submitted to a strain which it can ill endure under the most favourable conditions, amid circumstances which will increase the strain a hundredfold. The love of power and office, great in all men, is exceptionally intense among the French. The meanest post conferring authority is eagerly disputed—as the crowds of functionaries sufficiently prove—and the supreme place of all, if thrown open to competition, must necessarily lead to a vehemence of contention amid which social peace would disappear. It would be indeed organizing revolution *en permanence*.

Among the extant forms of Presidential government, which will the French elect? Will the President conform to the model afforded by the United States, or will he be the mere chairman of a board like the Bundespräsident of the Swiss Confederation?

Considering French antecedents, it is impossible to suppose that the people would endure the pale spectre of authority with which the Swiss are contented. With nothing have the French less patience than with a ruler who does not govern. Their national bias is all the other way—to love and admire a ruler who sallies forth with a “stretched-out arm,” and makes his presence felt at every

moment and in every direction. The option seems to be between a President elected by the people, with a mandate co-ordinate with that of the popular Assembly, and a President nominated by a vote of the Chamber or Parliament. The first method has much to recommend it, in spite of the evil precedent of Louis Napoleon's election. It gives a dignity and prestige to the chief magistrate which are almost indispensable amid a population like the French—so accustomed to see their rulers take a prominent part. But these merits become defects when we reflect that this prestige is liable to be used for sinister purposes, and that under the robe of a President will be most likely hidden a tyrant. But let us suppose the most favourable circumstance, that a plain and rather dull man—not unlike Macmahon—is the holder of office, what would be his position? As a moderate man—as if elected by a combined country and urban vote he could hardly fail to be—he would soon be the object of unmeasured attack from the two extreme parties. He would be forced to take a side, or fall into the insignificance of a sort of temporary constitutional king, shielding himself behind ministers. In the latter case, he would be promptly and contemptuously cashiered as not strong enough for the place, or he would become the more or less willing tool of the ascendant faction, and soon be arrayed in all the panoply of a “Gouvernement de combat,” whether against Radicals or Conservatives it would not matter. Neither would it signify much whether he had the majority of the Chamber with him or against him. He would be certain to have a considerable section of the population opposed to him, on which he would have to bear with a heavy hand. As a chief ruler he could not escape the odium which inevitably attaches to that post in France. The damaging hail of epigram and persiflage would be poured upon him without stint (unless, as is most probable, he silenced the Opposition press), and he would soon be fighting for his post and his life, and surrounded by interested prompters to take an energetic line. If a virtuous man, he would abandon his place to one less scrupulous (and there would be no difficulty in finding a successor); if not, he would, under the impression, more or less sincere, that he was saving the country, lead France to another revolution.

If, on the other hand, the President were elected by the Chamber, the facts which are passing before our eyes show us that he would not be even as secure as an English prime minister. Not only would he be exposed to what may be called legitimate opposition, but to the malignant opposition which seeks to degrade the office no less than the man. More than in the case just supposed, he would be driven to bay, and forced to show his teeth. He would need to be a man of rare virtue indeed not to use the immense

force which the centralized government puts in the hands of the executive. He would need not only to be a virtuous man, but a man of extraordinary strength of character, to resist the pressure to which he would be subjected by interested advisers. He would need to be, in short, equally distinguished by the rarest mental and moral qualities, and his successors ought to be men of a similar stamp to save the republic from shipwreck. Is this prospect likely to be realised?

The immense difficulty in the way of all government in France is the fact that political questions are there always complicated to an exceptional degree by social questions. And this difficulty weighs heavier on the republican than any other form of government, because the republic is more directly called upon to effect their solution. This inconvenience would not be greater than it is in other countries, if France were already provided with a permanent political system. But, instead of this, she is still striving painfully first to find and then erect a political fabric from foundation upwards. The merely political problems before her are great enough to daunt a council of Solons; but the political problems are by no means the hardest part of her task. The tremendous questions of capital *versus* labour, to say nothing of those connected with religion and education, are forced upon a nation which has no stage ready on which they can be profitably discussed. A political machinery which is still so rudimentary that it is always breaking down, is yet forced or expected to carry the insupportable load of social problems under which the strongest state-organizations may yet be made to bend. We here perceive a rock on which the republic is ever likely to split, but which despotism can partially evade. Despotism simply suppresses social questions, crushes them out of sight, and proclaims its merits as peacemaker for so doing. But the republic cannot take this course; it fain would grapple with those questions, but to do so it is forced in the first resort to provide itself with a political structure in which it can live and do work. Thereupon the mob bursts in and inquires, "What are you doing for the people?" Thus Marat inquired of the Constituent Assembly in 1789; thus Proudhon in 1848; and thus it will be the moment a new effort is made to establish a republic this year or the next. France has delayed providing herself with a polity which will stand ordinary wear and tear, till the united social and political problems have come upon her at once. In this respect she is unique among civilised nations; there is only a partial exception in the case of Spain, and in Spain the social problem is relatively in the background. In Russia and Prussia the monarchical principle is as firm as adamant, and social reforms have been carried through by autocratic power in both countries—the emancipation of the

serfs in the one, and the conversion of the land tenure in the other. In Belgium, Holland, Italy, Sweden, and England, the parliamentary system, which some Englishmen, unworthy of their birthright, find a strange pleasure in vilifying, at least avoids revolution, and which, though painfully slow, is in the end sure. In France alone, there is no platform ready on which the social problem can be so much as discussed. The excuse sometimes offered, that it is because France is further advanced in the revolutionary stage that she is exposed to these shocks, cannot be admitted. Her further advance consists only in this, that she is unable to take them even into consideration without a cataclysm, and that she is forced to resort to the musket and the bayonet as simple instruments of police.

A republic, in short, will be inevitably exposed to two fires. On the one hand it will be attacked by its declared enemies in front, and we know whether they will be scrupulous in the weapons they employ. On the other side it will be undermined and plotted against by its dissatisfied followers in the rear, who will pronounce it a scandalous betrayal of the cause of the people, and end in the exasperation of party strife by joining the common enemy to bring about its defeat. Some suppose that this danger has been greatly diminished, if not entirely removed, by the elevated statesmanship of M. Gambetta, who has introduced, it is thought, new elements of patience, compromise, and moderation into French politics. I am not going to question the wisdom of M. Gambetta's policy, but I may express the strongest doubts as to its ultimate success. A coalition of republican parties, if it could be brought about, would, beyond question, be one of the greatest blessings which could happen to France. But for this result a coalition of leaders will not suffice, and, if I am not greatly misinformed, this is a mistake the chiefs of the Left are in danger of committing,—of forgetting, namely, that their rebellious tails are likely to throw their conciliations and compromises to the winds. In any case the republic will have a hard struggle for existence between its foes without and its foes within. Repressive measures of considerable severity will be dictated by obvious motives of self-preservation; the national bias towards arbitrary power will reappear, and be welcomed as the return of an old friend; and the republic, all but in name, will have vanished.

II. The moral impediment to liberal institutions in France consists in the temperament of the people. Nations, as well as individuals, have the "defects of their qualities," and we may reverse the maxim, and say, their qualities are often largely dependant on their defects. The sober-sided moderation and general cool common sense of which Englishmen are so proud, are

perhaps quite as much owing to a certain slowness of blood and average incapacity for generalisation and systematic thought as to any peculiar gifts of wisdom. The laborious accuracy and diligence of the Germans are purchased at the price of an enormous aptitude for dulness. So the bright vivacity of the French, which endows them with their exceptional rapidity and brilliancy of genius, when carried into the political order, renders them incapable of the patience and collectedness which government founded on public discussion requires.

The French cannot discuss. Their oratorical talent is supreme, but it is not of the debating order. A notable characteristic of Frenchmen, which strikes every foreigner, and which they will acknowledge themselves when you draw their attention to it, is their difficulty of listening not only to an adversary, but to a speaker of any kind, if the gathering exceeds a limited number. It is a characteristic common to all classes, from the salons of the rich to the cabarets of the poor. The wish does not seem to be to hear, or even to be heard, but only to speak. So you may see any day at the Assembly whole groups of honourable gentlemen complacently vociferating amidst a din which prevents the speakers from hearing even their own voices, and that same evening at a private dinner-party you may see the same scene repeated—every man interrupting his neighbour, and dashing in with his own diatribe, regardless of the rights or comfort of others. As a mere question of manners this is simply a detail, because the French so thoroughly deserve the character they claim for themselves of *bon enfant*, that no one can resent although he may regret their indomitable vivacity. But transferred into the arena of politics this disposition is fatal: it not only prevents orderly counsel, but it turns the very means of mutual understanding and concord into an envenomed source of anger and mutual hatred. Experience shows that Assemblies are a potent cause of anarchy and increased irritation in France. The constant interchange of taunts, sarcasms, amounting at times to wilful insults, is certainly not calculated to produce harmony of sentiment. As M. Thiers said, “On aime à se haïr, à se méconnaître, à pouvoir se dire les uns aux autres qu’on est des scélérats.”<sup>1</sup> And it must not be supposed that this is a weakness confined to Assemblies in which the divergence of parties is wide, or that it is the exclusive privilege of insubordinate legitimists and monarchists, who, after all, are Frenchmen. The same phenomenon is observed when the shades of political difference are slight. The first meeting of the Commune was marked by great violence. Everybody spoke at the same time, says an eye-witness. The citizen Eudes threatened to arrest the citizen Allix. Other citizens

(1) See *XIXme Siècle*, 2 March, 1874.



demanded the expulsion of other citizens, their colleagues; and, later on in the communal movement, the majority had serious thoughts of sending the minority to prison, thoughts which would have been, no doubt, put into practice, had not the insurrection been brought to a tragic close, largely, if not entirely, in consequence of its fierce intestine divisions.

If it were a mere question of great licence of speech in the heat of debate, there would not be so much harm. Hard words break no bones; and if a spirit of compromise, a sincere wish to find terms of agreement, prevailed after a turbulent sitting, there would be hope. But such is far from being the case. The hostile parties leave the Chamber more hostile after they have relieved their feelings by free invective. The taunts alone are remembered; the points of difference are seen more vividly, the points of agreement are forgotten. Every man has gone away with an increased conviction that his opponent is a "scélérat" to be suppressed if possible. Can anything more hopeless be imagined than the conduct of the majority of the Assembly at Versailles, when, in the early days of the Commune, the mayors of Paris presented themselves in the theatre with the honourable design of making a last effort towards conciliation? They were the legally elected municipal officers of the capital; they were known to have disapproved in a measure the communal movement; their very appearance in the tribunes was a pledge that they wished to act the part of peacemakers. The circumstances, one would have thought, were sad enough to have quelled the most ferocious party spirit. The truculent and contemptuous foreigner still held Paris in his grasp. It was an occasion when every sentiment of pride, patriotism, and personal dignity called aloud to the conscript fathers to smother their domestic differences and think only of the insolent foe. And how were the mayors received? They were howled at; fists were shaken at them, and their presence in the Assembly was pronounced an outrage. We grant that the two extremes of French society were here in presence of each other. But such a gulf as was here revealed between them fills our mind with the gloomiest forebodings as to the future. How is it even to be bridged over? and is not the republic destined to disappear in the yawning chasm?<sup>1</sup>

Closely connected with this impatience, which renders Frenchmen incapable of listening to opponents, much less, therefore, of conciliating them, is a trait of character which, while it is very pernicious to freedom, is somewhat difficult to account for. M. Quinet contents himself with wondering at it. "J'admire," he says, "comment les mêmes hommes, si exigeants, si impatients dans la liberté, deviennent aussitôt les plus patients des êtres sous l'oppression ou la terreur."<sup>2</sup> It is certainly a very remarkable fact that the French have always

(1) Malon, "Troisième Défaite du Prolétariat Français," p. 101.

(2) "La Révolution," vol. ii. p. 228.

shown a singular submissiveness under tyrannical, and as singular an impatience under liberal, rulers. To a government which dragoons them their obedience is almost passive. To a government which consults them, which strives to please and content them, they offer a strange mixture of contempt and anger, and generally sweep it away with an indignation they could not exceed with regard to a despot. Thus they made their great revolt against incontestably the mildest if also the weakest of the Bourbon kings. De Tocqueville has shown "comment on souleva le peuple en voulant le soulager." In proportion as the late Empire became more liberal was it more savagely attacked. I know the apology which will be made—that an indignant people, long denied its just rights, cannot be expected to be grateful for tardy and imperfect concessions, which bear the marks rather of weakness than benevolence, and that the mere prospect of emancipation after long despair kindles such a noble ardour to reach the goal that it cannot be restrained. But this excuse is scarcely valid, as it is not only to relenting or decaying despots that the French manifest the temper in question, but also to the chosen objects of popular favour almost before they have time to get well seated in the chairs of office. Consider how the three Assemblies of the great Revolution were perpetually insulted and bullied by the mob; reflect how Lamartine and his colleagues in 1848 were invaded and outraged in the Chamber, as if they had been so many decemvirs; think again how the Government of National Defence in 1870 were captured and all but lynched on the 31st October. I do not say that there were not valid grievances against one and all of these rulers; but I do say that the rapid impatience with which their shortcomings were brought home to them contrasts very markedly with the favour shown to rulers whose policy is habitually strengthened by a free use of cold steel and ball-cartridge. Again, I see an objection, "You can hardly expect an unarmed crowd to openly oppose the unscrupulous master of legions." I do not suppose such a thing. But I call attention to the fact that after the *coup-d'état* of December, 1851, only nineteen days after it, Louis Napoleon obtained, in the department of the Seine, 196,000 odd votes at the plébiscite of 21st December, and on the 21st November following, on the proclamation of the Empire, he obtained 208,658 votes, which figures give majorities of 16,000 and 28,000 respectively over the vote which carried M. Barodet to the head of the poll in April, 1873.<sup>1</sup>

(1) "Du Suffrage Universel," par P. Ribot, c. i. M. Eugène Tenot gives a lower estimate of the vote at the plébiscite—132,981; but he admits that Louis Napoleon obtained nearly seven and a half million ayes. M. Tenot's hostility to the Empire is well known. See his work "Paris en Décembre, 1851," p. 205. When Bonaparte got himself proclaimed Consul for life in 1802, he actually obtained on 3,577,259 votes the overwhelming majority of 3,568,885. How many of these citizens had been swearing, in and out of season, for ten years at least, that they meant to "vivre libre ou mourir" ?

These facts are grave. There could be no doubt of Louis Napoleon's character and intentions after the murderous onslaught on the innocent and defenceless inhabitants of Paris, which made the gutters of the Boulevards run with blood. Yet this outrage was not only condoned, it was lavishly forgiven, and Paris, even socialist Paris, extended her arms to the triumphant bravo with a plenitude of devotion she never showed to an unstained idol. I think that this singular disposition in Frenchmen admits of explanation by reference to a circumstance to which I have already alluded—the combined urgency of the social and political problems in France, and each is constantly interfering with the solution of the other. We have a country suffering, like the rest of Europe, from deep-seated hereditary evils, the growth of centuries. These evils are naturally clamorous for relief. But we have also a country in which the political framework, from foundation to roof, is still unfixed, changing almost from week to week as the successive troops of partisans obtain possession of it for a moment. When, therefore, the suffering multitude, with its budget of real and imaginary grievances, learns on the morning of a revolution that at last its wrongs are going to be righted, hope becomes most keen and impatient. Unfortunately the new legislators, with all the good-will in the world, are forced to begin with the beginning, to set about erecting some temporary polity, some structure of political machinery, to carry on the daily business of the country. But they have hardly time to enter on their task before the anxious crowd outside—wondering that the golden age has not come as they expected—commences thundering at their doors. Energetic demagogues soon convince them that the legislators inside are mere traitors and intriguers, who are deceiving the people, and seeking only to compass their own selfish ends. The dismayed officials tremble at the menacing countenance of the sovereign people, which they so often have been assured is the sole depository of wisdom and virtue. The leaders, who are suspected of thwarting the sovereign people in its righteous and wise demands, are seen to be soon smitten as with a blight. They have to choose between leading and following. They not unnaturally choose the latter, and then commences the scandalous auction for popular favour which has so often been witnessed in France. If the people cannot get what they want, and all they want, and that at once, they are told it is no doubt owing to this, that, and the other man or group who have got into power to betray the people's cause. If the anarchy is allowed to spread, soon French society becomes a tumultuous sea, on every great wave of which rides a tiny Neptune of democracy. Both timid and enthusiastic people think that something terrible and important is going to happen—that religion, property, and the family are going to be ruined, or that the great cause of

labour is going to have justice done to it, and the oppressed worker relieved of his centuries of toil. Nothing of the kind takes place. The impatience of those who demand a solution of the social problem has ruined all possibility of a solution of the political problem, and the two problems together are before long swept out of sight and into partial oblivion by the despot who was watching his opportunity, and twenty years of servitude expiate a few months or weeks of licence.

Whatever be the worth of the explanation here offered, I submit that the national trait under discussion is inevitably propitious to tyranny and injurious to liberty in no common degree. It deprives moderate men of foothold in politics, and we find that a character for moderation has ever been a stigma during French revolutions. M. Quinet, by an image of frightful and ghastly picturesqueness, speaks of the unconcerned way in which the people in '93 and '94 saw the heads of their chiefs, one after another, roll at their feet, as if it did not matter to them. This unconcern was chiefly owing to the habitual passiveness of the French under unscrupulous power, and also in no small degree to the fact that the sufferers, Constitutionals, Girondins, Dantonians, were, relatively to the Jacobins, men of a certain moderation. And with regard to the Hébertists, Robespierre and St. Just felt rightly and instinctively that they were most dangerous rivals, precisely because of the ultra character of their doctrines. "Dans leur lutte contre l'Hébertisme," says M. Louis Blanc, "les Robespierriens apportaient une préoccupation très-vive, celle d'éviter l'accusation de tiédeur."<sup>1</sup>

III. I now have to touch on the greatest difficulty of all in the path of the republic—the utter breach between the bourgeoisie and the proletariat—between employers and employed. The extent of this misfortune appears to be hardly appreciated in England. It is known, of course, in a general way, that the battle between capital and labour is being fought in France as well as here ; but it is also supposed that, *mutatis mutandis*, things are pretty much on the same footing in the two countries. But this is not the case. Far as we may be removed from an adequate solution of the problem which is, no doubt, destined for a long future to agitate and afflict the human race, things with us have not come to the terrible pass into which they have fallen in France. It is no exaggeration to say the most prevalent sentiment between employer and employed in France is one of downright hatred. A peaceful issue is not sought, for it is not even desired. The beginning of this deadly feud took place in June, 1848. Those three days of massacre, though they have been eclipsed by subsequent horrors, have never been forgotten, as was shown in 1870, before the war. Offers had been made by certain

(1) "Révolution Française," vol. x.

prominent persons of the middle class to discuss the "economic situation," and this answer was returned to the proposal:—"The defeated workmen of June are not going to enter upon discussions with their executioners: they will abide their time." Then came the war, and the humiliating peace, and the Commune. The time which the workmen said they would wait for had come. I do not pretend to throw all or even the greater part of the odium upon them. The Conservatives who gathered round M. Thiers were at least as ready for the fray. The two enemies were at last face to face, and in their hearts far from reluctant to fly at each other's throats. Their contest and its awful termination have left society in France floating on a lake of revolutionary fire. I can assert this of my own knowledge as a householder and habitual resident in Paris. But I have plenty of other evidence to offer.

In the early days of the Commune, and before hostilities had commenced, both parties used language such as only hatred inspires. The Radical chiefs spoke of the Versailles ministers in their proclamations stuck all over Paris as "shameless fools." The Government, it was said, "has not ceased, by the most disgraceful method, to attempt the most frightful of crimes—civil war. It has brought against us our brethren of the army, whom it has caused to die of cold in our open streets when their hearths were awaiting them. It has tried by a night-attack to disarm us of our cannon, after we had prevented it from delivering them up to the Prussians." Of the bourgeoisie it was said, that "its political incapacity and mental and moral decrepitude had plunged France into her disasters; that it denied the proletariat common rights, and was always putting in peril all the conquests of the human mind realised by the great Revolution."<sup>1</sup> M. Thiers and his ministers retaliated in kind—spoke of the "abominable crimes" of the Paris workmen, and summoned aid from the provinces for the purpose of summarily crushing them.

There was little sincere wish for compromise on either side, and genuine mediators were looked at with distrust by both parties. So the favourite French method of settling differences was put in practice—mutual massacre. That final week of May, 1871, with its torrents of blood and mountains of slain, has left a legacy to France of which the grandsons of the youngest men alive will not live to see the full proceeds. The French are quick to shed blood in their civil strifes, and yet resentful to the last degree of the reciprocal injuries they receive from each other. Both parties call each other *assassins*, and count their own slain with eyes streaming with tears of revenge. Those they have respectively killed in the opposite ranks—*ils l'ont bien mérité*. And thus a sort of political vendetta is

(1) Malou.

established, and a hideous heirloom of vengeance handed down from one generation to another. When Clément Thomas was seized on the Place Pigalle, he was "violently reproached with having caused the people to be fired on in 1848." And the Commune, which was not guilty officially of his murder and that of General Lecomte, and declared that to attribute the two deaths to it was an odious calumny, had nevertheless too much sympathy for bloodshed when its opponents were the victims to repudiate the outrage, and spoke of it thus:—"Two men only, who for six months had rendered themselves unpopular by acts which, from this day, we qualify as iniquitous, have been smitten by the justice of the people." What effects the ghastly scenes amid which the Commune closed have had on a people so mindful of injuries, can be conceived, but not described, or perhaps we had better say they cannot be conceived at all. A few extracts from writings issued long since the Commune may help us to attain a remote idea of the pitch of ferocity to which passions have been wrought up.

"It is certain," says M. Vermersch, in a pamphlet published in London in 1873, "that the proletariat and the bourgeoisie are in a state of inevitable civil war, and one or the other must perish in the struggle. It remains to be seen whether the thirty-five millions of proletaires will always have the resignation to allow themselves to be decimated and devoured by the two hundred thousand families of do-nothings. In any case let the latter know that never between the workmen and the middle class can there be a sincere reconciliation."<sup>1</sup>

M. Vermersch considers that the republic needs a dictator to clear the way for it, and this is part of the duties which will devolve upon him.

"On the morrow of the popular triumph the dictator will have to cut away from the social body all the natural enemies of public liberty—those, that is, who, by their birth, their wealth, their fanaticism, their intrigues, tend or would tend to the upsetting of the new order of things. The troops of the insurrection will suffice for his purpose. It is certain that no sincere conversion can be expected of the nobles, the priests, the financiers, the exploiters and parasites of all classes; for, as Danton said, those only who belong to the people can love the republic. All this, therefore (the persons just named), must disappear. The dictator must conscientiously and implacably eliminate all that had been spared or overlooked in the Jacquerie of the first days. There is nothing cruel or unjust in these words. We have to see in them only the deductions from necessary laws. In this fierce war of classes, 'Kill me, or I will kill you,' has long been the order of the day."<sup>2</sup>

It will be noticed that the political philosopher has got beyond all excitement in his wrath. Here is another and more recent utterance:—

"Massacre ought to be the sole pre-occupation of the workmen, whose interest it is to relieve themselves completely of those who live by the exploitation

(1) "Les Incendiaires," par Eug. Vermersch. Londres: 29, Frith Street, Soho. 1873.

(2) "La Dictature," by the same.

of man. The means of recognising the enemy in all places is very easy: his hands reveal him. . . . Assassination is an indispensable instrument by which we must begin. It is expressly forbidden to lose time in judging the culprits—the eternal insurgents against labour and science, the leeches of the proletariat; the number is too great. The exploiter, after killing or imprisoning the support of the family, was pleased to keep it alive, yet dying of hunger; but we must be more human. Let us spare none. If the serpent is dead, his sting will die also. Great evils need great remedies.”<sup>1</sup>

One more horror, and I have done.

“One day you shall see” (the writer is addressing M. Thiers and the members of the “Commission des Graces,” who condemned and shot Rossel) “the gibbets set up in the Place de la Concorde. On these enormous gibbets, on which were suspended wretches unworthy of the axe and the block, you will be suspended.

“And you will there be hanged, with face convulsed, with tongue swollen and blue, and eyes starting.

“And you will remain there night and day, in sunshine and in rain, till the entire putrefaction of your filthy carcase, which bit by bit will fall in the dust and mud of the public street.

“We shall know where to find your children and your wives (but have such creatures wives and children?),

“And we will bring them under the gibbets,

“And under your corpses will make them dance. And they will dance in time, for we shall beat it on their shoulders with our horsewhips.

“The orchestra will be two millions of voices crying in unison, ‘There is Paris justly avenged.’”<sup>2</sup>

In view of such manifold obstacles in the way of the republic, it is difficult to suppress a smile at the rose-coloured pictures of the future of France which ill-informed persons are frequently giving us. France is in a state of profound civil or rather social war, none the less fatal for being driven in and hidden under the appearance of external peace, except when it is broken by intervals of massacre. How an orderly and free republic is to comport itself in such a welter of passion and hatred, does not appear. And how should it? This founding of the republic in an old monarchical state, of which many speak with such singular levity, is an enterprise which, though often attempted, has never yet permanently succeeded. Nothing is easier than the first step—the expulsion or killing of the king: nothing is harder than the next, that of finding an adequate republican substitute for him. There is as marked a tendency to atavism in societies as there is in zoology. Temporary and striking aberrations occur in both orders. But the tendency to revert to the original type is ever present, and defies man’s efforts to defeat it. The serious republics, the Swiss and the American, now extant

(1) Brochure intitulée, “La Liquidation Sociale,” quoted in the report of the Tribunal Correctionnel de Lyon by the *Univers*, 1874.

(2) “Justice.” No. 2. Par un officier de l’Artillerie de l’Armée de Paris. The writer, at the end of the preface, signs himself “Borgella, aide-de-camp du Général Rossel.”

arose amid conditions profoundly dissimilar from those in which a sudden imitation of them would aim at transforming an old monarchy into a modern commonwealth. Such a transformation presupposes a process of transition *per saltum*, such as nature ignores. The apparent facility with which the United States made themselves a republic mislead the French people, as it certainly did Lafayette. As if there could be a comparison between those sturdy freemen, accustomed for generations to self-government, and the downtrodden population of France, which did not know the meaning of the word "liberty." The sudden transformation of any old monarchy into a republic would probably be a work full of peril. Even in England, which is a monarchy in little more than name, it is likely that the process would not be achieved without much difficulty and even danger. But, of all countries, France is, perhaps, the least fitted by previous training and historical antecedents for the change. The old monarchy in France destroyed nearly every vestige of autonomous action in the country, and what the monarchy spared the revolution obliterated. And France has been and is so inherently monarchical, that it matters absolutely nothing what the government is called; its procedure is always that of a despotism. Freedom, as understood in England, America, and Switzerland, excites the greatest contempt in the democratic Frenchman. As M. Beslay says, the ideal of a revolutionary government always remains personified in the Committee of Public Safety. For not only has France been built on monarchical lines, but the minds of the people have been forced into a monarchical mould. "Nous voulons," said the Jacobins, "despotiquement une constitution populaire." And any successors they may have must wish the same, in consequence both of the exigencies of the situation and the bias of the national character.

## II.

We have done little more hitherto than contemplate from an essentially external point of view the conflicting elements of French society, which produce the abiding unrest and constant instability of governments we are all so familiar with. Profound differences of opinion, extreme exacerbation of party spirit consequent upon those differences, a regrettable impatience and excitability in the population—these are the chief factors which combine to keep France in a perpetual seethe of revolution. But we cannot disguise from ourselves that this is only the verification of the presence of certain phenomena; it is not accounting for their presence. For such a recurrent effect—the constant instability of France—there must be a permanent cause.



Modern France cannot be understood without reference to the Revolution, as the Revolution cannot be understood without reference to Old France. Speculatively considered, the Great Revolution has been adequately estimated to this extent—that the *immediate* good and evil it wrought have been pretty accurately measured. The atrocities of the Terror on the one hand, and the beneficent principles of '89 on the other, are pretty fairly taken note of. It has been of late hoped with a fervent hope, by liberal spirits, that the atrocities and their effects were ephemeral, and the beneficent principles were permanent; and this is in a sense true. The peasantry possess the land; the people enjoy the Code Civil; and the France of our day is indeed a happy country, in spite of her political unrest, compared with the attenuated nation which grovelled under the horrors of the Taille, the Corvée, and the Gabelle. But this relative improvement is apt to blind us to the fact, that in the midst of all the good wrought by the Revolution is hidden a deep and permanent evil—an evil so intense that it may yet become an equivalent set-off to the good. That evil is the *revolutionary method* applied to politics, and accepted by the whole population and all parties as the one method which they know and value. That method is essentially the method of despotism, as distinguished from the method of liberty: to compel adhesion and conformity, not to deserve them or persuade them; to impose autocratically doctrines and institutions more or less sound or chimerical as indisputable dogmas not to be questioned under the gravest penalties; to throw away the whole substance of practical freedom for its shadow represented in some symbol, phrase, or shibboleth as vague, worthless, and meaningless as the day-dream of a mediæval theologian.

I proceed to mention one or two of the most salient of the evils proceeding from the Revolution: the list could be easily largely increased.

The first evil is the abstract, absolute spirit in which Frenchmen generally approach political questions. It has often been noticed that French politics savour rather more of the closet than the market-place—that the habits, merits, and defects of the *littérature* predominate in their statesmen to the exclusion of the perhaps coarser, but more useful, qualities gained in the practical conduct of public affairs. But this is not all. De Tocqueville has pointed out, in a well-filled chapter, how the propagation of the republican doctrines partook largely of a religious or theological character; and this character is still visible at the present hour in current events. Political opinions in France are not so much opinions—conclusions drawn from experience as to the expediency of measures with a view to the public good—but faiths, real creeds, held and preached with ardour or even fanaticism, and refusing compromise or conciliation, like

their theological congeners. Men are Republicans, Monarchists, Socialists in France, as they are Wesleyans, Baptists, and Ritualists in England. Hence all attempts to progressively modify an existing order of things are rejected with energy and indignation. The wish is not to improve the actual system, whatever it may be, but to replace it entirely by a new one, which springs forth Minerva-like from the party which gets hold of power. The French have a rooted distrust in remedial measures, in slow but persistent efforts to heal the wounds of society. "*Les petites réformes sont les pires ennemis des grandes,*" they say. They prefer revolution.

That this stiffness of temper, this doctrinaire stubbornness of intellect, are direct legacies from the Great Revolution, cannot be doubted. The French made their great revolt under the impulse of those abstract metaphysical principles which excited such unmeasured scorn in Burke. But it could not have been otherwise at that time, and Burke, when he sneered at the "chaff and rags, and paltry blurred shreds of paper about the rights of man," was neither just nor profound. Legislation *à priori* was the only legislation possible in 1789. If the French had not claimed the rights of man, what rights were they to claim? Frenchmen, as such, had never had rights. A favoured class had privileges. The Third Estate, said Sieyès, was nothing, and wished to be something; but it could not point to an epoch in history when it had had something of which it was arbitrarily deprived. Thus the course of the revolution was logically predestined and condemned from the first to work from a political point of view in unreal matter.

But why, it may be fairly asked, has this stato of things to a large extent continued? Why have not time and experience produced their accustomed effects, correcting errors and leading men to forsake a path proved to be wrong? The answer is, that the revolutionary method is still in full sovereignty, and it is well known that no feat is harder, whether in philosophy or in practical life, than to change a method which has become rooted in the mind. Its failure to produce the desired results is never attributed to it. It mattered nothing to the alchemists that they never succeeded in transmuting metals—that no one ever had succeeded. They worked away with sublime patience, perfectly satisfied that one day they would succeed. So the French are nothing daunted by their repeated failures to establish liberty, or the republic, or any fixed thing in politics, by the method they have adopted: they are persuaded it has failed through some fault in the process—that more care another time will give them all they want. So government after government is cashiered with swift anger, and the whole experiment is begun over again. These are not changes of party, but of system, of principles.

The repeated revolutions have at last brought about such a complete

solution of all political continuity in France that no one hopes for stability, no one believes in it. You may notice that it is hardly ever the *status quod*, anxious as it may be, which is the chief source of alarm. The question always is, "What is to follow the present state of things?" This chilly dread of a coming change was not absent even during the most settled days of the Empire. I have been assured, by an old official of Napoleon III., that as far back as 1856, when the external splendour and solidity of the Empire impressed all Europe, those behind the scenes were asking themselves, with thoughtful care, "How long is all this to last?" The prestige of government is largely destroyed. The holders of office, be they who they may, are looked upon only as adroit adventurers who have succeeded in securing their day of luck, but whom nobody takes seriously as permanent chiefs. But observe the effect of this incessant change in the public mind and the conduct of public affairs. As party after party succeeds in grasping for a moment the reins of power, it works energetically to make up for lost time, and for the time which it expects to lose soon again: it excludes rigorously from all posts of emolument and power everybody who does not belong to it. The proceeding is not to be severely blamed, being dictated as it is by motives of prudence and self-preservation, and a natural gratitude to supporters who have been staunch in evil days. But the result, salutary from a party point of view, is disastrous to the country. It is not only that the sweets of office are withheld from all but the adherents of the actual holders of power, but the training, discipline, and knowledge of public life are withheld also. A change of régime in France brings always a new set of utterly untried men into office, and their inexperience is their least defect. Coming suddenly into power, after years of hopeless opposition, they do not assume it with the deliberation of responsible statesmen, but rather in the character of exasperated theorists, hot with impatience to put in practice the dreams and utopias they have been concocting during years of seclusion or exile. To make as clean a sweep of the work of their predecessors as circumstances will allow—to obliterate their name and memory when it can be done, beginning, of course, with a rebaptism of streets and public monuments—to harass the country by urging it in a direction contrary to that in which it has hitherto gone—to unflinchingly put in practice abstract doctrines unknown to, or condemned by, experience—to make light of obstacles, and to crush opposition,—such is government by the revolutionary method, and a careful reproduction of the precedents set by the Great Revolution.

Secondly, as regards equality. The French passion for equality is above suspicion. Out of the three words which constitute the famous device—"Liberty, equality, fraternity," it alone can be said

to have had success. As for liberty, it has been made light of; and of fraternity, the less said the better. But equality—it has been and is a true Idol of the Tribe in France. Even Frenchmen of genius, like charming old Michelet, speak of it with a spasm of emotion which has the oddest effect. They do in very deed think that the love of equality is an especial prerogative of their countrymen, entitling them to a place apart among mankind. M. Michelet, after charging the English with a satanical spirit of pride, says, “Not one of them would wish for equality. They are all aristocratical in heart. This prodigious hard-heartedness is a terrible spectacle.” Now, it is unnecessary to adjudicate between the respective merits or defects of English pride and French vanity. Relinquishing that inquiry to the moral philosopher, we can historically explain the French passion for equality by a most legitimate origin from wounded vanity. For centuries the old monarchy of France stimulated the vanity of its subjects by every irritant in its power. It ruled, that is to say, it corrupted, by privileges granted to classes, to corporations, to individuals—privileges the most invidious, the most exasperating that human malice could invent. The self-love of the people, that is of the vast majority of the French nation, was profoundly outraged, wounded past forgiveness; and, as Madame de Staël says, the wounded self-love of a people does not leave a transitory scar,—it suggests the desire to inflict death. In any case, this passion has been kindled in the hearts of the French people—a passion fierce and voracious, which will not be appeased. The old régime sowed the seed, but the Revolution tended and reared the plant, soaking its root with the blood of aristocrats and privileged persons. And there it is, the most stalwart tree on French soil. We have to take note of its influence.

We can afford to smile at Hébert, when he says that “church steeples are against the principle of equality: I insist on their demolition.” But when Saint Just declares, in full Convention, after the tragic fate of the Girondins, “No man has a right to be either virtuous or famous in your presence. A free people and a National Assembly are not made to admire anybody. The revolution had created (in the Girondins) a *patriciat* of fame,”—then we begin to see the head and shoulders of the monster who is rising out of the ground. We see how a natural indignation, excited by an odious and undeserved superiority conferred by arbitrary power, has passed into a hatred of all superiority, even when conferred by nature, and sanctioned by the capacity of rendering the most precious services to humanity.

To the perverted passion for equality may be, in large measure, ascribed the constant degeneration of liberal movements into licence and anarchy. The chiefs who begin them are obeyed and respected

only till the moment of victory. During the battle their authority appears supreme. But, as soon as the day is won, their prestige and influence vanish. They are immediately tripped up by followers who accuse them of the double crime of lukewarmness in the cause of the people and of ambitious schemes of personal aggrandisement. Their past services and sacrifices in the popular cause are forgotten in a moment. As Saint Just said, they constitute an aristocracy of renown which wounds the sensitive spirit of equality. This is why revolutions in France consume men with such frightful rapidity. Leaders have no sooner risen than they begin to fall. Their pretention to remain veritable leaders is treated as an insolence not to be endured. They are promptly flung aside as instruments which have served their turn, and new chiefs immediately arise in their own ranks prepared to lead the assault this time against them. As Quinet says, the crowd always sees too prominent leaders fall with a secret pleasure more or less keen. Their dominion has become irksome from the hour of success, and their dismissal, or worse, is welcomed as a gratifying tribute to the principle of equality. Chiefs! What are chiefs for, except to obey their followers? "*Ils sont nos chefs, il faut bien qu'ils nous obéissent.*" How disastrously this temper corrupts both leaders and followers can hardly be conceived. The former are well aware how precarious is their tenure of authority. They are forced—being human—to have recourse to more or less dubious expedients to retain it. The latter manifest no generous loyalty to their leading men, and lend a willing ear to calumniators interested in their fall. Hence the reason that no liberal movement in France can ever be held in hand; that a liberal movement always seems like the letting out of waters which threaten general ruin. Especially is this spirit injurious through eliminating sober and thoughtful men from the liberal cause, and handing over the leadership of that cause to reckless dare-devils whose conscience resides in the last shout of the mob. It is unneeded to adduce evidence of a fact which is written in letters as large as France all over the First Revolution. All the first inaugurators of that revolt were repudiated with contumely; many were put to death. The Constitutionalists, the Girondins, the Dantonians, Lafayette, Bailly, Madame Roland, Danton, to name only a few of the loftiest spirits, were pursued with execration to exile or the scaffold. Well might the great heart of Danton rise in withering scorn as he went to the guillotine with Camille Desmoulins, and saw the faces of the insensate crowd mocking his agony. "*Reste donc tranquille, et laisse là cette vile canaille,*" he said to his friend. Is this evil spirit gone out of France? Alas! no. The voice of the aged and undaunted Delescluze during the Commune, who, whatever we may think of his doctrines, had suffered long and much in the cause of the people, had no more weight than that of

the first upstart who chose to beard him. And the heroic and devoted Rossel, what was his portion? Impeachment. The Commune decreed his arrest and *mise en accusation* by a vote which only wanted two voices of unanimity. He, as a true leader, would not obey—an offence not to be forgiven.

The only other evil legacy of the Revolution which I can notice in this imperfect survey is the lamentable hostility which has been created between the principles of liberty and the old faith of Europe, in consequence of the profoundly antichristian sentiments of the chief actors in the great revolt of '89. It is a true misfortune that infidelity has become almost synonymous with a love of freedom and progress, and Christian belief almost identical with retrograde and illiberal tendencies. The schism is regrettable on all grounds. It ought to be especially regretted by the friends of progress, as it has vastly increased the difficulties of their task, already sufficiently great, and it has carried into civil strife a large measure of the peculiar rancour which is a well-known characteristic of religious dispute. We have to recollect, whatever impatient philosophers may think or wish to the contrary, that Christianity is still a long way from being dead in the world. It is beyond question sorely wounded; its energies are curtailed, the scope of its action is narrowed. But it is capable of making a good fight yet, and the more it is driven to bay the more fiercely it will fight. To array against the cause of freedom all the vast influence which it still possesses, is, to say the least, a step of questionable policy, and to multiply your enemies tenfold. Especially will this be apparent if we reflect on the profoundly socialist character of a certain side of the Christian religion. It is idle to tell us that St. Paul endorsed slavery, and that Christian ecclesiastics have constantly shown themselves stubborn adversaries of progress. Organized church corporations have done so, in that resembling most corporations which have been rich and powerful. But Wilberforce and his colleagues, we must admit, were Christians; and the noble men and women in America who, in our day, determined at all costs to free the slave were Christians also. Texts may be found in the Bible to support almost any cause, that of liberty included; and while many men, and still more women, yet cling to the Bible, to make a present of them all to your political foes is to court danger and defeat. How many of the liberal leaders to whom England owes so much in this century have been fanatical infidels or infidels at all? Were Dr. Arnold and Mr. Cobden infidels? It may be said that Mr. Cobden was a phenomenon which could not have appeared in France; that either his radicalism would have swallowed up his Christianity, or his Christianity would have overcome his radicalism; and the remark is quite true. But who does not see that either way we should have been the losers? Cobden's

battle with the obstructive landowners was severe enough as it was. How would it have been had he found an enemy in every pious soul who clung to the faith of his or her fathers? On the other supposition, that his religion had got the better of his politics, could English liberalism have well spared such a chief? Would not the cause of the poor and the suffering have had much to fear if his "unadorned eloquence," tenacity of will, and lofty singleness of purpose had been thrown into the opposite scale?

Of the Revolution it may be said that it deserves only a small portion of either the good or the evil which have been spoken of it. It was an inopportune outbreak, inevitable if you will, but essentially damaging to liberty and progress. The superstitious awe with which certain of the liberal school in France and England regard it as a sort of divine era, which could not be advanced or delayed, a miraculous birth predestined through all time, inspires me with no respect. The Revolution was the signal for wide-spread reaction all over Europe. This is generally attributed to its atrocities, and beyond question their effect was great in the direction supposed. But, had they been absent, the result would not have been very different. In no order of speculation was the preparation sufficient to justify the tremendous plunge made by France in 1789. That plunge was prompted by passion, by anguish, by unutterable misery. I grant that, and say again it could not be helped. But, like most acts of passion, it was done without the needed forethought. France made a sudden dash, so to speak, at the new era, with outfit inadequate to carry her a few paces along the new and perilous way. She stormed destructively against the past, but with no equipment with which to face the dangers of the future. Has not our previous review proved so much?—is not France still locked in a death-grip precisely with those enemies whom it was the object of her revolution to extirpate? Priestcraft and tyranny are still her foes, as they were in '92. The Revolution occurred either too soon or too late. Had it taken place earlier—had the French been able to found civil freedom in a more primitive epoch, say at the last peaceable meeting of the States-General in 1614, when the population was still Christian,—they would have been able also to isolate the political problem from the perturbations resulting from the religious and social problems. Had the Revolution been delayed, it might have been immensely mitigated, or even wholly avoided. Emancipation was in full march when the Revolution stopped it short. France was making rapid strides in knowledge, wealth, and well-being. The decay of old faiths was going on apace: their chosen guardians had grown lukewarm in their defence. Another Turgot might have, most probably would have, arisen, and have found a king to stand by him in reforming the monarchy, as Richelieu found Louis XIII.

to stand by him in erecting it into a despotism. And the new era might have dawned upon a world unconscious of the evils it had escaped, and which we have been born to witness.

### III.

My practical conclusion is, that the chances of a free parliamentary republic getting rooted in France are small. The situation does not comport freedom, nor does it comport government by discussion. The knot is too entangled to be unravelled by the written or spoken word. Swift, silent, and persistent action can alone hope to untie it—action directed by a clear mind, resolute will, and complete singleness of purpose. France cannot yet dispense with the strong man to rule her; she cannot even venture to lay aside the revolutionary method entirely and suddenly, fraught with evil as that method is, and tending always to perpetuate itself. She is not the only patient who has found it impossible to give up an injurious régime, even after that régime has been convicted of being one of the chief causes of disease. But a commencement may be made; the evil course may be lessened by degrees, and the strength of the sufferer carefully nursed. I mean that, on peril of her life, France must forbear revolutions—must resolve to amend her governments, not to destroy them the moment they displease her or disappoint her. This constant throwing down of institutions is pulverizing all the square-hewn stones with which a solid political fabric can be built. She will soon dispose of nothing but rubble. A generation or two more of this perpetual unrest must bring France down to the condition of a Spanish-American republic. It is an ill symptom when government is regarded with an abiding contempt by all but those too obviously interested to make their adhesion of any value; and this symptom is threatening to declare itself in France. One of the most noble and salutary emotions of human nature, that of heartfelt, generous loyalty to honoured chiefs, is becoming too rare there. A government is apt to find acceptance only from that dubious class whose friendship and gratitude are of the well-known kind which consists in a lively sense of favours to come, and to meet among the rest of the population with deference and respect carefully proportioned to the length and weight of the lash it is seen to wield.

It would be unseemly in a foreigner to dwell on a topic on which the French are accustomed to debate at much length; I mean the alleged increasing corruption of public life. The levity with which charges of corruption against public men are circulated and believed is distressing. I prefer to ascribe it to the exasperation of party spirit, rather than to a real foundation in fact. It seems certain, however, that the corruption of the government of Louis Philippe, which seemed monstrous to contemporaries, was vastly exceeded by



that of the Empire; and the Empire lasted long, and had time to strike deep roots. The solution of all these difficulties must be left to the purer mind and conscience of France—to the valiant, upright men of whom we may not doubt she has still good store.

As regards the immediate future, no sensible person would risk a prophecy. It is becoming daily more clear that the danger of a Bonapartist reaction is not the chimerical fancy it was only recently supposed. The danger consists not in the attractiveness of the young pretender, but in the fact that Bonapartism is a vast system, an enormous joint-stock company formidably armed by knowledge, training, and a numerous *personnel* for the exploitation of France. It has grouped around its banner all the sinister interests in the country. These interests are more numerous and better disciplined for resistance, or even for aggression, than they have been in past times. Their power is great, and they know it. They dispose largely of the army, entirely of the police, and the bureaucracy is theirs. At the same time they know that they are gravely threatened, and they are not likely to stick at trifles. If the party of revolution has its precedents of triumph, so has the party of reaction. The successes of Vendémiaire, of June, of December, and May, are not forgotten. The effect of grape-shot and shell on the human body are well known. The freedom of France lies naked and unarmed before its foes, who are armed cap-a-pie. They are so strong that they could dispense with massacre, if they liked. Macmahon has only to give a few bangs on his big drum to drive away every vestige of liberty underground or across the seas. What will occur, even in the next twenty-four hours, no man can tell; but we should be hasty in concluding even yet that the Bonapartist dynasty has been finally excluded from the French throne.

JAMES COTTER MORISON.

## WINCKELMANN.<sup>1</sup>

### III.

It was on the 20th of September, 1755, that Winckelmann set out for Italy, with a young Jesuit for his companion, lodging mostly on the road in houses belonging to the Company of Jesus. He was astonished at the beauty of the scenery in the Tyrol, and at its "frightfully beautiful mountains." He was at first in raptures with Venice, but his "admiration for it soon cooled." After a stormy passage and a five days' rest at Bologna at the house of the Bianconi family—the court physician having warmly recommended him to his brother, with the remark that he was a *buon galantuomo da bosco e da riviera*, "for whom anything was good enough, and that it was not necessary to go out of his way for him"—he pursued his way along the coast of the Adriatic, together with a tolerably numerous set of fellow-travellers, who joined him at Ancona; at any rate, sufficient company for them to pass their evenings agreeably, a "Bohemian Carmelite playing the violin, and others dancing when the wine happened to be good. It seemed passing strange to the Italians to see us Germans drink so freely." Everywhere on the road he was struck by the "misery, poverty, and dirt which reigned in all the inns, and got worse and worse as I approached Rome." At length, after two months' journey, he reached the city of his dreams on the 18th of November, 1755. The impression he received was even greater than he had anticipated. "All is as nothing compared to Rome," he exclaims; "you cannot imagine to yourself the hundredth part of it. . . I have become smaller than I was when I exchanged the school for the Count's library. . . I believe I have come to Rome," he adds, full of presentiment, "in order to open the eyes of such as may come here after me." And he kept his promise so effectually that he even opened those of the Italians themselves, who had not either "imagined a hundredth part of what was there."

Nevertheless, as is the case with most foreigners, the first year elapsed without his having penetrated into Italian society. He lived near Trinità dei Monti, in the quarter inhabited by strangers; saw hardly any save foreigners' society, and was in fact, on the whole, more struck by Rome's defects than by its charms. His letters abound in humoristic descriptions of Roman manners and customs as viewed from their least commendable side—descriptions full of life, in which he indulges in complaint of everything that is new

(1) Concluded from the previous Number.

to him, after the usual fashion of his countrymen when they first find themselves separated from their sauerkraut and their stove. This vein of ill-humour, however, was not of long duration—it never is with really artistic natures—and he soon began to feel that his instincts had not deceived him in urging him, as birds of passage are driven by theirs, to go in quest of more genial climes. This instinct, which irresistibly drives the half-starved privat-docent to Italy, and gives him strength to impose upon himself long years of hardship and privation in the hope of one day making a pilgrimage over the Alps, is after all but the very same thirst after sunshine and an older civilisation which led Alaric's Goths to the Roman Campagna. Many such men take root in this soil, which is not without its allurements, and find themselves unable to leave it again; a species of contemplative epicurism takes possession of them, and makes them henceforth lead a sort of intellectual lazzarone-life—a life freed from all vain desires and sterile agitation, an ideal existence which is shocked by no inconvenient reality. Others return to their hyperborean country, bringing with them a luminous remembrance to light up the grey twilight of their frozen sky for evermore; others, still, have quaffed the enchantress' charmed potion, and can no longer resist the gentle desires which draw them periodically back to her. Very few among them care to have anything to do with the Italy of the living; still fewer to mingle with Italian life, to take their place, and to play an active part in it, as Winckelmann did, who adopted the customs and language of the country, espoused its passions and interests, or at least did not shrink from coming in contact with Italian life in passions and interests—sought his friendships, his advantages and honours there, and, in short, became an Italian.

He did not however enter into Italian life to this extent all at once. The first year of his stay in Italy was, so to say, a mere prolongation of his Dresden existence; it was almost exclusively passed in the society of artists, Germans for the most part, and was nearly entirely devoted to reconnoitring expeditions within and without the city, and in visiting antiquities and museums. True, it was no longer modest Dresden, but inexhaustible Rome which had to be explored. He hurried through palaces and villas, mixed with the people, and took part in their pastimes, slightly turning his back upon the libraries, and mostly preferring a glass of good Orvieto and free conversation to the study of dusty old parchments. At that time it was not yet the custom to imprison noble works of art within the walls of galleries, as is the case in our own days. Niobe and her children still adorned the farther end of the great avenue of the garden belonging to the Villa Medici; and the grounds surrounding the neighbouring Villa Borghese were not yet deprived of their statues. It was still possible to make discoveries while strolling in the shrubberies of Villa Ludovisi; and Winckelmann,

who, by-the-bye, was once in great danger of being crushed by a Minerva he happened to be looking at in these very grounds, actually did find there the celebrated colossal Juno, now the principal ornament of that glorious place. The garden itself still preserved unimpaired its grand physiognomy, and the Belvedere still gave shelter to its Olympian inhabitants.

And what a cicerone our historian found in Raphael Mengs, then enjoying the reputation of being the greatest artist in Europe! Mengs, already "first painter to the King of Poland," although eleven years younger than Winckelmann, had lived in Rome since the age of eighteen, and had been named member of the *Accademia di S. Luca* three years before, of which he was one day to be the "prince." Two years after he became professor at the School of Painting on the Capitol, and finally first painter to the King of Spain. He was twenty-seven at the time he first became intimate with Winckelmann, but the precocious artist had reflected very differently upon art, and acquired a very different knowledge of the great masters from that of his disciple. In fact, Mengs became Winckelmann's teacher in a far higher degree than Oeser, and the disciple allowed himself to be completely overawed by his master's premature superiority. Even ten years later on, when he had quite freed himself from this powerful influence, he declared that what he most esteemed in Mengs was not so much "the greatest painter of his time and in his branch," as "the geometrical, metaphysical, original head." Winckelmann entered into the closest intimacy with him; he passed most part of his time at his house, in his studio, at his table, and with his amiable wife, treasuring every word from his lips, as did all the French, English, Spanish, and German artists who flocked around this celebrated painter. He often had to arm himself with patience, for intercourse, though at all times instructive, was not always the easiest of matters with the hypochondriac. Mengs's conversation, less plastic and less vivid in its colouring than is generally the case with talented artists, had something abstract, theoretical, and argumentative, so that at times the parts seemed reversed, the critic seeing by intuition, while the artist analyzed and defined. "I am fortunate enough to have won his friendship," wrote Mengs himself about Winckelmann, "and we pass many agreeable hours together. He supplies me with his knowledge; and when he grows tired I begin to develop my ideas on art, the exquisite beauties, elevated thoughts, and deep science of the ancient masters, and then again he is just as edified as I am when listening to him." The two friends were in the habit of speaking Italian together in these conversations on Monte Pincio, which soon became celebrated throughout Italy. Winckelmann was generally considered—and not without reason—as the one of the pair who received more than he gave. "This antiquarian (Winckel-

mann) only saw through his eyes" (those of Mengs), said Mariette; and Füssli, still more severe than the Frenchman, maintained that Winckelmann was but the "parasite feeding on the fragments which fell from Mengs's conversation or tablets." D'Azara, Bianconi, and others said as much, and mediocrity, ever ready to take advantage of discoveries of this kind, in order to disparage the merits of genius, did all it could to give credit to the assertion—a process it readily repeated forty years later with regard to Schiller and Göthe. To minds familiar with the genesis of ideas it is well known that there must have been reciprocity in all such cases, and that the fact that a writer or thinker has derived an impulse from without does not in the least diminish his own value, as every one in a greater or less degree must at some time have been influenced by others.

His descriptions of the Belvedere statues, however, in his "History of Art," although still written under the same influence, show that it was not long ere he learned to see with his own eyes. They date from the second and third years of his residence in Rome, and already prove that their author had created a method of his own entirely unknown to Mengs—the method, if I may call it so, of second artistic creation. Still, while rising to the loftiest heights of criticism, Winckelmann never loses sight of detail. His work "On the Way to complete Fragments of Antique Sculpture," a writing of pure erudition and criticism, dates from the same year as the descriptions. This pamphlet directed against all modern art—for such it was in truth—was also a strong invective against *savans*, and more especially against philologists, the violence of which left nothing to be wished for. The moral of this treatise may be resumed in Winckelmann's own words, which already show the point of view at which he was ultimately to stop. "Modern artists are asses compared with the ancients, whose finest works we do not even possess. I will give you a rule. Never admire a modern sculptor's work. You would be amazed were you to place the best productions of our *modernité*, and which undoubtedly are here, by the side of second-rate sculpture of the ancients."

It was not before the close of the year 1756 that Winckelmann, who till then had hardly known a single Italian, prevented as he had been "by his difficulty in speaking the language, and also slightly by his economy," began to come into contact with Roman society, which he very soon found out to be worth knowing and studying. "If you would know mankind, here is the place to do it: heads of the greatest talent, men highly gifted, beauties of a grand character ~~such as the Greeks used to imagine them~~; in short, men of truth, grandeur, and integrity for him who knows how to discover them. And as in other states and republics liberty is but a mere shadow

compared with what it is in Rome (which will most likely seem paradoxical to you), here there is another way of thinking also. True, people of this stamp care little for the strangers who run about Rome!"

The first among these "highly gifted men of great talent" whose acquaintance Winckelmann made was Giacomelli, the Hellenist, a Tuscan prelate, who appears to have possessed all the delicacy of his race and his profession. It had occurred to an old painter in the habit of frequenting Mengs's house, that it might be well to bring these two great *savans* together; so he had taken Winckelmann to the library of Borgo Vecchio, where, according to Italian custom, the learned ecclesiastic was wont to pass an hour or two every evening. The German was amazed at the depth, the accuracy, and the extent of knowledge, still more at the refinement of taste, elegance, and absence of all pedantry, he found in a man of such prodigious erudition, and forthwith writes of him in the most enthusiastic terms to his friends in Germany as one "before whom I must e'en draw in my sails." No one knew or relished Aristophanes—his humour quite as much as his poetry—more keenly than this old prelate. His translations of Æschylos and Sophocles were esteemed masterpieces. Winckelmann derived the greatest enjoyment from the society of the jovial old man, who would sing songs of his youth to him, while he accompanied himself on the *clavi-cembalo*—for the good abbé had been fond of music, gambling, jolly companionship, and good cheer in his younger days—and introduced him to learned Roman society, for which he himself had a profound disdain. Giacomelli wished to present his new acquaintance to his old friend the Cardinal Passionei, whose library passed for the first in Rome; but Winckelmann, remembering the originally brilliant and subsequently shabby offers which this prince of the Church had formerly made him through Father Rauch, declined the proposal. He only consented after having been received by the Pope, which event gave him importance in Rome, and did not allow of his future patron's treating him as an inferior. The prelate, who had the reputation of being a violent and irascible temper—he was known by the name of "Cardinal Scanderbeg," or "The Pacha of Fossombrone"—received him with "extreme politeness," immediately invited him to dinner, and soon made an intimate of him, taking him home in his cardinal's coach whenever he dined with him. Needless to say that the library of the Consulta, where the Cardinal dwelt, in his quality of Secretary of the Briefs, was henceforth thrown open to Winckelmann at all hours—an honour of which no Roman could boast.

Passionei was generally looked upon as the probable successor of Benedict XIV. (Lambertini); and the Holy Father, "who made a jest of the whole world, and, even at that advanced age, had not yet

given up playing the fool," very naturally detested his presumptuous successor; while Passionei most likely shared the opinion "of all Rome, which is sighing for a new pope, for this one has lived too long for any one, especially for the cardinals." Still, there was not much to be feared on the part of a man who abhorred the Jesuits, read Pascal's "Provinciales" every day, and had made enemies of all the members of the conclave by his evil tongue.

It was about fourteen months after his arrival in Rome that Winckelmann left the ghetto of the foreigners and his German painters for the Italian quarter. In order to do so he had once more to resign his "glorious freedom," and again to take a master. The Seven Years' War, which had just broken out, seemed destined to ruin the Saxon court for ever, upon which Winckelmann, as well as Mengs, was entirely dependent. The latter went to Naples, whence he had received large orders. Winckelmann, divided between the pain of seeing "the misery of his true country," as he called Saxony, and the fear of losing his pension, remembered his friend the nuncio, Cardinal Archinto, who had since returned from his northern exile, and been named Governor of Rome three years before. Immediately after he arrived Winckelmann had visited him; but, in spite of all the caresses which the prelate lavished upon him upon this occasion, he had left the audience saying to himself, "I cannot help it: I will live and die a free man." Archinto had since obtained the red hat, and the Pope, who was fond of him, even made him his Secretary of State. The new cardinal kept, as premier, what he had promised as a diplomatist and head of the police, and thoroughly justified the universal enthusiasm which greeted his appointment by his zeal, integrity, and intelligence. It was generally believed that he could not fail to have the tiara in the next conclave—that lottery in which all Rome, lay as well as ecclesiastical, took part. To Winckelmann, therefore, it was of paramount importance to have his converter's patronage; still, it was hard for him to have to knock at a door which he had neglected for so long. His friend Giacomelli volunteered to make the first awkward advances for him. The cardinal was delighted; took good care, however, not to offer any salary, and limited himself to inviting Winckelmann to come and live with him at the Cancelleria. "I waited for some time for other proposals to be made . . . but seeing that nothing followed, and I only had caresses given me, while I heard how the cardinal was boasting of the German *savant*, the great Hellenist, who was to be his librarian, I let things remain as they were for months." Meantime the good Elector of Saxony had found means to send his pensioner the half-year's salary due to him of one hundred thalers, in spite of his straitened circumstances; for it must be remembered that he had been driven from his

dominions. Winckelmann took advantage of this circumstance immediately to play a clever trick. "As soon as I had money, and without letting the Cardinal know it, I volunteered to come and dwell in his palace without remuneration and take charge of his books, in order to show him my way of thinking, and to be the obliger rather than the obliged. . . . How happy I am not to have to ask for anything!"

He then went to reside in the famous palace built by Bramante, where he had five saloons and five rooms—and what rooms!—assigned to him for his personal use, and assumed the title of *Bibliotecario di Sua Eminenza il Cardinal Segretario di Stato*. He never, however, could succeed in placing himself upon the same footing of familiarity with the minister as with old Passionei. Nor is Archinto to be blamed in the least, for he behaved towards his librarian like a true gentleman, while holding him at a certain distance, according to his own natural impulse and to the requirements of his position. Winckelmann was always complaining, often showed his ill-humour, and was even offensive, taking austere republican airs while accepting gifts of money from the Cardinal. In a word, he was quite unable to hide his dissatisfaction from "the best and most estimable person in the whole sacred college," who had shown him nothing but kindness, and was constantly rendering him services. Mr. Justi seems to us to have shown great perspicacity in attributing this antipathy—which it would otherwise be difficult to account for—to the disagreeable associations called up in the *parvenu's* mind by the presence of the ex-nuncio. "There was a sore place here which could not bear touching. No intercourse grows so insupportably distasteful in course of time as that which has originated in a shameful, discreditable, or criminal action."

Here was our scholar in the very heart of Roman society, enjoying a distinguished reception at its celebrated *conversazioni*, charmed and flattered to frequent learned men of so different a type from those he had associated with in his own country. He never ceased till his end being struck with the wealth and high rank of the Roman *litterati*. "In every other country men of learning teach from their desks or in their writings; at Rome they do neither." In fact, then as now, Italy is perhaps the only country where it is possible to find men of eminent talent and surprising erudition who have never made use of the printing-press, and whose merits are unknown beyond the precincts of their native town. At that time in Rome, moreover, they were mostly *grands Seigneurs*. "Cardinals like Passionei give the tone here." Winckelmann, in his little abbé's cloak, was about the only foreigner admitted to the literary meetings of these priests, in which they were wont to communicate their ideas and discoveries to each other, to discuss the latest news, read political and scientific



papers; and he soon began to feel himself quite a Roman. "For one satisfied with little, like myself, Rome is a paradise; and I could not leave it without shedding tears," he wrote already in the spring of 1757. He formed intimacies with several of these prelates, Jesuits, Franciscans, professors, or librarians, some of whom were archaeologists, others commentators, and all people whom the author of "*Le Jeune Anacharsis*" admired as much as Winckelmann, on account of the disinterested zeal with which they cultivated science, "without any view to recompense, without academies, and without emulation." In society such as this, indeed there was something to be learnt, and when, as was Winckelmann's case, there was facility as well as a good foundation and much perseverance, no wonder that he should write: "I study like a hero (rising at four o'clock in the morning) with every possible advantage, and have already acquired a good deal, both in knowledge and in wisdom." It is, however, scarcely possible to repress a smile when he adds: "I have always kept the straight road throughout all Roman intricacies, and have arrived at a point at which I never expected to arrive. . . . Humility, modesty, and reserve in speaking, are my rule; still one must, if needful, be able to keep up a lively conversation."

Winckelmann did not, however, exclusively frequent priests, having several opportunities for being introduced to noblemen of high rank, among others to the Duke of Cerisano, ambassador to the King of Naples, who resided near the Cancellaria, in the Palazzo Farnese, where, at that time, many of the masterpieces, since transferred to the Museo Borbonico, were still to be found. Needless to say that the Duke gave him letters of introduction for Naples, where he at length decided to go, in February, 1758, after putting off his journey no less than eleven times, and after investing 70 scudi in new clothes, in order "to make a decent appearance there." Besides the ambassador's letters, he took with him several introductions from some of the first people in Rome, independently of others given him by the Elector for the Queen of Naples, this trip having originally figured in the programme of his sojourn in Italy. He happened to be there just at the time when Herculaneum was first discovered, and the archaeologist was commissioned to address letters to the Saxon court about these excavations, which kept the attention of Europe in suspense nearly as breathless as the marches, countermarches, defeats, and victories of the Prussian king. Winckelmann himself reposed great hopes in this journey. His fortune depended upon it, and, according to his custom, he spared neither necessary steps, nor even less indispensable small stratagems, in order to derive from it the greatest possible advantage. To read his letters, it would seem as though he had not yet lost the habit of serving and bowing his neck to the yoke as completely as he would at times have us think. His

rodomontades about his noble acquaintances, the familiar terms he was on with great folks, the consideration he met with, the dinner-parties, the superb dwelling he occupied, the fine clothes, the servants by whom he was attended, all had a strong savour of the *parvenu* which lasted till his end, as is proved by every page in his letters. However it may have been with regard to these boasts, he certainly did succeed in placing himself upon a certain footing at Naples. This great city struck him less by the grandeur and beauties of nature which surround it, than by the life of its market-places and quays, its noise and movement, above all by its human race "with their superb forms, strongly characterized, which appear to be created expressly for sculpture." It would carry us too far, were we to follow all "Baron von Winckelmann's" moves upon the slippery chessboard of the court of Naples and Neapolitan society. Suffice it, therefore, to say that by the time he left this archæological paradise he had persuaded himself that he was destined to play an important part there, and one day to be the discoverer of a series of *Postums*. However, in this point he was mistaken, for although he returned there several times to bask in the sun under "a Greek sky," as a compensation for not being able to visit the Greece of his dreams, these subsequent journeys remained without further, or at any rate successful results. The visit he paid to Naples in the year 1762 suggested his "Epistle" to Brühl upon Herculaneum, which he had better never have published; and the enjoyment of his stay there in 1764 was marred by a venomous pasquinade, by which Neapolitan patriotism sought to revenge itself, in the most abusive terms, for the uncompromising criticism which the learned German had pronounced in his letters upon the state of Parthenopean science, and which had come to the knowledge of the Neapolitan world through a French translation. When, after three years' absence, he again returned there in 1767, he lived exclusively among foreigners, such as Sir William Hamilton, Baron Riedesel, &c.; for the natives would have nothing to say to the "Goth" who had presumed to meddle with their affairs (*cose nostre*), in spite of his celebrity.

On his return from the first of his journeys to Naples, he had found Rome in all the excitement of a conclave. The aged Pontiff, Lambertini, had just breathed his last, and it was necessary to find a successor. Winckelmann had "staked his fortune upon two cards:" his patron, Archinto, and Cardinal Albani, the latter of whom he did not as yet know, but anxiously expected would take up the affair of Roman excavations with zeal and activity. Here, however, he was again deceived in his most sanguine hopes, for the choice fell upon Cardinal Rezzonico, who never during his whole lifetime did a single thing for the advancement of archæological research. After meditating a trip to Naples, Sicily, or Greece,

therefore, he soon ended in going to Florence for a time, having received a pressing invitation from Baron Stosch, the famous archaeologist, whose collection of *intagli*, at that time the finest in Europe, now forms part of the famous gallery of the Uffizi, in Florence. The old baron at once recognised in Winckelmann "the man who was to come after him, and was greater than he . . . he made him his spiritual heir." He, moreover, procured for him the friendship of Cardinal Albani, ultimately so decisive for his career. Winckelmann learned a great deal from the aged German antiquarian, who was undoubtedly the greatest authority in Europe in such matters, and besides, extremely ready to communicate his ideas and his knowledge, albeit not equally liberal with his property. The Baron unfortunately died without having even seen Winckelmann, but his nephew faithfully carried out his uncle's last instructions, which were that Winckelmann was to catalogue his *intagli*. Young Stosch immediately invited him to spend six months at his palace in Florence, and Winckelmann did not wait to be pressed. His new friend's hospitality began by inspiring him with the usual complimentary effusions of which he was lavish on similar occasions. These, however, gave way to complaints of a sentimentally susceptible nature, not uncommon in Germany, soon to be followed by equally sentimental expressions of regret, especially when his liberal host would show his solicitude by a handsome present of wine, for our historian was a no less adept at emptying Tuscan flasks than at cataloguing Uncle Stosch's precious collection. He was enchanted with Florence, with its landscapes, with its streets and places, which at that time still numbered one hundred and sixty statues in the open air, most of which now stand imprisoned in the different museums and galleries belonging to the town. "This is the finest place I ever saw," he says. He made excursions to the towns, villages, and country-houses of that ancient Tuscan land, on which three distinct civilisations, two of which are native, have successively established themselves one above another. He became very intimate with the British minister, Sir Horace Mann, associated largely with Florentine aristocratic society, at all times the most cultivated and—on the surface at any rate—the most democratic in the world. As for learned society, properly speaking, he found it had greatly degenerated in that city, once the promised land of academies and libraries, and as for Florentine art, more especially architecture and sculpture, it ever remained a sealed book to him. He thought he could detect an Etruscan spirit even in the works of a Donatello and Michael Angelo, a spirit which to him was eminently distasteful, and we need hardly remind our readers of his absurd, unjust criticisms upon the author of "Moses," in the "History of Art."

On leaving Florence after a stay of six months, he did not return

to the Cancellaria. His patron, Cardinal Archinto, had suddenly died of paralysis—some said poison—at the beginning of the winter. His death merely elicited a selfish regret from his protégé: *perdidi fructum longi obsequii*. Still the period of ill-fortune had decidedly come to an end for our historian, for he had scarcely learned his former protector's death, when a new one sprang up. "Cardinal Albani, the head of all who know antiquity, has spontaneously offered me rooms in his palace . . . which I have accepted without hesitation." It would have been difficult to find a more convenient master than the Cardinal, who made him his librarian without requiring him to make "a single stroke of the pen for him or in his library" collected by Clement XI., and containing a remarkable collection of engravings and original drawings by great masters. Winckelmann took care not to let so agreeable a position escape him, and remained in it till his end. This was a very different situation from that in the house of the Secretary of State. It was not lucrative, it is true, and only brought him in ten scudi a month, besides presents; but the apartment at the *Quattro Fontane* was a real jewel; the librarian was at liberty to devote himself to his personal studies with all desirable freedom, and above all, Cardinal Alexander treated him with as much familiarity as Passionei, and with an interest and kindness resembling those of Bünaü, finally with a tenderness which he never met with on the part of his young friends. Clement XI.'s nephew, whose stormy youth had given rise to much scandal, and who, colonel of dragoons at nineteen, and a cardinal at twenty-nine, had been obliged to dispose of the superb Albani collection in order to fulfil his pecuniary obligations, had set to work at once, and after a space of twenty-six years had succeeded in creating a new gallery of antiquities, which rivalled the first one. It was in order to shelter these treasures in a manner worthy of them, that he built the celebrated Villa Albani, with the assistance of Winckelmann's advice, which is still admired by all strangers visiting Rome. "I am staying with the greatest of the cardinals, the nephew of Clement XI., not as his servant, but in order that my patron may say that I belong to him. I am a librarian, but his large and splendid library is there only for my own perusal. I am alone to enjoy it. I am spared all work. I merely go out in his carriage with the Cardinal. It would be impossible for a friendship to be more intimate than ours is; nothing but death could dissolve it. I open to him the innermost recesses of my heart, and enjoy a corresponding confidence on his side." In the morning he would converse with his patron friend, "whose greatest happiness is to see me happy," while sitting on his bed, about all sorts of things. Not a letter of Winckelmann's without mention of this tender, truly touching friendship, which never once belied itself. In this respect

he might well say, as in many others: "I regard myself as one of these rare mortals who are completely satisfied, and have nothing to wish for. Look for others who can say as much from the bottom of their hearts!" Is it to be wondered at that he exclaimed, "Now I have pitched my tent at Rome for ever?"

This time with Albani was the finest in all Winckelmann's life. The society of the artists employed at the villa, that of the Cardinal himself, and of the distinguished foreigners who passed through, music and the theatre, female intercourse, the happy discoveries which coincided with his works, the work itself more than all the rest, were so many ever-new sources of serenity and enjoyment. Fame, esteem, friendship, easier circumstances, a good table, all combined to make a second and a happier youth out of the last nine years of his life. His health, which had been so shattered during the latter part of his stay in Germany, was completely restored. All his letters breathe the most entire satisfaction. "*Post tot discrimina rerum tendimus in Latium*. You wish to know the story of my life—it is very short . . . M. Plautius Consul, who had triumphed over the Illyrians, had these words, *Vixit annos novem*, put beneath all the exploits named on his monument. I should say, I have lived seven years; it was the time I stayed at Rome."

Still from time to time complaints were mixed with these expressions of satisfaction. We cannot take all that he says about absence of envy and rivalry literally, and all was not benevolence and suavity in his relations with the Italians, whom he often judges with great severity. At times, too, he would feel that golden chains were still chains, and that ten scudi a month, even with all his expenses paid, were far from constituting affluence. Considerations such as these therefore disposed him to lend a willing ear to offers which came to him from Germany, nor were these invitations to Brunswick and Dresden, to which was subsequently added a third to Vienna, of small weight in inducing the Holy Father to appoint a stranger to the important office of "President of Antiquities" at Rome, which was given to Winckelmann finally in March, 1763. He was delighted: "It is the best place I could have wished for . . . I have got more than I deserve, and had ever dreamt of obtaining." This post, however, bringing with it less profit than distinction, his patrons again set to work and procured him a second and small appointment at the Vatican library, so that with what Cardinal Albani gave him he was now relatively well off, having something like 5,000 francs (£200) a year, and hardly any expenses beyond that of his dress, upon which he bestowed great care, and to which he attached considerable importance. Still all this was not sufficient to deter him from eagerly accepting a call to the sands of the Mark of Brandenburg, situated beneath an inclement sky, to a circle he

hated, a life which was odious to him, and occupations with which he was thoroughly disgusted; and all for the sake of some 2,000 thalers he hoped to obtain by going there. Nothing can account for this step but the desire—natural enough in a *paremu*, but unworthy of a man of his stamp—to exhibit himself in his present exalted condition on the scene of his former misery and humiliation. Fortunately for our antiquarian, the great king was stingy, and “one thousand thalers” seemed to him “ample remuneration for a German,” so Winckelmann bade Guichard repeat to him the famous answer of the singer, “*Ebbene, faccia cantare il suo generale?*”

This had been a narrow escape, nevertheless, for our historian. His position in Rome was daily growing more and more influential, and he stood upon a footing of complete equality with all that there was of eminence there, whether by rank or by personal merit. Foreigners sought him out as one of the Roman curiosities, and he often added to his usual occupation that of acting as guide to such high-born travellers as knew how to manifest their gratitude for services rendered. Englishmen on their grand tour were especially fond of seeking out Winckelmann, who was alternately annoyed by the phlegm and delighted with the generosity and enterprising spirit of these islanders. From the French he held himself at a greater distance, preserving too keen a remembrance of the German potentates who felt themselves ill at ease when German was spoken, and for whom “a French mountebank had more worth than a true German.” He was indignant at certain impertinent remarks made about the Italians and the overbearing, conceited manners of the members of the French Academy at Rome. Personal contact, however, with Frenchmen of real worth and distinction, modified his opinion of the nation considerably, and we even find him at last associating on intimate terms with some persons of that amiable people which has the talents of fascinating and disgusting by turns those foreigners who come into contact with them more than any other. He formed a close intimacy, besides, with Baron von Riedesel, who became his nearest friend after Stosch. The Prince of Brunswick, the future “German Achilles,” nephew to Frederick, and brother to Anna Amalia, came to see him, as well as the Prince of Mecklenburg, brother to Queen Sophia Charlotte, and the Prince of Dessau, Karl August’s noble friend. Winckelmann attached himself more particularly to the last-named prince, one of the most remarkable sovereigns in a century rich in great princes. “I may call him born of the gods, for in this noble soul all human virtues are united.” He associated with all these princes, or at any rate with those of Mecklenburg and Dessau, as a “comrade, laughing and joking with them while he instructed them.”

At this period of his life, too, he once more came across Madame

Mengs, and, with her husband's full permission, entered into a *liaison* with that pretty Roman lady—Mengs being at that time absent in Spain—and this was the first love affair in his life, and the strangest one imaginable, for the two lovers entered into a written compact concerning an exalted species of friendship, "hitherto perhaps unknown," by which they agreed to respect certain limits in spite of Mengs's authorisation, who wished his wife to continue writing love-letters to Winckelmann after she had rejoined him, until an affair of interest made the two friends quarrel. Mr. Justi remarks rightly that this episode in Winckelmann's life, like his strange passion for handsome youths, will ever remain an impenetrable mystery; for the openness with which he speaks of them seems to exclude any suspicion of a shameful vice, of which, moreover, he was never for a moment accused, even by his enemies. They were for the most part transitory; once, however, the flame of friendship, *à l'antique*, was rekindled in him, never to be extinguished. A young Livonian nobleman, Reinhold von Berg, inspired him with a genuine passion. He wrote him letters like those he had addressed formerly to Lamprecht and to Bülon:—

"Noble friend, like a tender mother mourning her dearest child whom a cruel prince tears from her, and gives a prey to certain death on the field of battle, thus do I lament my separation from you, my sweet friend, with tears which spring from the heart. A complete harmony of souls is only possible between persons of the same sex. All other affections are but shoots from that noble trunk. But this divine inclination is unknown to most men, and therefore misunderstood and misinterpreted by the greater part of mankind. Love, at its highest pitch, ought to show itself in all our faculties:

'I thee both as man and woman prize,  
For a perfect love implies  
Love in all capacities;'

and it is upon this love that the immortal friendship of the ancients was based, that of a Theseus and Pirithous, of an Achilles and Patroclus."

And so forth, for a space of more than two years. It was this enthusiastic friendship which inspired him with his writing, "On the Capability of Feeling the Beautiful" (1763). It was in this year, too, that he first knew Angelica Kaufmann, at that time twenty-two years of age, and looked upon in Rome not only as the most seductive, but as the most gifted of women. Göthe, and with him the latter half of the age, considered her as the first painter of her time. Her likeness of Winckelmann, albeit like all her productions somewhat theatrical, serves to illustrate Hamilton's assertion that he had never beheld a finer head than that of the historian. It is not regularity of feature which distinguishes his countenance with those small, coal-black eyes of his, sparkling above a too prominent nose, with that mouth at once delicate and sensual, with his disproportionately high, receding forehead, and incomparably pure, noble

chin; no, it is not regularity of feature, it is the life, the intensity of intellectual, moral, and physical life, which surprises and charms us in this portrait.

His "History of Art," which had appeared in 1764, and was immediately translated into French, English, and Italian, had won him extraordinary fame, which his later works, "The Essay on Allegory," the "Notes to the History of Art," the "Monumenti," only helped to confirm, and now the great man was becoming anxious to show himself in the days of prosperity to the comrades of his childhood who had known him in times of poverty and dependence. He was wearied, too, harassed, and overworked, and lacked rest. "While hard at work, I raise my eyes towards the mountains like some poor Indian hoping to find repose beyond the hills." Emotion would take possession of him whenever his native country was mentioned, and it seemed as though his absent friends, above all Stosch, and the Prince of Dessau, were beckoning to him from afar. He expresses a desire "to present himself to the Great King," and he who at one time had felt so grateful towards Saxony and been its enthusiastic admirer, now appears annoyed that he cannot pass by without stopping there. Göthe, at that time studying at Leipzig, tells us what a triumphal reception was preparing for the oblivious, indifferent historian. The yearnings after his native country had in latter years taken the form of a confirmed nostalgia, or rather of a divine behest which he must needs obey. He had great trouble in obtaining leave of absence, and having once got it—on the 23rd of March, 1768—became literally "intoxicated with joy."

He set out for Germany on the 16th of April, with a certain Cavaceppi for his travelling companion, to whom we owe the details of this last fatal journey. Winckelmann's impatience grew more and more feverish during the whole way; but he had scarcely put his foot upon German ground in Tyrol when he began to feel a strong reaction, found something to complain of in everything around him, and was constantly making unfavourable comparisons with all that he had left behind him. The architecture, the country, the German habits, customs, and even language, were distasteful to him, and a continual subject of annoyance, so that he was for ever saying, "Let us go back again." His travelling companion, however, did his utmost to hinder him from doing so, and at times was almost inclined to think he must be out of his mind. On arriving at Munich, Winckelmann could stand it no longer; he quarrelled with Cavaceppi, and insisted upon returning to Italy. All the Italian could obtain from him was to return by way of Vienna. "This journey, far from cheering me up," wrote Winckelmann from that city to Stosch and the Prince of Dessau, "has made me strangely melancholy. . . . There is but one way to tranquillise my soul and



dispel my sadness, which is to go back to Rome. . . . I have done all in my power to be cheerful since I left Augsburg, but my heart says no, and my repugnance is unconquerable." Nevertheless, honours and distinctions were not wanting even at Vienna. He was received by Maria Theresa with marked distinction, loaded with presents, and had the most tempting offers held out to him. Prince Kaunitz even deigned to reason with him upon his unkindness in thus deserting his friend. "But when we saw," writes the latter, "how unmoved and pale he remained, dumb and embarrassed, his eyes without lustre, we were afraid to insist any further." It was as if Fate were inexorably urging him on towards the tragic end which awaited him. He arrived at Trieste quite alone on the 1st of June. An Italian, named Francesco Arcangeli, of notoriously bad character, lodging in the same inn, contrived to force his acquaintance upon him by procuring him a place upon the boat. Winckelmann, though he carefully concealed his gold, his name, and his quality, had the imprudence to let this wretch see his medals, which awakened a terrible spirit of covetousness in him. The ship's departure, after having been delayed a few days, was ultimately settled for the 8th of June, and this circumstance served to hasten the execution of the sinister project which Arcangeli had conceived. On the morning of the 8th he came into Winckelmann's room, and found him writing; after conversing with him for a few minutes, Winckelmann again sat down before his table to write, when the assassin suddenly threw a cord round his neck and attempted to strangle him. Hereupon Winckelmann rose, struggled, and in the struggle fell down, when Arcangeli stabbed him five times with his knife. The whole house having rushed in at the noise, the assassin was able for the moment to escape unnoticed. Winckelmann, however, had time to dictate his deposition and his last will, soon after which he expired. Six weeks later Arcangeli expiated his atrocious crime on the wheel.

"The tidings of Winckelmann's death," relates Göthe in the memoirs of his youth, "fell upon us like a thunderbolt in a serene sky . . . grief and lamentations were universal. His premature end made the worth of his existence all the more keenly felt." The *monumentum ære perennius* which the great poet raised to the memory of the great prose writer is well known; but who could write the life of Winckelmann without recalling in conclusion those words with which Göthe terminates his portrait?

"Thus it was that he disappeared from the world after having reached the highest point he could have wished to attain. His country was expecting him; his friends were stretching out their arms towards him; all those proofs of affection he stood so much in want of, all those tokens of public esteem he attached so much importance to, were ready to greet him. And in this sense we may deem him fortunate for having gone to the eternal abodes from the very summit of human existence, for having been carried off after a brief shock and short suffering. He experienced none of the infirmities of age, nor

any impairment of his intellectual faculties. . . . He lived and died in his manhood. Now he enjoys the advantage of appearing strong and vigorous for ever to the eyes of posterity; for man walks among the shades in the form in which he has left the earth. Thus it is that Achilles ever presents himself to our imagination as a hero endowed with eternal ardour and youth."

## IV.

Winckelmann did not find the right road till late in life—he was wont to call himself an *ὀψιμαθής*; still the spirit he brought into it had revealed itself in him very early. In his literary studies already it is simplicity, harmony, and idealism which captivate him, rather than power, character, and life. Sophocles, Xenophon, and Plato possess greater attractions for him than Æschylos, Euripides, and Aristotle; he already begins to feel the charm of the *Atticæ et Ionicæ charites*, and was already erecting altars to "placid grandeur." His "Thoughts upon Oral Teaching of Modern History," the first among all his writings, although it did not see the light till thirty-two years after his death, and treats of a subject widely different from those which occupied his mind in later years, likewise already contains in embryo the principles which he afterwards introduced into German literature, viz., the explanation of historical facts by surrounding influences, a thesis subsequently carried out by Herder; the study of customs and intellectual life to which for some time Voltaire had been attempting to secure a place beside political events; the research of those general laws by which history is governed, such as Macchiavelli and Montesquieu had undertaken to determine before him. First among all modern writers he already sets up the principle of historical evolution or *feri*, in opposition to the mechanical *facere* which was then predominant, and that in the very midst of a rationalist age to which the idea of development was unknown. Both in the form and in the substance of this mere rough sketch, conceived and written while he was yet surrounded by the dusty atmosphere of learned pedantry, there breathes a new spirit. It may be argued that, after all, the ideas he expresses were more or less in the air; and the undoubted fact that he had at that time received a strong outward impulse from Montesquieu, as was afterwards the case with Oeser and Mengs, might make him appear to be a less original thinker than was usually supposed. Still we must not allow ourselves to be carried away too far in that direction either; for however great may be the originality and power of genius, it is nevertheless always linked together in a thousand ways with time and place. What constitutes its true originality and strength is its instinctive perception of the really fertile among those numerous and conflicting ideas which agitate a generation confusedly, the rapidity and completeness with which it assimilates them, and the adequate expression it gives to them.

The first work which Winckelmann published is a significant prelude to the "History of Art." Its effect was prodigious; yet at first sight the idea of it, far from appearing at all new, seems but a mere repetition of what had been proclaimed by the whole age of Louis XIV. "The only way to become great, nay, perhaps, inimitable, is to imitate the ancients." Did this sentence justify the author's pretensions when he says that he would "write nothing that had been already written?" No, assuredly; and its originality must by no means be sought in the thesis itself, but rather in the argumentation and proofs adduced by Winckelmann in support of his assertions, that the idea the age entertained about antiquity was a false one, that the ancients had been departed from, and that the sentiment of the beautiful had greatly degenerated. He was the first who had the courage openly to censure what all his contemporaries admired, besides much that we still admire and imagine ourselves justified in admiring. Thus he is undoubtedly right when he detects symptoms of degeneration in that want of all measure and proportion which is one of the chief characteristics of modern art, and in the absence of *juste milieu* in the choice of form; but we all think he allows his system to carry him too far when he quotes Rubens and Michael Angelo as instances of these defects. Nor is it otherwise with the exaggerated realism with which he reproaches the times, and the application of his theory to works of the Dutch school, when he calls those painters "the apes of nature," whom we place so high precisely because in their way they idealised the humblest of realities. True, it could have been no easy task to find out wherein the poetry of the Dutch consists for one who esteemed drawing as the first, second, and third requisite for a painter. Then, again, his observations about the servile copying of individual models and naturalism in the rendering of surfaces seem to us even more plausible and more applicable to-day than they were in 1755. Other remarks are hardly to be accounted for, except by the necessity of a powerful reaction against the taste of the day. Some of those pale abstractions which fill the fourth book of the "History of Art," and great part of the Introduction to the *Monumenti*, such as "unity of structure, a noble connection between the parts, measure in abundance, equilibrium between meagreness and fleshiness, simple beauty and serenity in repose," are already to be met with; as we likewise already come upon sundry admirable delineations of the life, the climate, the country, and the education of the Greeks, when opposing their natural, unrobed simplicity to the far-fetched artificiality of modern life and art. The evolutionary conception is also to be found already clearly indicated here: "There is a youth in the fine arts as in men," he says, while he develops the thought, which to be sure is as yet but a dim foreshadowing of what it was to become later on, and was

founded upon altogether untenable analogies. A last hobby of Winckelmann's finally found room in his "Thoughts," which he was to develop ten years later, in a work *ad hoc*: "Allegory." It is like reading a chapter by Breitingen on "fables, the most elevated of all kinds of poetry." Every possible subject having already been treated, everything being exhausted, recourse must needs be had to allegory. He forgives Rubens all his sins in having so "far abandoned Greek outlines;" and even assigns to him the first place among the great masters for having made use of allegory to give variety to his illustration of Maria de Medici's marriage! He even goes so far as to grant the second place to Lebrun, the painter of Alexander's battles! And just as we have the entire historian Winckelmann in the inspiration of his "Thoughts," the writer Winckelmann likewise appears to us in them as he was one day to be—noble, slightly rhetorical, often poetical. The Sixtine Madonna which gave rise to this pamphlet, the Laocoon whose description and appreciation gave Germany Lessing's most important work, are depicted in the "Thoughts" in a style and with a language heretofore unknown. German prose dates from that day, and it is difficult to understand how a man capable of feeling, thinking, and speaking thus, could be of the same generation as Rabener and Gellert, whose writings still belong by their form, as well as their substance, to the pre-historic period of German literature.

The "Thoughts" were the first and last work of Winckelmann's published in Germany, unless we may thus call the anonymous epistle and the "Explanation" written in 1755, to which, under the form of criticism and the plea of self-defence, he consigned all the superfluities he had had the good taste to banish from his first writing. At Rome he successively brought out eight volumes in all, during the period from 1760 to 1767, independently of writing a large number of sketches and minor writings, which are perhaps the most perfect things ever penned by him. However great an interest, notwithstanding, these smaller productions may have, we must look to his "History of Art," and to his Introduction to the *Monumenti* for a thorough knowledge of "Winckelmann's ideas, method, and style. It is in this work that he reveals himself as that "new Columbus" Göthe saw in him. Nor was it so much that Histories of Art were at that time scarce, but they were generally dry works of erudition without life, written often by men who derived all their knowledge of the works they wrote of from descriptions or notices they had found in books, and which mostly consisted of vague panegyric or biographical notes. Winckelmann was the first to distinguish epochs in art, to classify the works of the ancients according to certain laws, and to replace them in the *milieu* which had produced them.

He began first of all by tracing the boundaries of his empire,

completely shutting out sciences like epigraphy and numismatics, for instance, which derive their importance, not from their form, but from the facts they record. Next he established, not indifference, "the athaumasy of which Strabo boasted so much," but enthusiasm, as the true starting-point of the historian; and relates how he discovered a sure criterion when enthusiasm was wanting, by endeavouring to find out the beauty of celebrated statues which at first made no impression upon him; how he would put himself in the place of one who was summoned to give an account of them to an imaginary audience of connoisseurs, and by obliging himself never to turn his back upon works of this description before he had found something to admire in them, and discovered the reason why they were worthy of admiration. "After thus acquiring some enlightenment," he continues, "I endeavoured to determine the style of Egyptian and Etruscan artists, as well as the difference between the art of the latter and that of the Greeks." In following up the same method he ends by discovering "different epochs in the works of the Greeks;" but "sometimes years passed" before he was able to find proofs as to the age of this or that particular statue. Once completely prepared, he undertook to "venture upon a system of antique art, not with a view to improving our own, but to learn how to look at and admire antiques." It is extremely characteristic for Germany that this system of art should have become a history of ancient art, just as fifty years later the system of Roman law became, under Savigny's hand, a history of Roman law. In fact, while he followed up ancient art from Egyptian commencements down to the latest Roman, while he disserted at length upon the influences of climate, of religion, of race, and of institutions upon that growth and decay, he gave precepts concerning the technical processes, explanations of the materials employed; above all, lessons about the relations existing between beauty in nature and beauty in art, which he supported by descriptions of the chief masterpieces. Here it was that he developed at great length the two fundamental ideas which he had already hinted at in the "Thoughts," viz., ideality and placid grandeur.

According to the first of these two ideas, works of art are but a reflection of the divine, and should represent "general ideas and things not of the senses;" in other words, art was to produce mere abstractions, and every trace of individuality had to be obliterated from them, as though it were a stain. He was the first in that age of dramatic sculpture who protested against all endeavours to give duration to transitory emotions of the soul, and to materialise the feelings or thoughts; but he went even further still, when he asserted that ideality of form consists in generality of type. This he calls "indetermination," i.e. a thing whose shape is described by such lines and points as alone constitute beauty. It is true he

adds, that beauty ought to be put "into a state of action and passion." Yet this action and this passion, which he also calls "expression," must be of a kind which does not change the general typical character of beauty; for "the idea of elevated beauty can only be engendered by silent, abstract contemplation of the individual," and it is "*la placidezza senza alterigia e perturbazione*" which the ancients lent their deities. Thus we see that the idea of "placid grandeur" connects itself with the same order of ideas as the generality, simplicity, and unity which play so prominent a part in Winckelmann's doctrine, according to which "the truly beautiful is one, and never can be multiple." The argumentation of this vague principle is likewise unsatisfactorily vague; for no one can be clumsier than this masterly prose-writer as soon as he gets upon philosophical subjects. Winckelmann saw this abstract beauty in outline alone, which is in itself an abstraction without any reality. "Speaking of the drawing of the Greeks," he says, "is equivalent to treating of beauty in all its parts." Mankind, nevertheless, could not attain this standard of beauty all at once, but always has had to proceed to it by slow degrees. Hence the different periods in art; "the beautiful" coming after "the ancient" and the "grand style," and being only the latest fruit of a mature experience.

It is not difficult to see the weak points in this theory, or to perceive how inadequate this abstract idealism is either to account for or to inspire true art, and indeed Winckelmann himself was far too great an artist at heart to remain long satisfied with its empty vagueness. He was, besides, too sincere not to learn, and too frank not to own that he did learn. Whenever he could contrive to forget this chilly philosophy, which was quite unsuited to him, he invariably hit the right point. The ideal beauty which he maintained never, or at least no longer, existed, was immediately recognised by him wherever he met with it; and he even owned to having seen "living Niobes and Apollos from the Vatican" at Albano and Genzano, "who bore a perfect resemblance to heads of the sublimest type of beauty." He finishes, moreover, by indirectly admitting that, with all his definitions, he defined very little indeed; that "beauty is one of nature's great mysteries," that it is "superior to our intelligence," and that it is necessary to be endowed with the gift of sight he himself possessed in so eminent a degree, in order to see it at all.

Still, our way of thinking is far from being satisfied even by such concessions as he makes by admitting that the ideal type really existed, and still continues to exist, in southern Europe. We cannot help thinking that his argument is untenable even when reduced to these narrow limits, because it rests upon form and accident instead of upon substance. The secret of consummate artistic beauty is not to be found in the purely hypothetical perfection of the Greeks, but in their whole turn of mind. Were we again to live among a people

of Antinous', we should not produce sculpture like Greek sculpture, because the Greek spirit which brought it forth no longer exists, and imitation like that prescribed by Winckelmann can be but sterile. A mere revival of extinct forms is no *renaissance*. We can no longer tolerate an exclusiveness which would crush the whole of modern art with a blow, and which admits the Greek type alone as the ideal one—we who know and have seen that the Spanish, Italian, and Flemish types have lent themselves to the expression of an artistic ideal equally well with the Greek type. Nor is it different with regard to political circumstances, and that famous "Greek liberty which alone could make art prosper." On the contrary, history distinctly shows us that all the arts have flourished quite as well in despotically governed states, like Rome and Florence, France and Spain, as under the Republic of Athens. We may say the same of climate, soil, vegetation, which are all things of accident. The true cause of the superiority of the Greeks lay elsewhere, and unfortunately must be sought in a fact never again to be reproduced, to a similar degree; I mean, the highest intellectual culture united to an almost primitive simplicity of life. Our modern existence is altogether artificial; our garments, our recreations, our dwellings, are artificial as well as our education; we no longer derive our elementary notions from the observation of reality, nay, nor even from the living communication of our teachers, but from books. In other words, with us abstraction precedes intuition, and we are therefore no longer "naïfs," to use Schiller's expression. The age which has approached nearest to the spirit of the Athenians, in its way of seeing and thinking, although without entirely attaining them, was undoubtedly the period of the Italian Commonwealths in the fifteenth century, ere the artifices of modern life and the art of printing had taken deep root and become as universally diffused as they now are. By this coincidence of high culture and primitive simplicity alone is art produced, as science, war, politics, and religions owe their origin to similar though different combinations. This alone accounts for the superiority of the Greece of Plato and Praxiteles, nor must we seek for its source either in a highly problematical political freedom, or in the beauty of the Greek type, which to this day has survived the complete decay of art in Greece as in Italy.

The merits of Winckelmann's "History of Art" remain no less incontestable, not only because the work is replete with observations and admirable definitions—such as that of portrait-painting and that of the graceful,—not only because it introduces the historical principle into the study of art, as we have repeatedly had occasion to remark in the present essay; but it establishes the different periods in art so thoroughly that to this day we implicitly accept Winckelmann's definitions of them. Winckelmann's work, moreover, was the first—I was nearly saying the last—history of art

which did not lose itself in a labyrinth of details. Undoubtedly Winckelmann, who had received an education more philological than archæological, frequently erred in matters of fact, and went quite astray in his abstract definitions. Yet in considering the history as a whole, we find that it has lost so little in course of time that it may still serve us as a sure foundation for all works upon Greek art. And this merit in our eyes is considerably increased by the reflection that the Apoxyomenos and the Hercules of the Vatican, the Venus of Milo, the friezes of the Parthenon, the Sleeping Fawn, and the *Æginetes* of Munich, were all unknown to him.

Nor is the form of this history at all less remarkable than its substance. It was Winckelmann's intention "to produce a work the like of which had never before appeared in the German language, in order that he might show foreigners what it was capable of;" and we must admit that the book quite justifies the proud boast of its author. Had he condescended to write it always naturally and spontaneously, like his private letters, instead of labouring to acquire "beautiful" penmanship, even those few passages in it wherein his style is pompous, vague, and rhetorical might have been avoided.

The prodigious effect immediately produced by the book's appearance, as well as the distant consequences to which it was to lead, and which have not yet completely disappeared, are well known. French, English, and Italian translations of it appeared almost immediately. Diderot, at that time exercising a powerful critical influence upon contemporary art, hailed the "charming enthusiast" with sincere admiration, albeit not unmixed with a slight tinge of irony. The standard authority in matters of Italian taste, E. Q. Visconti, called Winckelmann's book a "classical work." On its appearance Lessing left his "*Laocoon*" unfinished. All Europe went to school again to Winckelmann, and even artists themselves hastened to apply his ideas in their productions. German poetry became impregnated with resuscitated antiquity. Schiller, in his æsthetical poems, as in his admirable prose essays, was inspired by it. Winckelmann was not only the greatest historian, but the supreme theorist of art in the eyes of all Europe. He seems himself hardly to have perceived that, in thus reacting against the reigning tendencies of his times, he was but obeying his own law of historical evolution by falling into the opposite extreme. His theory, in itself entirely reactive, had not a mere relative value in his eyes; it was absolute, eternal, the only true one. And so it was in the eyes of his contemporaries.

Winckelmann's theory was accepted as incontestable evidence by a world which had grown tired of *rococo* art, of mannerism, of the continual inroads of all the fine arts upon domains foreign to them; weary of picturesque, theatrical, dramatical sculpture, as practised by Bernini's followers; of French effect-seeking, trifling,



sentimental, or brilliant painting, and of the decorative, pompous arabesque and showy architecture of the later Jesuits. Till then sculpture had drawn her inspiration from painting; henceforth painting was to be inspired by sculpture.

Sublime simplicity, placid grandeur, indetermination, the idea of the beautiful, of the ideal, settled down to so many axioms. The affectation and frivolity of French, the effeminate dignity of Italian, art were overcome, but only to make room for the most exclusive, conventional, academical style. Greek forms were supposed to be the only ones worth imitating, whilst the one thing really needful was to bring about an intellectual, moral, and social state of things resembling that of Greece, or rather to wait for it to come of itself, and to produce, as a necessary consequence, works of art equally finished in their way, although entirely different from those of the Greeks. Winckelmann and his friend Mengs must be held answerable for the facts that the generation of German poets of 1772 abandoned the right road, which pointed towards a simpler point of view with regard to nature, and that Göthe, who in 1771 still viewed the Strasburg Cathedral with admiration, fifteen years later in Italy became a votary of the narrowest classicism, and assigned to a Guercino a higher place than to a Lippi or a Masaccio; that, generally speaking, he acquired a doctrinaire's taste in plastic art, while in his own art he abandoned the more national, popular style of "Faust" for "nobler" language and the application of Greek metres. It is Winckelmann who is to blame if men of eminent talent, such as David and his disciple Ingres in France, allowed themselves to be carried away to the cultivation of sterile soil, and if men like Canova and Bartolini in Italy replaced the masters full of life of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and set up the "purity" of academical forms in lieu of the animated though less correct reproduction of motion.

And Winckelmann not only has exclusive idealism on his conscience, and—at least indirectly—our as exclusive realism; he also, albeit involuntarily, gave rise to our modern æsthetics and to the art histories of all kinds, which have succeeded in completely bewildering the senses of our artists. Here in fact we have to deal with abstractions of the crudest description, not inductively developed by living intuition like Winckelmann's theories, but for the most part invented *a priori* and deductively amplified by ignorant men, or at all events supported by views too few and too incomplete. Of this sort, for instance, are our modern systems of æsthetics so cleverly constructed, yet so useless, nay, even dangerous, to the artist. Yet this it is which forms our daily bread, with which the very atmosphere we breathe is charged ere we have had time to view the things themselves, and which it costs us so great an effort to free ourselves from later in life. Instead of adopting the method most of us pursue

with regard to literary productions, and admitting that only what one has found out and experienced oneself can be of any value, and not what one learns from books, we study our Overbeck, Rio, or Ruskin, and become "pre-Raphaelites," as the Germans of 1815 were "Nazarenes." Nor would there be any great harm done were such monomanias limited to fashionable tourists who fall into the same raptures over a Memmi or a Gaddi as over a Giotto; but what is greatly to be deplored is that so many men of superior talents as executants should allow themselves to be led astray by them, as a glance at our already antiquated exhibitions, from 1820 to 1850, will suffice to prove.

As for Winckelmann's theory concerning the beautiful, it has been the means of presenting us with an endless amount of twaddle upon "beautiful, vulgar, or noble" nature, &c., as if, forsooth, nobility and vulgarity lay in the objects and not in the artist. And after laying down all these arbitrary rubrics, what is there remaining of the beautiful? If, as was implied by Winckelmann, it is to be thought a crime for Rubens to have portrayed robust women and vigorous satyrs, surely we ought to be consistent and blame Shakspeare also for creating Falstaff, and the nurse in *Romco* and *Juliet*, and placing equivocal expressions in the mouths of *Celia* and *Rosalind*! After all, in what does the beautiful consist? Is it in a straight nose, in a small mouth? It is the characteristic which is beautiful, were it even ugly according to our every-day notions; and *Richard the Third* as a work of art is no less beautiful than *Hamlet*. Nature in herself is neutral, *i.e.* neither beautiful nor ugly, neither good nor bad. Thus in fact there do not absolutely exist any beautiful forms, but only such as are more or less expressive; that is to say, some are more eloquent than others, and manifest the essence and functions of different natural phenomena more clearly. True artists discover at once these distinctive features, consciously or unconsciously, and all we call "selection" may be reduced to this; whereas the eclecticism which borrows a fine arm here, a beautiful bust there, &c., is exactly the reverse of the artist's choice, which always leans towards an organic coherence, instead of a mechanical combination of members beautiful in the abstract but heterogeneous. And herein consists the genuine artist's work, to seize characteristic organisms, to show their coherence with their surroundings and that of their own parts, and to complete nature's intentions there where she has been prevented from carrying out her designs. For nature is not neutral alone,—she is obtuse also; and it is the artist's mission to give her a sense and interpret her. The merit of having determined this, the highest function of art, belongs to *Göthe*, not to Winckelmann.

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## MISSIONARY RELIGIONS.

IN the lecture delivered by Professor Max Müller in Westminster Abbey on the day of intercession for missions in December last, he counted eight real historical religions of mankind. And the lecturer went on to say that "by study, by critical examination of the sacred books upon which all these religions professed to be founded, they could be classified and compared scientifically . . . . A classification of these systems into non-missionary and missionary religions was directly interesting on that day of intercession for missions, and was also not trivial, but rested on what was the very heart-blood in every system of human faith. Judaism, Brahmanism, and Zoroastrianism were opposed to all missionary enterprise; Buddhism, Mahomedanism, and Christianity were missionary religions from their beginning . . . . The Brahmans never proselytized, and even punished those of other creeds who heard their prayers or saw their sacrifices." The lecturer then compared those religions which had with those which had not the missionary spirit. The former were, he said, alive, the latter were dying or dead. The religions of the Parsees and the Jews were dying, though Judaism might not soon vanish. Brahmanism was still professed by 110,000,000; but it was dead, because it could not stand the light of day. The worship of Siva and Vishnu was more barbarous than that of Jupiter or Apollo. It might live on; but when a religion had ceased to produce champions, prophets, and martyrs, it was virtually dead. The decisive battle for the dominion of the world would have to be fought out among the three missionary religions—Buddhism, Mahomedanism, and Christianity.<sup>1</sup>

It is with great deference that I venture to demur not only to this scientific classification, but also to the conclusions which appear to be mainly drawn from it. I think that inferences as to the nature and tendency of various existing religions which are drawn from study and exegetic comparison of their scriptures, must be qualified by actual observation of these religions in their popular form and working effects. And if we look steadily at what is going on around us in Europe and Asia, we may collect numerous facts and symptoms of which the lecture does not seem to me to have taken sufficient account. To Professor Max Müller himself the popular side of these religions is, of course, well known; but his lecture, taken alone, seems to encourage the error of presenting an Asiatic religion as a mysterious thing, to be seen only through its ancient books, as through a glass, darkly; and to confirm the inveterate modern habit

(1) Quoted from the condensed report given in the *Times* of December 5th, 1873.

of assuming all great historic names to represent something definite, symmetrical, and organized—as if Asiatic institutions were capable of being circumscribed by rules or formal definitions. Now in these days it is so important for us to understand the way of growth and the constitution of a great antique religion; there are so many practical questions connected with beliefs and the historic method of inquiry which become clearer when examined by the light of Eastern experiences, and the reflex action of India upon England is so likely to make itself soon felt, that a few words may be worth saying upon those parts of the lecture by which people in England are, in my judgment, liable to be misled.

Brahmanism is enormously the most important of the religions classified in the lecture as non-missionary; and it is said to be dead. What I have to say is, that to an eye-witness this religion is not dead, nor dying, nor even dangerously ill; and, moreover, that so far from it being a non-missionary religion in the sense of a religion that makes no proselytes, one might safely aver that more persons in India become every year Brahmanists than all the converts to all the other religions in India put together. The description in the lecture of Brahmanism, as a moribund non-missionary religion, cannot fail to raise in England an impression quite at variance with the truth. For it must fix in the minds of an English audience the popular notion of an inflexible stationary creed confined, like a stagnant pool inside a stone basin, within a set of beliefs and customs into which certain Indians are born by the accident that their parents were born in it and practised the ritual duly, but into which no one has ever entered, or is invited to enter, who was not thus born within the pale. But this as a definition of Brahmanism would be only part of the whole truth, and not the part which concerns our present discussion. If by Brahmanism we understand that religion of the Hindus which refers for its orthodoxy to Brahmanic scriptures and tradition, which adores the Brahmanic gods and their incarnations, venerates the cow, observes certain rules of intermarriage and the sharing of food, and which regards the Brahman's presence as necessary to all essential rites—then this religion can hardly be called non-missionary in the sense of stagnation and exclusive immobility, because it still proselytizes in two very effective modes.

The first of these modes is the gradual Brahmanising of the aboriginal, non-Aryan, or casteless tribes. The clans and races which inhabit the hill tracts, the outlying uplands, and the uncleared jungle districts of India, are melting into Hinduism all over India by a process much more rapid and effective than individual conversions. Among all these aboriginal or non-Aryan communities a continued social change is going on; they alter their modes of life to suit improved conditions of existence; their languages decay, and

they gradually go over to the dominant Aryan rituals. They pass into Brahmanists by a natural upward transition, which leads them to adopt the religion of the castes immediately above them in the social scale of the composite population among which they settle down. And we may reasonably guess that this process has been working for centuries, though it is likely to have been much more rapid than ever under British rule. The "ethnical frontier" described in the "Annals of Rural Bengal" is an ever-breaking shore of primitive beliefs which tumble constantly into the ocean of Brahmanism; and when Mr. W. W. Hunter, in his dissertation on the non-Aryan languages of India, describes the gradations by which the acknowledged non-Aryans of the highlands slide into low-caste Hindus of the plain, he describes a transmutation that is going on all over India. In Central India it has certainly gone very far, with a speed that seems to increase. In the interior of the Eastern Himalayas the Buddhists dispute with the Brahmans over the mountain clans and the sparse families that live in the habitable glens; but on the southern slopes and in the jungles that fringe the bases of the hills the Brahmans are prevailing unopposed; for all these tribes, by becoming Hindu, come under the Brahmans, and wherever they have succeeded so far as to found a state, as the Gurkhas founded Nepal, they have established the predominancy of caste and creed as a State religion. The number of converts thus added to Brahmanism in the last few generations, especially in this century, must be immense; and if the word proselyte may be used in the sense of one that has come, not necessarily being one that has been invited or persuaded to come, then Brahmanism might lay claim to be by far the most successful proselytizing religion of modern times in India.

Thus Brahmanism is all over India a necessary first stage for the outlying tribes toward Indian civilisation, or admission to the citizenship of the great Hindu community; it very rarely implies any ethical change, or even a formal abandonment of one ritual for another; it is usually a rapid sliding into Hindu customs and an attempt at social assimilation. But the complete process does necessitate a considerable change of worship and ways of life; for perhaps the surest sign of a family's reception into Brahmanism is that whereas the Brahman formerly was never called in, he is latterly found officiating at domestic epochs and ceremonies, of birth, marriage, or death. This implies conformity to Brahmanic rules of eating, intermarriages, and the like, and the evolution of a caste or sub-caste. If the converted family are of standing among their own people, the Brahman, for a consideration proportionate to the emergency or complexity of the case, will usually discover for them a decent Hindu pedigree, or (what is much easier) miraculous

incidents, which prove a half-savage chief or rich outcaste to be really allied to one of the recognised castes. We know how readily the gods have always intervened to explain away awkward incidents of birth, and to provide a great man of humble origin with a parentage better suited to his success in after-life. Thus the Gond chiefs of the Central India highlands all now claim Rájput ancestry, and have ranked themselves in the soldier caste. In aspiration they are now Hindus of the Hindus, carrying ceremonial refinement to the highest pitch of purism; but nevertheless they are really no better than recent parvenus from the clans which still run almost wild in adjacent hills and forests, and which care nothing for Brahmans or caste prejudices. It is calculated that the Bhíls, a tribe widely spread over Central India, have almost entirely passed over to Brahmanism in this century. There is a tribe near Ajmír, of whom half were forcibly made Musalmáns, while the other half held its own non-Hindu customs, and until very lately intermarried with its Musalmán kindred. Now this last-mentioned half has Brahmanised, and would no more marry with Musalmáns than the Raja of Benares. Sir George Campbell, in his report upon his government of Bengal in 1871-72, wrote—"It is a great mistake to suppose that the Hindu religion is not proselytizing; the system of castes gives room for the introduction of any number of outsiders; so long as people do not interfere with existing castes, they may form a new caste and call themselves Hindus; and the Brahmans are always ready to receive all who will submit to them and pay them. The process of manufacturing Rájputs from ambitious aborigines goes on before our eyes." This is one recently recorded observation, out of many that might be quoted, of the operation of that process which I have called the first mode of Brahmanic propagation. Almost the whole of the great province of Assam in the North-east of Bengal, conquered and settled by people from across the eastern frontiers of India, supposed to be akin to the Siamese, is said to have become Brahmanised during the last two centuries.

The foregoing extracts and illustrations might be amplified considerably, but they serve to show that the views put forward in this paper are founded on realities of actual life around us in India. The main consequence of the pacification and settling down of these non-Aryans under British rule has been to encourage their absorption into the Brahmanic ritual; and they are also directly invited to enter in by the Brahmans, to whom come great profit and repute by these additions to the crowd to whom their religious ministry is indispensable. The proselytes are now permitted, by the great favour of the divinity, to enter temple courts formerly tabooed to them, and to make offerings which would previously have been rejected with scorn. Their wives consult holy men who would once

have disclaimed to advise on such a low class of case, and are admitted to the full honour of private interviews; they elect a spiritual director from among the orthodox, and are enrolled among his disciples. They may even bring over their humble deities, and get them properly Brahmanised as incarnations. It should be explained that the spiritual director is often a personage very different from, and morally superior to, the priest of a temple or the holy guardian of a shrine, dealing with religious questions and the consolation of troubled minds much less entirely in the concrete. All these privileges uplift the hearts of simple folk, and draw them into the great flock of those whose only systematic belief is practically laid down for them by Brahmins.

This is the first of the two modes by which Brahmanism may be said to proselytize—an acceptance of the worship of the outer tribes, invitation to them to come in and conform, assumption of their liturgic and spiritual direction; in short, holding open to them the gates of admission into Brahmanic caste and creed. It might be argued, indeed, that Brahmanism is no clear-cut religion at all, in the scientific sense with which the word is applied to the elaborated theologies of Christianity, of Islam, and even of Buddhism, which have each their founder and central doctrines—are fenced round and staked out dogmatically, with proper gates for lawful entry. And thus it might be contended that no real analogy exists between the spiritual enthusiastic conversions to the Cross or the Crescent, and this natural melting down in the crucible of Brahmanism of masses of men as they emerge, intellectually aimless and wandering, out of a half-savage state. It might also be said that a religion which thus, half involuntarily, enlarges its borders, is in no strict sense a missionary religion. But this ground was not taken in the lecture, from which I think no one could have inferred that Brahmanism still has life and growth, much less that it is spreading and internally undergoing active changes that may prolong its existence under other forms. And this brings me to the second mode of Brahmanic proselytism.

The second mode by which I should affirm that Brahmanism proselytizes is by the working of the devotees and spiritual leaders who found new sects and set up new lights in divine matters. In a former paper in this Review I have tried to describe upon a small scale how these personages have constantly appeared, and still appear, among the Hindus, to assert new inspirations, to insist on a peculiar way of life, to work wonders, and to enrol a body of disciples who gradually convince themselves that their master was a personification of some god. These movements are now going on all over India; some of them increase and take root, others wither and disappear; but it is impossible to describe as non-missionary a religion which

permits and largely adopts all this wonderful diversity and intensity of religious propagation. For the Brahmans do not usually reject these sectaries, or disown them, unless their principle is hostility to Brahmanism; on the contrary, the movement is generally adopted and absorbed into Brahmanism. Nor would it be correct to say that these are merely interior variations or changes within Brahmanism itself, and therefore quite different from the spirit of proselytism going forth beyond its own religion to call in the outer gentiles. Many of these teachers address themselves to every one without distinction of caste or of creed; they preach to low-caste men and to the aboriginal tribes who are just emerging out of a nomad state into a settled low-caste element; in fact, they succeed largely in those ranks of the population which would lean towards Christianity and Mahomedanism if they were not drawn into Brahmanism by some local saint or devotee. I do not assert these religious reforms or revivals are essentially Brahmanic, on the contrary I think that their aim and first impulse are usually against orthodoxy, monopolies of inspiration, and priestly abuses generally; but this is the origin of every fresh development which any great religion has ever taken; and in surveying the general condition of such a religion one must give it credit for all its vigorous developments, heretical or otherwise. Most of these movements which I am describing in India have issued out of Brahmanism; and hitherto they have almost all ended in it; the leaders are mystics or devout ascetics who spiritualise the idolatry and rude superstition of the vulgar; but they very rarely, except in the famous instances of Buddhism and the Jaina doctrines, carry any large section of the people into any communion permanently separate from Brahmanism. Almost invariably they end by a new Brahmanic caste or sect, with peculiar doctrines and divinities that elevate the low-caste disciple, and satisfy in his spiritual nature just those needs which Christianity or Islam might otherwise have been called in to satisfy. And thus the Brahmanic revivalists at the very least occupy the ground which the more distinctly and consciously proselytizing creeds from abroad could otherwise annex; and make wholesale conversions among those classes with whom only are wholesale conversions possible.

For specimens of the second mode we may take the accounts of the Kookas in the Punjab, whose outbreak was rather sternly repressed in 1872, and of kindred manifestations. The Punjab report for that year, which in this part of it reads like the letter of some legate from an imperial province of Rome, sets forth how "Ram Singh, the leader of the sect, a man of considerable ability, was the son of a carpenter who gradually acquired a reputation of extreme sanctity, and even for the possession of miraculous powers. As his influence and the number of his followers increased, the tendency of



his teaching became more political,"<sup>1</sup> &c., &c.; but what first brought this sect into collision with the British Government was their fanatical horror at the slaughter of kine, which led them to murder the butchers—a very fair proof of the strong Brahmanic colouring which pervades this otherwise spiritual movement. Then we have Hakeem Singh, who listened to the missionaries until he not only accepted the whole Christian dogma, but has conceived himself to be the second embodiment, has proclaimed himself as such, and has summoned the missionaries to acknowledge this latest dispensation. He works miracles, preaches pure morality, but still venerates the cow. In the remote eastern districts of the Central Provinces, which are governed from Nagpore, we may collect minute information regarding the life of one Ghási Dás, an inspired prophet, who sojourned in the wilderness for six months, and then issued forth preaching to the poor and ignorant the creed of the True Name (*Satnám*). He gathered about half a million people together before he died in 1850. He borrowed his doctrines from the well-known Hindu sect of *Satnámis*, and though he denounced Brahmanic abuses he instituted caste rules of his own, and his successor was murdered, not for heresy, but because he aped the Brahmanic insignia and privileges. There can be little doubt that this community, if left alone, will relapse into a modified Brahmanism.

If it be still contended that these movements are really anti-Brahmanic in their direction and impulse, we have only to point to the Sikhs, who began in just the same manner two or three centuries ago, and have been sliding back into Brahmanism by a steady downward gradient, the rapidity of their descent increasing in exact ratio with the weight and importance of the community. As the Sikhs rose in the political and social world, they conformed outwardly to Brahmanism, though in the rough elastic fashion of warlike men who, like Hector of Troy, cannot be hampered by priests and augurs when there is work to be done. Other illustrations might be given from the history of Hindu schisms; and, in fact, I believe that the only great impulse of religious improvement which carried its followers fairly beyond Brahmanic caste and ritual, is Buddhism and its satellite Jainism. The other sects have merely formed separate castes, and have otherwise conformed to the general outline of the Brahmanic system.

Thus, if the word Brahmanism may be taken as the broad denomination of what is recognised by all Hindus as the supreme theological faculty and the comprehensive scheme of authoritative tradition to which all minor beliefs are referred for sanction and to be placed properly, we may affirm that this religion, so far from being dead, has increased very considerably within times of which

(1) Punjab Administration Report, 1871—72, p. 214.

we know. It has drawn in and gathered up the wild tribes and the helots of India ; while all the minor sectarian offshoots have hitherto been gradually bent backward by popular prejudice to conform to it, or else have been obliged to leave India. And while Brahmanism has spread out during the last hundred years, so far as we can guess, it is probable that Islam and Christianity have contracted, yielding to unfavourable political circumstance. By sheer force, by its predominant political influence, and also of course by its intrinsic superiority over the indigenous superstitions, Islam made many converts in India up to the middle of the eighteenth century ; but its extension has naturally slackened with the rapid decline and dilapidation of the political power with which the faith was so closely bound up. It has had now to bear the disadvantage of too near identity with the State, which forces Islam to stake the authenticity and practical proof of its claim to divine favour upon the success of unstable human institutions. Of course the misfortunes of a Musalmán dynasty ruling over unbelievers must affect the proselytizing influence of the doctrines which are held to justify the dominion. With regard to Christianity, its case is in some respects the converse to that of Islam ; for there is reason to believe that Christianity has suffered, as to its propagation in India, by the strange success of the Christian conquerors. For nearly a hundred years, up to 1857, the English consistently and sincerely disowned all connection between their politics and their religion. Colonel Dow, in his inquiry into the state of Bengal (1770), observes that persecution for religion is not on the list of the Company's crimes, and "he that will consent to part with his property may carry his opinions away with freedom." But no degree of energetic asseveration by a powerful Government in India has until very lately been supposed by its subjects to afford any clue to the real intentions of the governors ; and so Christianity for many years got all the discredit and jealousy which accompanies support given by the State to a foreign proselytizing religion, without getting any of the support. In the days when Christianity was actually propagated and pushed forward by the whole influence of an European power in India, it did succeed very perceptibly. When Francis Xavier could and did bring the Inquisition to bear upon lukewarm Portuguese viceroys at Goa, and when whole tribes submitted to conversion on condition of being protected by the Portuguese from the vengeance of their native princes against whom they had rebelled—in those days Christianity flourished and has survived in India ; but the English never have resorted to such thorough measures, and of course never will. Thus Christianity was much aided by strong political support : and it also did very well on its own merits when it had neither political support nor connection ; but it has declined in India since it has made political

connections without gaining their support. And on the whole we may conclude generally that of the three great religions in India Brahmanism alone has during the last hundred years added materially to its numbers; though whether such numerical additions as it has made are or are not deceptive symptoms of strength and endurance may be a different question. At any rate they are good evidence of actual vitality, quite sufficient to warn us against consigning Brahmanism to the cemetery of dead religions.

But it is not hard to understand why this should be, and why Brahmanism in India is likely to take an unconscionably long time in dying out utterly, instead of being, as the lecture supposes, already dead. For, first, Brahmanism is indigenous to India; whereas the other two religions are exotics. Secondly, Brahmanism is a religion of the præ-Christian old-world type, being neither a State institution like Islam, nor a great Church or else a congregation of worshippers having a common creed, like Christianity. It is a way of life in itself, a scheme of living so interwoven into the whole existence and society of those whom it concerns, and placing every natural habit or duty so entirely upon the religious basis as the immediate reason and object of it, that to distinguish in Brahmanism between matters known to us as sacred and profane is almost impossible. This appears to be the earliest form of a religion; and by so far as religion becomes marked off and eliminated out from ordinary civil life as a thing different in use and nature, by so far may we trace the development (or deterioration as some might say) of the original religious idea. The terms layman and ecclesiastic, with all the distinctions thereby implied—indelibility of orders, monopoly of sacred ministry, Church and State—are all things which no Brahmanist or even Islamite understands in our European meaning of the words. Professions and privileges are hereditary in Brahmanism, whether they be sacred or profane, but a man's religion means his customary rule of everyday life, whatever that may be. A man is not a Hindu because he inhabits India, or belongs to any particular race or State, but because he is a Brahmanist. His whole status and social identity, the signs by which he may be known and described, belong to his religion.

When, therefore, we say of a religion cast in this type that it is non-missionary, we mean only that it cannot be communicated or entered without changing one's whole manner of life and habitual rules of society. And because we in England have long ago lost the notion that religion has anything to do with the food we eat, the clothes we wear, or the things we touch; we suppose that a religion thus bound up with a peculiar set of social rules, and resting not upon doctrine, but on custom, birth, and status, must be incommunicable beyond the society into the web of which it is thus woven.

That is true, but the society itself extends and absorbs, the peculiar rites and theology following in the second place. A tribe or individual becomes Brahmanised by adopting what are held to be the respectable high-bred manners and prejudices of Brahmanism, and afterward by desire to propitiate gods of a more refined and aristocratic stamp, as well as more powerful, than their rough-hewn jungle deities. Thus a very recent report upon certain wild tracts in Northern Madras which are gradually becoming cultivated and settled, mentions that the aboriginal tribes are taking to infant marriages, and to burning their dead instead of burying. This latter change is a sure sign of Hinduising, more sure than a mere change of gods; for the proselyte is very apt to bring in his gods with him, the Brahman polishes up both gods and worshippers, and introduces them into decent society.

A third reason why Brahmanism is still paramount and spreading in a country like India, particularly among the wild and ignorant, is of a sort too obvious to have been noticed, if Brahmanism had not been declared to be dead. But it is quite certain that the people of India are, as a mass, still far from reaching that intellectual stage when a revelation or prophetic message may, or must, be thrown back into earlier ages and unfamiliar scenes; wherefore the religion which is continually and copiously sustained by perpetual miraculous intervention, and which still keeps open its gates to any quantity of new prodigies and new deities, must necessarily prevail for a long time against more spiritual faiths. It is impossible in India to make voluntary conversion of any number perceptible in so vast a population without miraculous gifts, rarely claimed by, but always imputed to, a new teacher or saint. Devotion and asceticism impress because they are found to connote influence with heaven, rather than as ethical examples. Francis Xavier, the one successful modern missionary of multitudinous Christian conversions in India, was both an ascetic and a worker of miracles. He knew well, as Lacordaire says, the main source of success by missionaries to be that strong certitude in their cause which is only attested to simple folk by vigorous self-devotion and incredible labour for no visible reward. It would never have occurred to him that evangelization could be attempted by any force weaker than spontaneous enthusiasm and emotional power. And it is yet to be seen whether the most conscientious efforts of salaried preachers to do their duty can avail much; or whether a decent middle-class education, such as is now given in the Scotch mission schools, will prepare heathen *bourgeois* for embracing the gospel. Xavier "usually went on foot and without shoes, living only on roasted rice, which he begged as he went on; and slept on the ground with a stone under his head;"<sup>1</sup> in fact, he lived in India

(1) "Life and Letters of S. Francis Xavier," vol. i. p. 161. Coleridge.

like an Indian ascetic; and being also an extraordinary character, he soon acquired the fame of wonder-working. He raised a youth from the dead at Travancore, when on the spot a large number were converted; the act was selected with other miracles by the auditors of the rota, upon whose report the bull of canonisation was issued, as resting upon incontrovertible evidence, formally tested and judicially examined.

Therefore, to recapitulate what has just been said, Brahmanism still lives and is propagated in India faster than any other religion, for these three principal reasons, namely,—

That it is indigenous, the produce of the soil and of an environment that still exists.

That it is a social system, and a very elastic one; while the people in India as a body still need a religion which, like Brahmanism, provides them with social rules, with laws of custom as well as of conduct.

That it encourages and is nourished by a constant miraculous agency working at full pressure, and by relays of divine embodiments; while in the present intellectual state of the population in India no religion will be widely embraced without miraculous credentials.

And it may be fairly conjectured that these three characteristics are likely to keep Brahmanism alive in India for several generations to come. No one need doubt that it is gradually becoming purged and refined, but this is a process through which all popular religions pass; and they are not always extinguished by it. The more cruel and indecent rites of Brahmanism have hitherto owed their reformation simply to ordinances of the English police, who have suppressed suicide, self-mutilation, and other unsightly or immodest spectacles. But because Brahmanism has been purged by human statute, it by no means follows that the religion is dying or even dangerously ill from what is sometimes thought healthy medicine; and no religion ever possessed greater elements of elasticity or alterative capacities. The worship of Siva and Vishnu is said, and truly, in the lecture, to be "more barbarous than the worship of Jupiter, Apollo, and Minerva." No one knows better than Professor Max Müller the multiform changes which the worship and attributes of the Hindu triad have undergone, or the endless variety of conceptions and personifications under which they have been already adored. And remembering that Vishnu and Siva are only different refractions of the idea of divinity seen through the prism of popular imagination, there appears no reason why they should not go on changing toward a higher evolution, as the people emerge out of abject idolatrous terror of their gods. Supposing India to have been left to work out its own destiny as an Asiatic country

unconquered by Europe, the process might have been a very long one indeed, starting from the point at which Brahmanism now stands. Under European stimulants it will probably be very much abridged; but there is the religion still flourishing before our eyes like a green bay tree, and one cannot affirm that it is likely suddenly to vanish and be no more seen. That it may possibly melt away of a heap and break up, I would not absolutely deny. On the other hand it is more likely gradually to spiritualise and centralise its Pantheon, reduce its theology to a compact system, soften down its marvels by symbolisms and interpretations, discard "dogmatic extremes," and generally to bring itself into accordance with improved standards of science and intelligence. There is hardly a religion which does not go through this process, or which maintains without revision the uncompromising commands or mystic utterances of its founders. And it is a matter of surprise that scientific observers should have recognised the long course of development which other religions undergo, should admit such petty survivals as Judaism and Parseism to be still alive, and yet should also declare Brahmanism, which provides rites and beliefs to 150,000,000, to be dead because its earlier forms (what Principal Tulloch would call the coarser conceptions of popular religion) are sloughing off.

"When a religion," said the lecturer, "has ceased to produce prophets, champions, and martyrs, it is virtually dead." The sentence must have sounded through the long-drawn Gothic aisles of Westminster Abbey with a strange echo in the minds of many hearers among the crowd who were assured that, judged by this infallible criterion, Brahmanism was dead. Of the efficacy of the test there may be little doubt; but Brahmanism has at this moment many prophets and champions; it has no martyrs because the British Government not only refuses obstinately to persecute any one, or to let any one persecute his neighbour, but absolutely puts down self-immolation as a public nuisance. Our police drag people from under Jāgannāth's car, and fine the whole township if a man kills or mutilates himself. Human sacrifices are still perpetrated under the cloaks of mysterious unaccountable murders; and there would be plenty of martyrdom if the magistrates would wink at it, but they do not. As for champions, the Kookas belong to our own day and have sealed their testimony; and there are thousands of tall Rājputs who would like nothing better than to take up sword and buckler in defence of their particular goddess, if any one treated her with the slightest discourtesy. The prophets of Brahmanism are very numerous, as I have before tried to explain; so that, on the whole, any one who surveys India must acknowledge that Brahmanism, tried by this criterion, is decidedly alive.

Now, I have thought that it might be worth while thus to enlarge

upon what seems to me to be the very premature interment of Brahmanism in Westminster Abbey; because there is no country in the world which can bear comparison with India for the study of that science of religion which the lecturer announced. No other country maintains three great historic religions—of which two are on a vast scale—and has propagated a fourth, the largest of all. Therefore it is probable that on the plains of India, if anywhere in Asia, will be fought out that decisive battle of creeds for the dominion of the world which the lecturer predicts. When, therefore, we are told that Brahmanism, which holds these plains in force and strong array, is dead, and that the decisive struggle lies between “the three missionary religions, Buddhism, Mahomedanism, and Christianity,” I own great surprise at this rendering of the actual situation, and at this forecast of the religious future. From the new point of missionary enterprise it seems a miscalculation of the power and position of the enemy. If, indeed, the victory is to be gained by that kind of missionary activity which is explained to consist in persuading people to abandon small theologic feuds, to drop the galling chains of creeds and formulas, and to rely upon gradual intellectual expansion into the flat morality which the lecture proposes as the real end in view of all reasonable missions, then it might be agreed that Brahmanism is likely to accommodate itself to this operation more easily than sharp-set dogmatic systems. How this end can be consistent with the professed aim of missionary work is not quite plain; nor can one easily perceive how the missionary, who is by his calling a prophet, champion, or martyr (else is his religion dead) can be instructed to go about making himself acceptable to every decent heathen moraliser whom he meets, cheerfully discovering points of agreement, good-naturedly sinking little points of doctrinal difference which breed strife, and keeping back the positive articles of Christian faith as if he were a little ashamed of such narrow old-world credulity. It may be conjectured that the more earnest missionaries will even yet hardly agree that the essentials of their religion are not in the creeds but in love; because missionaries are sent forth to propound scriptures which say clearly that what we believe or disbelieve is literally a burning question. But admitting the pacific solution to be probable, then it will affect all religions equally, and the decisive battle will never be fought at all. On the other hand, if there is to be a great Armageddon of jarring creeds, no battle-field is so likely as India; and those who go to war there must for many a day take Brahmanism into their strategic account.

The purport of this essay, therefore, is not to take any share in such a vast speculation as would be the attempt to trace the future course of Asiatic religions, but merely to remonstrate against a

scientific forecaste which begins by striking Brahmanism out of the calculation. There is nothing in the structure or present state of Brahmanism which need bring final dissolution upon this religion more rapidly than upon others, or that need prevent its undergoing the same modifications, mystifications, and "spiritual quickening" which have preserved other Asiatic religions. Qualified observers have thought that we might at any time witness a great Brahmanic reforming revival in India, if some really gifted and singularly powerful prophet were to arise among the Hindus. Certainly the reform must come soon, for extraordinary political and social changes must always shake violently the fabric of a religion belonging to other times and circumstances. And it is most unsafe to venture even a conjecture as to the form or direction which the inevitable changes in Indian ideas must take, because the situation is so unprecedented; for the effect of suddenly bringing India into full *rapproch* with the foremost of European nations cannot be estimated by this generation. We cannot say what may be the result of letting loose upon the country all the ideas and levelling forces which are engendered by a democratic European nation, and which at present tend to substitute a rather cynical middle-class utilitarianism for the traditional prestige of capricious kings and priests, and of the gods whom they made in their own image. To these forces Buddhism and Mahomedanism, the religions called missionary, are quite as much exposed as Brahmanism; nor can one perceive why these two religions should not be killed by observation and experience as rapidly as the third. Brahmanism must undoubtedly make haste to change its outward features, economize its lavish wonder-working, and concentrate its divine essences; but one would imagine that no religion was ever better qualified for protecting itself by various transformations, or better fitted with the necessary machinery. Whenever the modern forces come into widely effective play upon Asia, what chance will Buddhism and Islam have of withstanding them, which Brahmanism may not have also? Or what prospect will there be of any great arena being left in which the dominion of the world can be staked as the prize of a tournament among religions clad in the armour and using the weapons of our ancestors? The state and movement of religion in India have always widely influenced the whole of Eastern Asia; and, so far as India is concerned, such a tournament is not likely to come off while the country forms part of the British Empire, and continues to learn English. It is far more probable that the masses will for generations remain in a kind of simplified Brahmanism, which will accommodate itself to altered material circumstance and to higher moral notions. The educated and reflective classes can hardly be expected to enter any dogmatic system of faith



Brahmoism, as propagated by Keshab Chander Sen, seems to be Unitarianism of an European type, and, so far as one can understand its argument, appears to have no logical stability or *locus standi* between revelation and pure rationalism; it propounds either too much or too little to its hearers. A faith which contains mere fervent sentiments and high conceptions of morality does not partake of the complexion or nature of those religions which have encompassed the heart of great nations; nor is it generally supposed in India that Brahmoism is perceptibly on the increase. Looking back at the history of such religions, and looking round at the present situation of India, we may well doubt whether for centuries to come any rites or deities hostile to Brahmanism will prevail among the masses which inhabit the vast inland provinces, the pagan multitudes that always are so slow to quit their indigenous superstitions, so reluctant to drive forth the parting genius from haunted spring and tangled thicket, and to make "Peor and Baalim forsake their temples dim." That these superstitions will be perpetually toning down and becoming civilised with the general civilisation of India is a matter of course; but whether they will be replaced by a complete adoption of any other religion is very questionable, though the great precedent of Christianity in the Roman Empire cannot be wholly disregarded; despite the wide divergencies of ages and circumstances of every kind. The use of historic analogies as a guide to the interpretation of current affairs requires great caution; and Burke says truly that one must avoid treating history as a repertory of cases and precedents for a lawyer. Nevertheless resemblances—political, social, and religious—between the Roman Empire and British India are incessantly catching the fancy of Anglo-Indians at the present day. The sketch given in Gibbon's second chapter of the state of religion in the empire during the second century of the Christian era might be adopted to describe in rapid outline the state of Hinduism at the present day. The tolerant superstition of the people "not confined by the claims of any speculative system;" the "devout polytheist, whom fear, gratitude, and curiosity, a dream or an omen, a singular disorder, or a distant journey, perpetually disposed to multiply the articles of his belief, and to enlarge the list of his protectors;" the "ingenious youth alike instructed in every school to reject and despise the religion of the multitude;" the philosophic class who "look with indulgence on the errors of the vulgar, diligently practise the ceremonies of their fathers, and devoutly frequent the temples of their gods;" the "magistrates who know and value the advantages of religion as it is connected with civil government;"—all these scenes and feelings are represented in India at this moment, though by no means in all parts of India. Seventeen centuries ago the outcome and conclusion of all these things in Europe and Asia

Minor was Christianity, which absorbed all the nations of the empire as they "insensibly melted away into the Roman name and people."<sup>1</sup> But history does not repeat itself on so vast a scale; the seasons are unfavourable to religious flood-tides; it is incredible that Islam or Buddhism should ever again invade or occupy a great country, and the mind of Europe is turning to other things more exciting in these days than religious proselytism. It may be doubted whether Brahmanism has to fear destruction at the hands of the three great missionary religions of the lecture, though it is quite possible that more difficult and dangerous experiences than wholesale religious conversion are before India. Little penetration is needed to anticipate the intellectual and moral effects of a state of transition, whenever the traditional forms of religious belief shall come to have fallen into universal discredit with the reflective and influential classes, who may have found nothing to substitute for these beliefs but a superficial instruction; while at the same time the rapid advance of prosperity, and the opening of a new world of material needs and allurements, shall have made men restless and discontented. These things may be still far distant in India, where European ideas have as yet touched only the outskirts of our dominion, and are only appreciated in a kind of second-hand, unreal way by the artificial classes which are politically bound up with the English rule to which they owe their existence. Nevertheless our successors may one day be reminded of the picture drawn in the forcible passage which here follows, and which brings this article to its conclusion:—

"But epochs sometimes occur, in the course of the existence of a nation, at which the ancient customs of a people are changed, public morality destroyed, religious belief disturbed, and the spell of tradition broken; while the diffusion of knowledge is yet imperfect, and the civil rights of the community are ill secured, or confined within very narrow limits. The country then assumes a dim and dubious shape in the eyes of the citizens; they no longer behold it in the soil which they inhabit, for that soil is to them a dull inanimate clod; nor in the usages of their forefathers, which they have been taught to look upon as a debasing yoke; nor in religion, for of that they doubt; nor in the laws, which do not originate in their own authority . . . . They entrench themselves within the dull precincts of a narrow egotism. They are emancipated from prejudice, without having acknowledged the empire of reason; they are animated neither by instinctive patriotism nor by thinking patriotism . . . . but they have stopped half way between the two in the midst of confusion and distress."<sup>2</sup>

A. C. LYALL.

(1) Gibbon, vol. i. chap. ii.

(2) "Democracy in America," De Tocqueville (Reeve's translation), vol. i. chap. xiv.

*A NOTE ON THE PRECEDING ARTICLE.*

THE above article on "Missionary Religions," which has been sent to the editor of this Review from India, and which he has kindly communicated to me before placing it before his readers, is full of interesting observations. It is evidently the work of a man who sees with his own eyes and thinks with his own brain, and though it is directed against me, I feel most anxious that it should be published in England, because I believe that it will contribute towards a juster appreciation of what can and what cannot be achieved by missionary labour in India, and serve at the same time to place some of my own opinions in a clearer and sharper light than I was able to throw on them in my lecture in Westminster Abbey. There is but one thing which I regret, viz., that the writer of the paper should not have had the whole of my lecture before him when writing his criticisms, but should have had to form his opinion of it from a condensed report which appeared in the *Times* of December 5th, 1873. The limits of a lecture are in themselves very narrow, and when so large a subject as that of which I had to treat in Westminster Abbey has to be condensed within sixty minutes, not only those who wish to misunderstand, but those also who try to judge fairly, often discover in what has been said, or what has not been said, a very different meaning from that which the lecturer wished to convey. If, however, a closely-packed lecture is compressed once more into one column of the *Times*, it is hardly possible to avoid what has happened in this case. Mr. Lyall has blamed me for not quoting facts or statements which, as he will have seen by this time, I had quoted in my lecture. I am reminded by him of the remarks made by Sir George Campbell in his report upon the government of Bengal in 1871-72, when he wrote, "It is a great mistake to suppose that the Hindu religion is not proselytizing; the system of castes gives room for the introduction of any number of outsiders; so long as people do not interfere with existing castes, they may form a new caste and call themselves Hindus; and the Brahmans are always ready to receive all who will submit to them and pay them. The process of manufacturing Rajputs from ambitious aborigines goes on before our eyes." "This," Mr. Lyall observes, "is one recently recorded observation out of many that might be quoted."

It is this very passage which I had quoted in my third note, only that in quoting it from the "Report on the Progress and Condition of India," laid before Parliament in 1873, I had added the caution of the reporter, that "this assertion must be taken with reserve."

With such small exceptions, however, I have really nothing to complain of in the line of argument adopted by Mr. Lyall. I

believe that, after having read my paper, he would have modified some portions of what he has written, but I feel equally certain that it is well that what he has written should have been written, and should be carefully pondered both by those who have the interests of the natives and by those who have the interests of Christian missions at heart. The few remarks which I take the liberty of making are made by way of explanation only; on all truly essential points I feel certain that I am completely at one with Mr. Lyall.

As my lecture at Westminster Abbey was delivered shortly after the publication of my "Introduction to the Science of Religion," I ventured to take certain points which I had fully treated there as generally known. One of them is the exact value to be ascribed to canonical books in a scientific treatment of religion. If Mr. Lyall observes *in limine*, that inferences as to the nature and tendency of various existing religions which are drawn from study and exegetic comparison of their scriptures, must be qualified by actual observation of these religions and their popular form and working effects, he expresses an opinion which I hold as strongly as he holds it himself, though with regard to the religion of India he has, no doubt, the immense advantage over me, that while I have to form my opinion of its working effects at second hand, trusting to the accounts of qualified observers, such as himself, he lives in the very midst of Indian temples, and knows at the same time the deepest and often unexpressed convictions of his native friends. That I was not unconscious of this defect may be seen from several passages in my "Introduction." After enumerating the books which are recognised as sacred or authoritative by large religious communities in India, books of such bulk and such difficulty that it seems almost impossible for any single scholar to master them in their entirety, I added (p. 111), "And even then our eyes would not have reached many of the sacred recesses in which the Hindu mind has taken refuge, either to meditate on the great problems of life, or to free itself from the temptations and fetters of worldly existence by penances and mortifications of the most exquisite cruelty. India has always been teeming with religious sects, and its religious life has been broken up into countless local centres which it required all the ingenuity and perseverance of a priestly caste to hold together with a semblance of dogmatic uniformity."

We must take care, however, in all scientific studies, not to render a task impossible by attaching to it conditions which, humanly speaking, cannot be fulfilled. It is desirable, no doubt, to study some of the local varieties of faith and worship in every religion, but it is impossible to do this with anything like completeness. Were we to wait till we had examined every Christian sect before trusting ourselves to form a general judgment of Christianity, not

one of us could honestly say that he knew his own religion. It seems to me that in studying religions we must expect to meet with the same difficulties which we have to encounter in the comparative study of languages. It may, no doubt, be argued with great force that no one knows English who is ignorant of the spoken dialects, of the jargon of sailors and miners, or of the slang of public-houses and prisons. It is perfectly true that what we call the literary and classical language is never the really living language of a people, and that a foreigner may know Shakspeare, Milton, and Byron, and yet fail to understand, if not the debates in Parliament, at all events the wrangling of sellers and buyers in the markets of the city. Nevertheless, when we learn English, or German, or French, or dead languages, such as Latin and Greek, we must depend on grammars, which grammars are founded on a few classical writers; and when we speak of these languages in general, when we subject them to a scientific treatment, analyze them, and attempt to classify them, we avail ourselves for all such purposes almost exclusively of classical works, of literary productions of recognised authority. It is the same, and it can hardly be otherwise, when we approach the study of religions, whether for practical or for scientific purposes. Suppose a Hindu wished to know what the Christian religion really was, should we tell him to go first to Rome, then to Paris, then to St. Petersburg, then to Athens, then to Oxford, then to Berlin, that he might hear the sermons of Roman Catholics, Greeks, and Protestants, or read their so-called religious papers, in order to form out of these scattered impressions an idea of the real nature of the working effects of Christianity? Or should we not rather tell him to take the Bible, and the hymns of Christian Churches, and from them to form his ideal of true Christianity? A religion is much more likely to become "a mysterious thing," when it is sought for in the heart of each individual believer, where alone, no doubt, it truly lives, or in the endless shibboleths of parties, or in the often contradictory tenets of sects, than when it is studied in those sacred books which are recognised as authoritative by all believers, however much they may vary in their interpretations, and still more in the practical application of the doctrines contained in their sacred codes to the ordering of their daily life. Let the dialects of languages or religions be studied by all means, let even the peculiarities in the utterances of each town, village, or family be carefully noted; but let it be recognised at the same time that, for practical purposes, the immense variety of individual expression has to be merged in one general type, and that this alone supplies the chance of a truly scientific treatment.

So much in justification of the principle which I have followed throughout in my treatment of the so-called Book-religions, holding

that they must be judged, first of all, out of their own mouths, *i.e.* out of their sacred writings. Although each individual believer is responsible for his religion, no religion can be made responsible for each individual believer. Even if we adopt the theory of development in religion, and grant to every thinking man his right of private interpretation, there remains, and there must always remain, to the historian of religion, an appeal to the statutes of the original code with which each religion stands and falls, and by which alone it can justly be judged.

I now come to a more important point. I had divided the six great religions of the world into *Missionary* and *non-Missionary*, including Judaism, Brahmanism, and Zoroastrianism, under the latter; Buddhism, Christianity, and Mohammedanism, under the former category. If I had followed the good old rule of always giving a definition of technical terms, the objections raised by Mr. Lyall and others would probably never have been urged. I thought, however, that from the whole tenor of my lecture it would have been clear that by missionary religions I meant those in which the spreading of the truth and the conversion of unbelievers are raised to the rank of a sacred duty by the founder or his immediate successors. In explaining the meaning of the word proselyte or *προσelyτης*, I had shown that literally it means those who come to us, not those to whom we go, so that even a religion so exclusive as Judaism might admit proselytes, might possibly, if we insisted on the etymological meaning of the word, be called proselytizing, without having any right to the name of a missionary religion. However, as Mr. Lyall does not stand alone, as others have claimed for Judaism and Zoroastrianism the same missionary character which he claims in the name of Brahmanism, a few explanations may not be out of place.

Till very lately, an orthodox Jew was rather proud of the fact that he and his people had never condescended to spread their religion among Christians by such means as Christians use for the conversion of Jews. The Parsi community, too, seemed to share with the Quakers the same reluctance in admitting outsiders to the advantages conferred by membership of so respectable and influential a community, while the Brahmans certainly were the very last to compass heaven and earth for the conversion of Mlecchas or outcasts. Suddenly, however, all this is changed. The Chief Rabbi in London, stung to the quick by the reproach of the absence of the missionary spirit in Judaism, has delivered a sermon to show that I had maligned his people, and that, though they never had missionaries, they had been the most proselytizing people in the world. Some strong arguments in support of the same view have been brought forward by the Rev. Charles Voysey, whose conception of Judaism, however, is founded rather on what the great prophets wished it.

should have been than on what history teaches us it was. As the facts and arguments advanced by the Jewish advocates did not modify my judgment of the historical character of Judaism, I did not think it necessary to reply, particularly as another eminent Rabbi, the editor of the *Jewish World*, fully endorsed my views of Judaism, and expressed his surprise at the unorthodox theories advanced by so high an authority as Dr. Adler. I am informed, however, that the discussion thus originated will not remain without practical results, and that something like a Jewish Missionary Society is actually forming in London, to prove that, if missionary zeal is a test of life, the Jewish religion will not shrink from such a test. "We have done something," the Rev. Charles Voysey remarks, "to stir them up; but let us not forget that our reminder was answered, not by a repulse or expression of surprise, but by an assurance that many earnest Jews had already been thinking of this very work, and planning among themselves how they could revive some kind of missionary enterprise. Before long, I feel sure, they will give practical evidence that the missionary spirit is still alive and striving in their religion." And again: "The Jews will soon show whether their religion is alive or dead, will soon meet the rival religions of the world on more than equal terms, and will once more take the lead in these days of enlightened belief, and in search after conceptions worthy of a God, just as of old Judaism stood on a lofty height, far above all the religions of mankind."

What has happened in London seems to have happened in Bombay also. The Zoroastrians, too, did not like to be told that their religion was dying, and that their gradual decay was due to the absence of the missionary spirit among them. We read in the *Oriental* of April, 1874, "There is a discussion as to whether it is contrary to the creed of Zoroaster to seek converts to the faith. While conceding that Zoroaster was himself opposed to proselytizing heathens, most of the Parsis hold that the great decrease in the number of his followers renders it absolutely necessary to attempt to augment the sect."

Lastly, Mr. Lyall stands up for Brahmanism, and maintains that in India Brahmanism had spread out during the last hundred years, while Islam and Christianity have contracted. "More persons in India," he says, "become every year Brahmanists, than all the converts to all the other religions in India put together." "The number of converts," he maintains, "added to Brahmanism in the last few generations, especially in this country, must be immense; and if the word proselyte may be used in the sense of one that has come, not necessarily being one that has been invited or persuaded to come, then Brahmanism may lay claim to be by far the most successful proselytizing religion of modern times in India."

The words which I have ventured to put in italics, will show at once how little difference of opinion there is between Mr. Lyall and myself, as long as we use the same words in the same sense. If I meant by missionary religions nothing more than religions which are capable of increase by admitting those that wish to be admitted, religions which say to the world at large, "Knock and it shall be opened unto you," but no more, then, no doubt, Brahmanism might be called by that name.\* But what, according to my explanations, constitutes a missionary religion is something very different. It is the spirit of truth in the hearts of believers which cannot rest, unless it manifests itself in thought, word, and deed, which is not satisfied till it has carried its message to every human soul, till what it believes to be the truth is accepted as the truth by all members of the human family.

That spirit imparts to certain religions a character of their own, a character which, if I am not mistaken, constitutes the vital principle of our own religion, and of the other two which, in that respect, stand nearest to Christianity—Buddhism and Mohammedanism. This is not a mere outward difference, depending on the willingness of others to join or not to join; it is an inward difference which stamped Christianity as a missionary religion, when as yet it counted no more than twelve apostles, and which lays on every one that calls himself a Christian the duty of avowing his convictions, whatever they may be, and gaining others to embrace the truth. In that sense every true Christian is a missionary. Mr. Lyall is evidently aware of all this, if we may judge by the expressions which he uses when speaking of the increase of Brahmanism. He speaks of the clans and races which inhabit the hill-tracts, the outlying uplands, and the uncleared jungle districts of India, as *melting* into Hinduism. He represents the ethnical frontier, described by Mr. Hunter in the "Annals of Rural Bengal," as an ever-breaking shore of primitive beliefs, which *tumble* constantly into the ocean of Brahmanism. And even when he dwells on the fact that non-Aryans are invited by the Brahmans to enter in, he adds that this is done for the sake of profit and repute, not from a wish to eradicate error, to save souls, or to spread the truth. Such instances occurred even in the ancient history of India; and I had myself, in my "History of Ancient Sanskrit Literature," pointed out the case of the Rathakaras or carpenters who were admitted to the Vedic sacrifices, and who, probably from a mere similarity of name—their leader being called Bribu,—had the old Vedic Ribhus assigned to them as their peculiar deities. But these were exceptions, they were *concessions aux nègres*, deviations from traditional rules, entirely owing to the pressure of circumstances; not manifestations springing from religious impulses. If Mr. Lyall remarks himself, that a



religion which thus, half involuntarily, enlarges its borders, is not, in the strict sense of the word, a missionary religion, he shows that he is fully aware of the profound difference between a religion that grows by mere agglomeration and a religion that grows by its own strength, by its irrepressible missionary zeal. In answer to his concluding remark, that this ground was *not* taken in my lecture, I can only say that it was, nay, that it formed the very ground on which the whole argument of my lecture was meant to rest.

There is more force in the objections which Mr. Lyall raises against my calling Brahmanism already dead. The word was too strong; at all events, it was liable to be misunderstood. What I meant to say was that the popular worship of *Siva* and *Vishnu* belongs to the same intellectual stratum as the worship of *Jupiter* and *Apollo*, that it is an anachronism in the nineteenth century, and that, for our purposes, for prognosticating the issues of the religious struggles of the future, it may simply be set aside. But "it is true," I added, "there are millions of children, women, and men in India who fall down before the stone image of *Vishnu*, with his four arms, riding on a creature, half-bird, half-man, or sleeping on the serpent; who worship *Siva*, a monster with three eyes, riding naked on a bull, with a necklace of skulls for his ornament. There are human beings who still believe in a god of war, *Kartikaya*, with six faces, riding on a peacock, and holding bow and arrow in his hands; and who invoke a god of success, *Ganesa*, with four hands and an elephant's head, sitting on a rat. Nay, it is true that, in the broad daylight of the nineteenth century, the figure of the goddess *Kali* is carried through the streets of her own city, Calcutta, her wild disheveled hair reaching to her feet, with a necklace of human heads, her tongue protruded from her mouth, her girdle stained with blood. All this is true; but ask any Hindu who can read and write and think, whether these are the gods he believes in, and he will smile at your credulity. How long this living death of national religion in India may last, no one can tell: for our purposes, however, for gaining an idea of the issue of the great religious struggle of the future, that religion is dead and gone."

I ask Mr. Lyall, is this true or is it not? It may be replied, no doubt, that similar corruptions have crept into other religions also, that gaudy dolls are carried about in Christian cathedrals, that people are invited to see tears rolling down from the eyes of images, or to worship wine changed into blood, to say nothing of even more terrible hallucinations on the sacrament propounded from so-called Protestant pulpits, and that, in spite of all this, we should not call the Christian religion dying or dead. This is true, and I thought that by my remarks on the different revivals of Hinduism from the twelfth to the nineteenth century, I had sufficiently indicated that new life may spring even from such apparently hopeless corruption.

If it is Brahmanism that lives in the sects of Rāmānuga and Rāmānanda, in the poetry of Kabir and the wisdom of Nūnak, in the honest purposes of Ram Mohun Roy and in the high aspirations of Keshub Chunder Sen, then I quite agree with Mr. Lyall that Brahmanism is not dead, but lives more intensely than ever. Only let us remember that we are thus using Brahmanism in two very different senses. In the one sense it is stark idolatry, in the other the loftiest spiritual worship. The former asserts the existence of many personal gods, the latter shrinks even from the attribute of personality as too human a conception of the Highest Spirit. The former makes the priest a kind of god on earth, the latter proclaims the priesthood of all men; the former is guided by scriptures which man calls sacred, the latter knows of no sacred oracles but the still small voice in the heart of every man. The two are like two opposite poles. What is negative on one side is positive on the other; what is regarded by the one as the most sacred truth is anathematized by the other as deadly error. When I spoke of Brahmanism as dead, I meant the vulgar orthodox Brahmanism, which is openly patronised by the Brahmans, though scorned by them in secret: I did not mean the worship of Brahma as the Supreme Spirit, which has existed in India from the time of the Upanishads to the present day, and has lately assumed the name of Brahmoism, —a worship so pure, so exalted, so deeply human, so truly divine, that every man can join in it without apostasy, whether he be born a Jew, a Gentile, or a Christian. That two such antagonistic forms of religious faith, the one the most degraded, the other the most exalted, should live on the same soil, among the same people, is indeed a disheartening truth, enough almost to shake one's belief in the common origin and the common destinies of the human race. And yet we must not shut our eyes to the fact that amongst ourselves, too, men who call themselves Christians are almost as widely separated from each other in their conceptions of the Divine and the Human, in their grounds of belief and in their sense of duty, as, in India, the worshippers of *Ganesa*, the god of success, with four hands and an elephant's head, sitting on a rat, on one side, and the believers in the true Brahma on the other. There is a Christianity that is dead, though it may be professed by millions of people, but there is also, let us trust, a Christianity that is alive, though it may count but twelve apostles. As in India, so in Europe, many would call death what we call life, many would call life what we call death. Here, as elsewhere, it is high time that men should define the exact meaning of their words, trusting that definiteness, frankness, and honesty may offer a better chance of mutual understanding, and serve as a stronger bond of union between man and man, than vague formulas, faint-hearted reticence, and what is at the root of it all, want of true love of Man, and of true faith in God.

MAX MÜLLER.

## MR. SWINBURNE'S "BOTHWELL."

THE dramatic—perhaps melodramatic—passage of Lord Bothwell across the stage, in the last lines of "Chastelard," will have prepared the readers of Mr. Swinburne—that is, the English world of letters—for the appearance of this volume. It has been rumoured to have been long ago completed, and the wondrous facility of production of which its writer is capable seemed to leave little excuse for the delay. But Mr. Swinburne would not be what he is, if he permitted the impatience of his friends to hurry him in the execution of a work to which he has given his whole heart and brain, and in which he is contending for the noblest prize in the intellectual competition of humanity—the fame of the mature poet who has accumulated and distributed the delightful treasures of a gifted youth, and retained the generative power of imagination in combination with the knowledge and experience of advancing years.

There is something unprepossessing in the form of the volume, and there will be many, even of those who do not look on the length of a book as the infallible measure of the labour of its production, whose first impression will be that of wasted energy and unnecessary research. But few will lay it down with this conviction. It must not be compared with its predecessor. The story of "Chastelard" was one of which history has told little, and of which poetry could make much; the incidents of this drama are the world-stirring events of ten years of European history. The loves of Mary are no longer anecdotes of romance, they have become the troubles of peoples, the thoughts of statesmen, the fate of kings. It is no more the analysis of a mind, whose

"Subtlety lies close in her light wit,  
And wisdom wantons in her wantonness,"

that fills the situation and satisfies the beholder; it is the contest of an imperious will with a complication of angry interests and pitiless passions, that demands to be accurately followed and truthfully reproduced in order to raise the work of the artist, above the uninteresting scene-shiftings of historical names and the arbitrary juxtaposition of fanciful characters, into an integral representation worthy of the subject. This, at least, appears to be Mr. Swinburne's earnest belief, and, while this treatment necessarily involves the careful sequence of events, the multiplicity of characters, and some of the repetition of daily life, the reader who desires the serious gratification of a complete poem will find in it no weariness, but gladly give to it the prolonged attention it requires and deserves.

The action, which begins with the death of the favourite, and closes with the flight of the Queen to England, traverses not only the great scenes of the time, but moves incessantly from place to place, through every intermediate path and incidental obstacle; and, if some such diversity is required in an ordinary piece to relieve the strain of attention by secondary impersonations and inferior interests, it is especially useful in such a work as Mr. Swinburne's, where the anxiety to give to every line its value and to every word its fullest force absolutely requires some occasional common-place of passing circumstance to retain the impression of historical reality. He may be assured that in the dutiful humility to truth which he has here exhibited, his idealisation has lost nothing, any more than any assumed absence of conventionality in morals and religion would suffer from the just delineations of the stately virtue of Murray and of the fierce piety of John Knox. It may indeed be that he has felt himself all the happier for the safe guidance of facts through the confusion of characters and events, as long as there was left to him the legitimate freedom of the delineation of his great heroine, whom the judgment of mankind, after two centuries of earnest inquiry, unable finally to acquit or condemn, may be said to have delivered over to his merciless imagination.

For it is a signal peculiarity in the historical position of Mary Queen of Scots, that, while the outward incidents of her short royal life are known with at least as much precision as many other events of the period, the sources of her action and motives of her conduct remain as much matters of conjecture and controversy as in the century of her captivity and death. There is, no doubt, almost sufficient cause for this uncertainty in the violence and rapidity of the events of which she was the centre, and the impossibility of tracing the progress of any individual mind through that storm of passions, interests, hopes, and fears. For instance, there is no character of the time that stands before us with so much integrity, in the sense of knowing what to do and doing it well, as that of the Regent Murray, and yet there are whole spaces of action in which we do not know where to find him. And if this is so with a determined and comparatively conscientious man, how can we look to trace with a credible accuracy the thoughts and feelings of a woman on many occasions necessarily passive, and liable, to say the least, to the lower feminine impulses in times of free manners and rough indulgence? Had there even existed still stronger evidence than the few strange letters which all the teeth of ferocious antiquaries have not been able to tear to pieces, it is still improbable that the judgment of mankind respecting her would have been clear and definitive. For after all it was and is not a question of vindication or excuse. The mighty religious struggle that was agitating the mind of Europe required

that the Queen of Scotland should not only have that kind of justification which the spirit of the time was ready enough to accord to the vengeance and even insanities of princes, but that the champion of the True Faith in the northern portion of heretical Britain should be an innocent and outraged victim in the hands of infidel barbarians. There could be no discussion with such an opinion. To admit any indirect knowledge of her husband's murder, to suppose the least connivance with the rape of Bothwell, to believe in any lightness of conduct which could have aroused the suspicion of her people or the jealousies of her nobles, would have been an abandonment of one of the strongholds of Catholic hope and an act of religious treason. The long captivity that followed made of Queen Mary a sacred legend even in her lifetime, and her political execution became a Christian martyrdom. With this apotheosis on one side came not unnaturally strong reprobation on the other, and the fair demon of these pages is a sort of reprisal for the Catholic saint.

But the Mary of the opening of this drama is not the royal siren, fresh from pleasure-loving France, that drew Chastelard to destruction. Troubled with the wild rudenesses of her new land, and cruel in her native coquetry, she was yet gay at heart, and liking to please; and while sacrificing one lover to her own repute, she naturally consoled herself with the thought that she should have many more. But we have here the despotic woman, embittered by conjugal hatred and coarsened by sensual passion, looking on the world around and the people she has to govern, in this angry fashion:—

*Queen.*

'Tis but March,

And a scant spring, a sharp and starveling year.  
How bitter black the day grows! one would swear  
The weather and earth were of this people's faith,  
And their heaven coloured as their thoughts of heaven,  
Their light made of their love.

*Rizzio.*

If it might please you

Look out and lift up heart to summer-ward,  
There might be sun enough for seeing and sense,  
To light men's eyes at and warm hands withal.

*Queen.* I doubt the winter's white is deeper dyed

And closer worn than I thought like to be;  
This land of mine hath folded itself round  
With snow-cold, white, and leprous misbelief,  
Till even the spirit is bitten, the blood pinched,  
And the heart winter-wounded; these starved slaves  
That feed on frost and suck the snows for drink,  
Heating the light for the heat's sake, love the cold:  
We want some hotter fire than summer or sun  
To burn their dead blood through and change their veins.

And when, in the mutability that is the essence of her nature, she tries to put aside the phantoms of coming guilt and shame, she

knows that it is only by becoming something wholly other than she is, that it is possible for her so to do.

*Queen.* I would I had no state to need no stay;  
God witness me, I had rather be re-born,  
And born a poor mean woman, and live low  
With harmless habit and poor purity  
Down to my dull death-day, a shepherd's wife,  
Than a queen clothed and crowned with force and fear.

*Rizzio.* Are you so weary of crowns, and would not be,  
Soon wearier waxen of sheepfolds?

*Queen.* 'Faith, who knows?  
But I would not be weary, let that be  
Part of my wish. I could be glad and good  
Living so low, with little labours set  
And little sleeps and watches, night and day  
Falling and flowing as small waves in low sea  
From shine to shadow and back, and out and in  
Among the firths and reaches of low life:  
I would I were away and well. No more,  
For dear love talk no more of policy.  
Let France and faith and envy and England be,  
And kingdom go and people; I had rather rest  
Quiet for all my simple space of life:  
With few friends' loves closing my life-days in  
And few things known and grace of humble ways  
And still fields shutting fast my still thoughts up—  
A loving little life of sweet small works.  
Good faith, I was not made for other life;  
Nay, do you think it? I will not hear thereof:  
Let me hear music rather, as simple a song,  
If you have any, as these low thoughts of mine,  
Some lowly and old-world song of quiet men.

After the slaughter of Rizzio, almost in her presence, even such tenderness as this disappears. To get rid of Darnley and satisfy her passion for Bothwell are her daily and nightly thoughts, and to accomplish these objects she hardly consults the dictates of ordinary prudence. Before her are the jealousies of the nobles, the scething wrath of the people, and the anathemas of Knox. But no act of hers can make these much worse than they already are; and there is a specious advantage in the substitution of Bothwell's warlike spirit and firm audacity for her husband's debauched and frivolous nature, which makes possible the impunity of crime and excuses to her judgment the requirements of her outraged pride and importunate desires.

In carefully following out historical detail, the poet must run the risk of having to deal with characters unworthy of the dignity of tragedy, and with situations important in results but ineffective in representation, real in life but unsuitable to act. What stronger proof of this difficulty could there be than that which meets one on

the threshold of the play, the figure of Darnley? History knows no good of him, and yet he must be here; and therefore Mr. Swinburne invests him with a pathos that overcomes contempt, and makes "the mockery of mismarried men" itself terrible, rather than ludicrous. The murder of Rizzio is vindicated by his belief not only in the Queen's unlawful attachments (to which the dramatist takes especial care to give no sanction), but in the dominant position he has assumed in her counsels, and the all but regal functions with which she has entrusted him. It is, then, no vulgar foreign minstrel whose violent removal forms the first link in this bloody chain, but a subtle conspirator of Machiavellian wit, who advises her how either to cajole such enemies as Murray into a false security, or to smite them at once, and, above all, no longer—

To leave the stakes in hand of a lowd boy,  
A fool and thankless—and to save the game  
We must play privily and hold secret hands.

His actual or intended elevation of an intrusive stranger to an office of so high a dignity as Chancellor of Scotland, would, in the political morality of the time, have made his assassination a patriotic act, if not a public duty. And the loyal, loving Ruthven in the very sickness of which "ere the year die" he "must be dead," who not foreseeing that his eyes will "fade among strange faces," yet feels that "having served her," he "should less be loth to leave" the "earth God made" his "mother," is the chief executioner. This is true tragedy.

While with relentless hand the Queen leads on Darnley to his deadly end, she veils her hatred with increasing duplicity, and turns his irresolute character as she wills. She makes him escape with her from Holyrood, makes him disavow his friends and accomplices, and when his vices have brought him to a sick bed in Glasgow, with her plausible kindness and feigned reproaches she subdues whatever manhood is left in him. He begs for pardon and restitution of place as husband and king, yet he seems to know that he pleads in vain: a dreadful consciousness of her true feeling towards him, and of his inevitable doom, reveals itself in occasional starts and struggles for independence, all the more angry for their very hopelessness. The last interview at Kirk o' Field is none the less Mr. Swinburne's own for being faithful to the chronicle. He justly saw that no word of his could be devised as terrible as her authentic parting,—

'Twas just this time last year,  
David was slain,—

or any imaginable accompaniment of Darnley's last night-watch could throw a more dramatic solemnity around its close than the old Psalm he is recorded to have read and applied to his own doom,—

Lo, here am I,  
 That bide as in a wilderness indeed  
 And have not wings to bear me forth of fear.  
 Nor is it an open enemy, he saith,  
 Hath done me this dishonour : (what hath put  
 This deadly scripture in mine eye to-night ?)  
 For then I could have borne it ; but it was  
 Even thou, mine own familiar friend, with whom  
 I took sweet counsel ; in the house of God  
 We walked as friends. Ay, in God's house it was  
 That we joined hands, even she, my wife, and I,  
 Who took but now sweet counsel mouth to mouth  
 And kissed as friends together. Wouldst thou think,  
 She set this ring at parting on my hand  
 And to my lips her lips ? and then she spake  
 Words of that last year's slaughter. O God, God,  
 I know not if it be not of thy will  
 My heart begins to pass into her heart,  
 Mine eye to read within her eye, and find  
 Therein a deadlier scripture. Must it be  
 That I so late should waken, and so young  
 Die ? for I wake as out of sleep to death.  
 Is there no hand or heart on earth to help ?  
 Mother ! my mother ! hast thou heart nor hand  
 To save thy son, to take me hence away,  
 Far off, and hide me ? But I was thy son,  
 That lay between thy breasts and drank of thee,  
 And I, thy son, it is they seek to slay.  
 My God, my God, how shall they murder me ?

To raise the personality of Bothwell to a lofty historic pinnacle would be a violation of probability which Mr. Swinburne's adherence to facts would not permit. The poet is rightly content to leave him without moral purpose or intellectual dignity. But he can give him the virtues of his vices, and in the delineation of so audacious an enterprise as the possession of a beautiful sovereign and the Scottish throne, he may fairly suppose the existence of some such qualities as fascinated the former mistress and the future wife,—

Prytheo, Reres,  
 Was he thus ever ? had he so great heart  
 In those dead days, such lordliness of eye  
 To see and smite and burn in masterdom,  
 Such fire and iron of design and deed  
 To serve his purpose and sustain his will ?  
 Hath he not grown since years that knew me not  
 In light and might and speed of spirit and stroke  
 To lay swift hand upon his thought, and turn  
 Its cloud to flame, its shadow to true shape,  
 Its emptiness to fulness ? If in sooth  
 He was thus always, he should be by now  
 Hailed the first head of the earth.

*Lady Reres.* It cannot be  
 But in your light he hath waxed, and from your love,  
 Madam, drawn life and increase ; but indeed  
 His heart seemed ever high and masterful



As of a king unkingdomed, and his eye  
 As set against the sunrise; such a brow  
 As craves a crown to do it right, and hand  
 Made to hold empire swordlike, and a foot  
 To tread the topless and unfooted hill,  
 Whose light is from the morn of majesty.

*Queen.* When mine eye first took judgment of his face  
 It read him for a king born: and his lips  
 Touching my hand for homage had as 'twere  
 Speech without sound in them that bound my heart  
 In much more homage to his own.

But Mr. Swinburne is as obscure as history is as to the origin and progress of the Queen's passion. She is here represented as wholly his from first to last, and it is the evident purpose of the poet that she, false and fickle in all things else, outward or inward, should be entirely true to this affection,—

Faithful beyond reach of faith,  
 Kingdomless queen and wife unhusbanded,  
 Till in you reigning I might reign and rest.

The day comes when the first great obstacle to this object of two such resolute wills and untamed desires is swept away, and she and he stand beside Darnley's bier—a scene such as Mr. Swinburne's genius delights in painting,—

*Queen.* Let me look on him. It is marred not much;  
 This was a fair face of a boy's alive.

*Bothwell.* It had been better had he died ere man.

*Queen.* That hardly was he yesterday; a man!  
 What heart, what brain of manhood had God sown  
 In this poor fair fool's flesh to bear him fruit?  
 What seed of spirit or counsel? what good hope  
 That might have put forth flower in any sun?  
 We have plucked none up who cut him off at root,  
 But a tare only or a thorn. His cheek  
 Is not much changed, though since I wedded him  
 His eyes had shrunken and his lips grown wan  
 With sickness and ill living. Yesterday,  
 Man or no man, this was a living soul;  
 What is this now? This tongue that mourned to me,  
 These lips that mine were mixed with, these blind eyes  
 That fastened on me following, these void hands  
 That never plighted faith with man and kept,  
 Poor hands that paddled in the sloughs of shame,  
 Poor lips athirst for women's lips and wine,  
 Poor tongue that lied, poor eyes that looked askant  
 And had no heart to face men's wrath or love,  
 As who could answer either,—what work now  
 Doth that poor spirit which moved them? To what use  
 Of evil or good should hell put this or heaven,  
 Or with what fire of purgatory annealed  
 Shall it be clean and strong, yet keep in it  
 One grain for witness of what seed it was,  
 One thread, one shred enwoven with it alive,  
 To show what stuff time spun it of, and rent?

I have more pity such things should be born  
Than of his death; yea, more than I had hate,  
Living, of him.

*Bothwell.* Since hate nor pity now  
Or helps or hurts him, were we not as wise  
To take but counsel for the day's work here  
And put thought of him with him underground?

*Queen.* I do but cast once more away on him  
The last thought he will ever have of mine.  
You should now love me well.

But other impediments stand strong, and in truth they are such that, if the story of the time had remained in a legendary condition, no fancied contrivances for their removal could have been more fantastic or improbable than such as were adopted and were successful. Of the project of Bothwell to carry off the Queen by apparent force, Huntley, as chief actor, is well-made here to say,—“It is too gross and palpably devised,”—words echoed by all historical criticism down to this our time. Will, again, any research ever explain that astounding document in which the Scotch nobility, almost to a man, not only assent to, but absolutely demand, the Queen's marriage with their unscrupulous rival and the husband of Jane Gordon?

In the description of the marriage and the scenes that follow, Mr. Swinburne allows himself a poetic liberty which no one can grudge him. He becomes indeed a sterner moralist than even history warrants. From the moment the purpose of this defiance of the laws of God and man is attained, the retribution begins. She is wed in her old mourning habits, “and her face—as deadly as were they,” and for him,—

When the bishop made indeed  
His large hard hand with hers so flowerlike fast,  
He seemed as 'twere for pride and mighty heart  
To swell and shine with passion; and his eye  
To take into the fire of its red look  
All dangers and all adverse things that might  
Rise out of days unrisen, to burn them up  
With its great heat of triumph; and the hand  
Fastening on hers so griped it that her lips  
Trembled and turned to catch the smile from his  
As though her spirit had put its own life off  
And sense of joy or property of pain  
To close with his alone; but this twin smile  
Was briefer than a flash or gust that strikes  
And is not; for the next word was not said  
Ere her face waned again to winter-ward  
As a moon smitten, and her answer came  
As words from dead men wickedly wrung forth  
By craft of wizards, forged and forceful breath  
Which hangs on lips that loath it.

And when Herries asks whether this may not have been done for

show, to induce the belief that the marriage was imposed by force, Melville replies,—

No, 'tis truth ;  
 She is heart-struck now, and labours with herself  
 As one that loves and trusts not, but the man  
 Who makes so little of men's hate may make  
 Of women's love as little ; with this doubt  
 New born within her, fears that slept awake  
 And shame's eyes open that were shut for love,  
 To see on earth all pity hurt to death  
 By her own hand and no man's face her friend  
 If his be none for whom she casts them off  
 And finds no strength against him in their hands.

The French ambassador, Du Croc, mentions the sad and desolate appearance of the Queen after her marriage. And her saying "she wished she were dead," is here enlarged into one of the most powerful scenes of the play, in which Bothwell reproaches her with babbling of her bonds, and lets her see he is not going to be the husband Darnley was, but her lord indeed.

Be you sure  
 I am not of such fool's mould cast in flesh  
 As royal-blooded husbands ; being no king  
 Nor kin of kings, but one that keep unarmed  
 My head but with my hand, and have no wit  
 To twitch you strings and match you rhyme for rhyme  
 And turn and twitter on a tripping tongue,  
 But so much wit to make my word and sword  
 Keep time and rhyme together, say and slay.  
 Set this down in such record as you list,  
 But keep it surer than you keep your mind  
 If that be changing : for by heaven and hell  
 I swear to keep the word I give you fast  
 As faith can hold it, that who thwarts me here,  
 Or comes across my will's way in my wife's,  
 Dies as a dog dies, doomless.

It may be questioned whether the introduction on the stage of Bothwell's former wife merely that she may see him and Mary together before she fades out of sight for ever is not superfluous. It certainly brings an alien element into the drama without other meaning than that of making Mary exhibit her bitter jealousy of the cruelly abandoned lady, her former companion and friend. It would have been an improbable event, even in that atmosphere of improbabilities. For any resistance on his wife's part would have been justifiable, the Papal dispensation negating any pretence for the legal dissolution of the marriage on ground of consanguinity, having lately been found among the family papers at Dunrobin Castle. More light yet may be thrown on the strange relations between her family and that of Bothwell ; but as yet our knowledge of her and her sisters is very much confined to the ballad,—

The Lord of Gordon had three daughters,  
Elizabeth, Margaret, and Jean,  
They would not stay in bonny Huntly,  
But they must go to bonny Aberdeen.

With the coming danger courage and confident love revive, and when Bothwell goes to sleep—that last sleep of freedom from which he is to wake to fly for his life—she, still watching, meditates—

'Tis a night  
That puts our France into my mind; even here  
By those warm stars a man might call it June  
Were such nights many; their same flower-bright eyes  
Look not more fair on Paris, than mine own  
Again shall hardly look on. Is it not strange  
That in this grey land and these grievous hours  
I should so find my spirit and soul transformed  
And fallen in love with pain, my heart that was  
Changed and made humble to his loveless words  
And force as of a master? By my faith,  
That was till now fixed never and made as fire  
To stand a sunlike star in love's live heaven—  
A heaven found one in hue and heat with hell—  
I had rather be mishandled as I am  
Of this first man that ever bound me fast  
Than worshipped through the world with breaking hearts  
That gave their blood for worship. I am glad  
He sometime should misuse me; else I think  
I had not known if I could love or no.

And when the lords threaten to raise the people on her, and bring her to justice for murder and adultery, she throws off the outward coil of meshes for once and for ever, and goes forth defiant to victory or death.

I had rather  
Have looked on Actium with Mark Antony  
Than bound him fast on Cydnus. O my hour,  
Be good to me, as even for the doubt's sake  
More than safe life I love thee; yet would choose  
Not now to know, though I might see the end  
If thou wilt be good to me; do thy work,  
Have thine own end; and be thou bad or good,  
Thou shalt not smite nor crown a queen in heart  
Found lesser than her fortune.

For her the last two acts are the record of civil war and captivity. In the presence and peril of mortal conflict, the nature of Mary finds a satisfaction that the tumults, and even gratification of passion, failed to give, and the self-absorption that tainted all her other life is gone from her altogether.

*Queen.* That burgh below.  
Is it not Preston Pans? These hills are set  
As stages for the show of such high game  
As is played out for God's content on earth  
Between men's kings and kingdoms; yet I think

He that beholds hath no such joy o' the game  
 As he that plays, nor can the joy be known  
 Save of man only, that man has to play  
 When the die's throw rings death for him or life.  
 How clear the wind strikes from the mounting sun—  
 I am glad at heart the day we have of fight  
 Should look thus lively on both sides that meet  
 Beneath so large an open eye of heaven.

When the issue of the battle is sealed, when there is no other  
 salvation for Bothwell but her own surrender, she hardly hesitates.  
 After her terrible cry—

Ah God, that we were set  
 Far out at sea alone by storm and night  
 To drive together on one end, and know  
 If life or death would give us good or ill  
 And night or day receive, and heaven or earth  
 Forget us or remember !

she bids him go—

It is not I would hold you . . . . .  
 Is he got to horse ?  
 I do not think one can die more than this.

Then turning on the lords with a storm of imprecations, she is borne  
 back to Edinburgh—still undaunted :—

If she die not till she die for fear,  
 She must outlive man's memory ; twice or thrice  
 As she rode hither with that sable flag  
 Blown overhead whereon the dead man lay  
 Painted, and by him beneath a garden tree  
 His young child kneeling, with soft hands held up  
 And the word underwritten of his prayer  
*Judge and avenge my cause, O Lord*—she seemed  
 At point to swoon, being sick with two days' fast,  
 And with faint fingers clung upon the rein  
 And gaped as one athirst with foodless lips  
 And fair head fainting ; but for very scorn  
 Was straightway quickened and uplift of heart,  
 And smote us with her eyes again, and spoke  
 No weaker word but of her constant mind  
 To hang and crucify, when time should be,  
 These now her lords and keepers ; so at last  
 Beneath these walls she came in with the night,  
 So pressed about with foes that man by man  
 We could but bring her at a foot's pace through  
 Past Kirk of Field between the roaring streets,  
 Faint with no fear, but hunger and great rage,  
 With all men's wrath as thunder at her heel  
 And all her fair face foul with dust and tears,  
 But as one fire of eye and cheek that shone  
 With heat of fiery heart and unslaked will  
 That took no soil of fear.

It is interesting to compare the fascination of the old Hebrew

world on Mr. Swinburne, Hellenist as he is, with the same combination of influences on the genius of Heinrich Heine. He, indeed, was a Jew first, and a Greek afterwards, till the physical agony of his later years drove out the happy phantoms of pagan life, and, as he said, "Jehovah conquered him." The religious associations of our English poet here stood him in stead of the Oriental nationality, and the fellow-singer of Bardelaire walks at home in the streets of Jerusalem crying "Woe! woe!" with burning ashes on his head. Thus suitably the speech or sermon of John Knox fills many pages of awful imagery and furious speech, telling the tale of Mary as would a prophetic scripture, with the addition of a fierce irony which thus recalls the memory of Chastelard:—

Folk that came  
With wiles and songs and sins from over sea,  
With harping hands and dancing feet, and made  
Music and change of praises in her car—  
White rose out of the south, star out of France,  
Light of men's eyes and love! yea, verily,  
Red rose out of the pit, star out of hell,  
Fire of men's eyes and burning! for the first  
Was caught as in a chamber snare and fell  
Smiling, and died with *Farewell, the most fair*  
*And the most cruel princess in the world—*  
With suchlike psalms go suchlike souls to God  
Naked—and in his blood she washed her feet  
Who sat and saw men spill it; and this reward  
Had this man of his dancing.

After this no wonder that the citizens cry—

If by their mouths to-day  
She be set free of death, then by our hands  
She dies to-morrow.

Here, indeed, the tragedy of the Queen and Bothwell closes, and the last act, which tells of the escape from Lochleven Castle and the field of Langside, seems rather to be a link with something yet to come than the fit conclusion of so great a drama. For the spirit in which Mary takes refuge in England is by no means that of submission to her destiny, and resignation of her rights and rule. She anticipates her return as an avenger of her own wrongs and those of her faith in all that splendour of invective, of which Mr. Swinburne is so great a master, that he should be somewhat more temperate in its use. For it is surely not true to art, whatever it may be to nature, to lower the ideal of a character which the action of a piece has elevated, and so make nugatory whatever individual sympathy or interest it may have won. Mary, having risen from the false and wilful woman into something heroic by a brave self-abandonment and absorbing love, leaves the scene a pitiless bigot and bloodthirsty termagant.

I will make  
 From sea to sea one furnace of the land  
 Whereon the wind of war shall beat its wings  
 Till they wax faint with hopeless hope of rest,  
 And with one rain of men's rebellious blood  
 Extinguish the red embers. I will leave  
 No living soul of their blaspheming faith  
 Who war with monarchs; God shall see me reign  
 As he shall reign beside me, and his foes  
 Lie at my foot with mine; kingdoms and kings  
 Shall from my heart take spirit, and at my soul  
 Their souls be kindled to devour for prey  
 The people that would make its prey of them  
 And leave God's altar stripped of sacrament  
 As all kings' heads of sovereignty, and make  
 Bare as their thrones his temples.

Perhaps this censure strikes an inherent defect in Mr. Swinburne's poetical conception, which it is useless to criticize if it is ineradicable, and which it would be ungrateful to insist on too much, when we see its conjunction with so many merits. But there must be a limit to "the spirit that denies," or there would be no more Fausts; and if even a moderate amount of good is impossible, there is no longer any humoristic elements in its opposite.

It will be an advantage to our critical literature if this conscientious work puts a stop to the small cavils against Mr. Swinburne's defects of style and occasional mannerisms. Even where they are evident, they have never implied anything more than an excess of metrical force and ingenuity of expression. In the varied and affluent diction of this poem they are altogether lost, and the simplicity of the narrative portion is as great a success as its melodious imagery and dramatic passion.

HOUGHTON.

## MR. LEWES'S PROBLEMS OF LIFE AND MIND.<sup>1</sup>

AMIDST all the dispersive tendencies of the spirit of detail in science we may note a growing anxiety to secure a constructive philosophy. This thirst after an organization of knowledge is becoming more conscious and more defined, even whilst the daily accumulation of materials seems to make the task more severe. And the sphere which this constructive tendency is claiming for itself grows ever wider, until it sweeps into its domain not merely knowledge, but life. It is towards a Religion as much as a Philosophy that systematic thought is tending, towards a co-ordination of society as well as towards a co-ordination of ideas. It is now a quarter of a century since Auguste Comte declared that the end of true Philosophy was to organize human life in all its aspects collectively, whether intellectual, affective, or active. And a stimulus has thereby been given to all the higher thought of the generation, even amongst those who were willing to accept nothing from the founder of Positivism. In Germany, Hegel, from a different point of view, has equally directed the activity of thought towards an arrangement of all human ideas, at once comprehensive and organic. In all parts of Europe, Philosophy and Science have long been showing a disposition not only to maintain the independence of their specific territory from the invasion of Religion, but to invade and annex the religious kingdom for themselves. In our own country, Mr. Herbert Spencer, in the words of Mr. Lewes, "is now for the first time deliberately making the attempt to found a Philosophy." Students of his system, which he now calls "synthetic philosophy," do not forget that it opens with a scheme for the reconciliation of Science with Religion—that "weft running through the warp of human history"—and that we are now looking forward to its promise to exhibit an ecclesiastical, ceremonial, and industrial organization. On every side this synthetic character of thought is working itself to the front. The higher scientific thought is more and more occupied with problems of the correlation, equivalence, and correspondence of forces, of the evolution, sequences, and homologies of organic life. The higher philosophy now everywhere starts with a religion, and ends with a synthesis of society. Philosophy is thus visibly transforming itself. Its business is no longer confined to generalise science. It is seeking to found a system of Life.

This tendency is most strikingly displayed in Mr. Lewes's last work ;

(1) "Problems of Life and Mind," by George Henry Lewes. First Series. *The Foundations of a Creed*, vol. i. Second edition. Trübner. 1874.



and in some respects he must be said to carry the religious claim of positive philosophy far higher than has yet been done by any English man of science. Most significant is the title of the book—"Problems of Life and Mind—the Foundations of a Creed." And it opens with the statement that "the great desire of this age is for a doctrine which may serve to condense our knowledge, guide our researches, and shape our lives, so that Conduct may really be the consequence of Belief." Mr. Lewes follows those who "consider that Religion will continue to regulate the evolution of Humanity;" occupying a position similar to the one it occupied in the past, and express the highest thought of the time (p. 3.) It will be a transformed Religion, "a Religion founded on Science expressing at each stage what is known of the world and of man" (*id.*) The precise bearing of the book before us upon this general conception of Philosophy as the reconciliation or rather consolidation of religion with science, may be gathered from the following passage:—

"In conclusion, I may here simply state my conviction that the philosophy, in the construction of which the efforts of all nations converge, is that positive philosophy which began with Kepler and Galileo, Descartes and Bacon, and was first reduced to a system by Auguste Comte; the doctrine embracing the world, man, and society on one homogeneous method. The extension and perfection of this doctrine is the work of the future. The following pages are animated by the desire of extending positive procedures to those outlying questions which hitherto have been either ignored, or pronounced incapable of incorporation with the positive doctrine."—(Page 86.)

In the face of a passage like this, consistent as it is with every word in the volume before us, it was a bold rather than a happy thought to announce to the world, as has been done in more than one quarter, that Mr. Lewes had recanted his empirical philosophy, and had become a convert to the Speculative method of *à priori* Metaphysics. There was joy in the Hegelian heaven over the one Positivist who had repented more than over the ninety and nine just metaphysicians who need no repentance. Such unusual licence even for *à priori* speculation suggested the idea that some serene jest had been evolved among the denizens of that beatific cloudland, but a little collation of pages disclosed the fact that the conversion of Mr. Lewes had been deduced from a merely empirical confusion of his words. A contemporary, who is wont to treat of the higher philosophy with more than philosophic gravity, announced with all the air of chastened exultation, that Mr. Lewes emphatically renounced what he had himself described as "the cardinal position of the Positive Philosophy," and even gave in his adhesion to the objective logic of Hegel. Turning to the pages of Mr. Lewes, what we found him asserting was, that "the exclusion of all metempirical questions, and the rejection of the metempirical method, is

the cardinal position of the Positive Philosophy" (p. 62). This is of course quite true, but neither in this passage, nor in any word of the entire volume, is there the remotest suggestion that Mr. Lewes himself adopts either the metempirical method or metempirical questions. His book, from beginning to end, is a protest against both. His first rule of philosophy is this—"No problem to be mooted unless it be presented in terms of experience, and be capable of empirical investigation" (p. 89.) It is singular how any one who had got as far as page 89 of Mr. Lewes's book could seriously assure us that he had abandoned "the cardinal position of the positive philosophy," by which he tells us that he means the exclusion of all metempirical methods. What Mr. Lewes does say that he abandons is simply the opinion that certain problems—Matter, Force, Cause, &c.—are incapable of being treated on empirical or positive methods. He dissents from Comte so far in believing that there are further grounds available for positive methods to occupy, but this opinion as to the extent of its area is not a "cardinal position of the positive philosophy," nor does Mr. Lewes ever speak of it as such. In a word, when Mr. Lewes tells us that the positive philosophy can solve more questions than even M. Comte thought it could, we are told that he is thereby abandoning "the cardinal position of the positive philosophy."

In the same way we are assured that Mr. Lewes is a convert to the objective Logic of Hegel, though in page 19 he tells us that Hegel "reverses the principle I am here proclaiming;" and though he cites with approval Trendelenberg's opinion respecting the Hegelian procedure, "that it cannot give us what it promises, because its promises are beyond human scope" (p. 26). Our Hegelian friends have as good ground for assuring us that Mr. Lewes has abandoned the positive philosophy and adopted the Logic of Hegel, as the Pope would have for assuring us that he had converted Mr. Lewes to the Syllabus, inasmuch as he found in the book before us, that "Religion will continue to regulate the evolution of Humanity."

But to return to the serious consideration of Mr. Lewes's method. It may be simply stated thus:—Certain metaphysical problems of Matter, Force, Cause, Law, Soul, &c., have been hitherto regarded as outside the pale of Science, and have been treated as insoluble by the Philosophy of Experience. Mr. Lewes himself has long regarded them as insoluble, and his well-known history of Philosophy is a series of refutations of all the solutions offered on unscientific methods. He now thinks that these problems, or certain aspects of them, can be brought within the pale of Science, and can be treated strictly on scientific methods by the canons of the Philosophy of Experience. There is in this proposal no trace of abandonment, either of the method or the canons of positive reason-

ing. On the contrary, he has never insisted upon these with so much precision or with equal elaboration. He calls it no retreat, but a change of front. Indeed, it is rather a movement forward than a movement back. That which is new is the attempt to extend the scientific analysis to questions which science has hitherto left to Metaphysics. In his own words, "the novelty of the procedure followed in this work consists in treating these problems on the same method as that followed in science." The object proposed is to clear the ground of the metaphysical obstacles to thought, by bringing them under the terms and methods which extend to all other thought; and to wrest its last ground from the *a priori* philosophy by reducing it to the forms of *a posteriori* reasoning. This claim would amount, as Professor Clifford has said, to a revolution in Psychology. But the novelty, if the claim is made good, consists in the application of an old method of philosophy to a field in which it has not been attempted, and not, as was so crudely suggested, in giving up any part of the method of which Mr. Lewes is a prominent exponent.

The present writer must here pause to express his envy for those accomplished critics who master a new presentation in philosophy or logic along with the morning paper, and have labelled it for ever in a dozen trenchant sentences before they sit down to dinner. When, as it sometimes happens, even in utilitarian England, that a man of rare erudition and acuteness, who has passed the best years of his life *inter apices philosophiæ*, finally resumes in meditated phrases the sum of all his thoughts, when he presents to us a new method of research, or puts old methods to new uses, it is perhaps not a morning's work duly to master his meaning, nor is his place in philosophy to be assigned with the same lordly facility with which a place in the editorial heaven or hell is adjudged to the last new novel. If the able editor and enterprising publisher of an organ of repute will permit such an uncritical confession of weakness, the present writer will excuse himself from any *ex cathedra* judgment how far Mr. Lewes has effected the revolution in Psychology which he claims; and if he has done so, what is its precise philosophical utility. Whether or not Mr. Lewes has solved the questions which metaphysicians have attacked for so many ages in vain, can indeed be hardly determined until we see the use which he makes of his solutions in the volumes which are yet to appear. Whether he has solved them to the satisfaction of metaphysicians, and thus, as he trusts, has assuaged the thirst which eternally calls for satisfaction, can only be decided when time has shown us if the minds which are eager with these questions are content to rest with the answers that he gives them.

One thing is sufficiently clear. Although Mr. Lewes has retained

the name of Metaphysics, and offers his solution of what are universally called the problems of Metaphysics, he shows himself from title-page to colophon an unflinching adherent of the positive methods, and never travels a hair's-breadth from his canons which bind truth to experience. In his claim to have swept metaphysics into the fold of science, he is never found to be using metempirical expedients. Whether or not he has domesticated the untamed metaphysical Pegasus, and harnessed him to the car of terrestrial science, we leave to the future to decide; but we can say at once that he himself has never mounted the wild charger into the realms of cloudland, and if he has really got Pegasus as completely in hand as he thinks, he himself is certainly safe on mother earth.

With regard to the claim of novelty in the application of scientific procedures to metaphysical problems, it must be taken in all the limitations imposed by the question of what, in Mr. Lewes's hands, these metaphysical problems really amount to. Now, it is certain that Mr. Herbert Spencer, in his *Synthetic Philosophy* generally, and in his *Psychology* in particular, has examined nearly all the problems of Mr. Lewes' present volume, and certainly he has treated them on kindred data and with similar methods. And although Mr. Spencer has relegated in his *First Principles* certain questions to the insoluble and Unknowable, whilst Mr. Lewes appears to hold them capable of some scientific solution; yet the difference between the two points of view does not appear to be great, when we observe that Mr. Lewes admits in every one of these questions a transcendental and unknowable *element* which he ejects from the field, and this transcendental element is precisely that part of the question of which solution is specially craved. Again, when Mr. Lewes argues against Comte's rejections of metaphysical problems, and claims to have now for the first time brought them under positive treatment, it will not be forgotten that throughout the *Politique Positive* nearly all the questions treated in this volume by Mr. Lewes have been discussed by Comte, not as is here done explicitly and apart from their application to the sciences, but implicitly and along with their practical working. This is obviously true of the *Rules of Philosophizing* (pp. 88—106), which in some sort answer to the *Philosophie première* of Comte; and so almost the whole of the points noticed in Problem I. (which occupies more than half the volume) are questions which have been more or less distinctly treated by Comte. The real difference between Mr. Lewes's view and that of Comte is not that Mr. Lewes has treated problems which Comte has ignored, but rather that Mr. Lewes, like Mr. Spencer, has placed their treatment in a regularly methodised department, instead of treating them incidentally amongst the sciences, and that Mr. Lewes thinks there should be a special Logic of those highest generalisa-

tions, whilst Comte would leave them distributed throughout the logic of the different sciences. This is, no doubt, a very real and important difference; but it is a difference of philosophical arrangement, not a difference of philosophical aim.

One remark we must offer to Mr. Lewes's consideration. He asserts a claim to have treated metaphysical problems on strictly scientific methods; and his purpose is to put an end for ever to the disturbance caused to thought by the presence of unsatisfied questions that will not be suppressed. Metaphysics, he says, must be transformed or stamped out of existence. The latter process has not succeeded, and he proposes to try the former. To this end his method is to eject from the field in every problem the unknowable element. He calls this the transcendental element, and the "unexplored remainder;" and he shows how familiar to mathematicians is the procedure of working problems with unknown quantities, whilst taking care that these elements are not allowed to disturb the calculations of the known quantities. In every question presented to us, says Mr. Lewes, there is this transcendental element, "elements lying beyond all possible appreciation, because incapable of being brought within the range of sense and inference"—the unknowable in fact. These, he says, are to be set aside, *and are not allowed in any way to enter into the explanation.* These metaphysical problems, he says, Matter and Motion, Force and Cause, have also their transcendental elements; and it is the province of metaphysics to demarcate these from the known and knowable elements. Mr. Lewes's method is to disengage from each of these problems the unknowable elements, "the elements that lie beyond all reduction to experience," and then to solve the remainder of the problem. Every question, he says, when stated in terms of experience, is capable of an answer on the experiential method. And no doubt Mr. Lewes has abundantly satisfied us of this. But will this satisfy the metaphysical minds who are wont to propound these problems? Is it not precisely this transcendental, this irreducible, this supra-experiential, this unknowable element which is the very thing they care about? The true metaphysician regards it as the function of Philosophy to treat this very transcendental element in its detachment apart from experience. He says if you can state it in terms of experience, that alone shows that you have not got hold of the true problem at all. It is the ungraspable, the unstateable, the unrelated, the un-anything—*das unbegreifliches geheimniss*—which metaphysicians vindicate as their own. Kant said that "the axioms and principles of Metaphysics must never be drawn from experience." And Hegel places the great problems, Freedom, Mind, God, "on a ground which belongs not to experience," for empiricism, he thinks, only gropes, instead of seeking truth in Thought itself. And the whole line of metaphysicians after them con-

tinue to ask what is this transcendental element in all questions. They are the daughters of the horse-leech, whose cry is, Give, give; the abysmal maw of your true metaphysician simply gapes after this unknowable element just because it is infinite, because it lies beyond all possible appreciation. In the language of his great master, "you might as well attempt to squeeze water out of a pumice-stone as to get necessary and universal truth through experience." As Mr. Lewes points out, speculation craves a vision of the thing in itself, *i.e. unrelated*, or, in other words, *as it does not and cannot exist*. Of what avail, then, is it to tell a man in this frame of mind to state the problem in terms of experience, and then to solve it by the canons of experience; to disengage the unknowable element, and then throw it away. That which Mr. Lewes tells him to throw away as so much offal, is his choice bit; Mr. Lewes's "unexplored remainder," is precisely his *quæsitum* in its true and pure form. To reduce the problem to terms of experience is just to kill the goose in search of the golden egg of metaphysics. So long as there is an unknown element, so long his speculative craving will remain unsatisfied. To tell him that the unknown element is an unknowable element, is no satisfaction. It is like telling a man in a fever to eat a mutton chop and not to think about drinking, as no drinking can ever slake his thirst. Mr. Lewes will hardly satisfy the fever patient better than Comte himself. Comte told him that his metaphysical thirst was incapable of being satisfied. Mr. Lewes tells him that his metaphysical thirst has an element incapable of being satisfied. Comte said, leave alone the insoluble problem. Mr. Lewes says, leave alone the insoluble part of the problem. Ah! cries the metaphysical opium-eater, it is just the unknowable which is the real charm; it is that insoluble which is the problem. Alas! it is the old fight between the mammal and the fish. "Come out of that watery element," cries Mr. Lewes to his piscine antagonist, "and we will settle matters on *terra firma* for ever." "It can only be settled in the water," croaks the fish; and executes a spiral wholly beyond mammalian resources. "If this is Philosophy, we do not know what Philosophy is!" groaned the *Spectator* out of the depths of its theologico-metaphysical cavern. And it never said a truer word.

At the same time, even if the metaphysical goose be not found to be persuaded to come flapping to be killed at the dilly-dilly call of experience, there is no doubt of the great value of the process Mr. Lewes has employed in separating the intelligible from the unintelligible part of the metaphysical problem. Both he and Mr. Herbert Spencer have done an inestimable service to minds wavering between scientific and unscientific habits of reasoning, by forcing the unscientific aspect of these questions into the most exact and limited ground, and by pushing the scientific aspect of them to the last

possible point that ~~can~~ reach. Mr. Lewes's singular brilliancy of illustration, and that sympathetic interest of his in the views he cannot share, ought to give him unusual power to reach minds wandering in the transcendental wilderness. His proposal to retain the word metaphysics for "the ultimate generalisations of research," and to coin the word *metempirics* for all that transcends the data of experience, is most useful in his hands, as clearing up ideas and assisting to separate the elements which are soluble from those which are insoluble, even if he does not succeed in imposing them on Philosophy. The poor metaphysician has perhaps never before been so pushed, and hedged, and parried into the exact statement of his problem. And it is hard to say what more can be done. We find him driven back as in a sort of stalemate to his last foothold of metempirics, where, indeed, no one can touch him, but whence he cannot escape, and where he can reach nothing.

An interesting chapter in Mr. Lewes's book is that on "the rules of philosophizing," (pp. 88—106), in which he extends the scope and amplifies the use of Newton's famous four rules prefixed to the third book of the "Principia." Newton was obviously collecting only those generalisations which were immediately required for his purpose, and was not constructing a complete system of philosophic generalisations. Mr. Lewes, in his fifteen rules, is also preparing the ground for his own logical method with a view to his immediate purpose. Mr. Lewes does not present them as an exhaustive collection of philosophical canons, and several of them, such as those numbered 7, 8, 9, 10, 12, are apparently corollaries from other more general rules. A careful comparison of these rules with the fifteen rules of Comte, which he calls *philosophie première* (Pol. Pos., iv. c. 3), and some of which Mr. Lewes embodies, throws much light on the purpose and scope of all such rules. Mr. Lewes's rules are apparently those canons of logic and checks upon error which will prove most useful for a given class of researches, and therefore are entirely logical or subjective. Comte's fifteen rules profess to be the most dominant generalisations, both in the results and in the methods of science, and are consequently both objective and subjective, some of them, in fact, being laws of history or social economy. Nothing could bring out more strongly Mr. Lewes's divergence from Comte in making these highest generalisations a special department or discipline. And in fact it would appear to us that this is the main logical difference between Mr. Lewes and Comte, that Mr. Lewes would open the roll of Philosophy with a systematic treatment of the highest generalisations of thought, and an independent organon of proof, whilst in Comte very much the same problems, and very much the same conclusions, may be found embodied in his entire curriculum of the sciences.

We will now pass to Mr. Lewes's first problem, which occupies more than the latter half of his volume, the part, indeed, from which the present writer has derived the greatest amount of profit. With regard to Mr. Lewes's treatment of the question between realism and idealism, how far, that is, does our mental picture of the Cosmos correspond with an objective reality, we must defer any final appreciation of it until he gives us the separate problem thereon which he promises. Nor can the author of these notes satisfy himself in what degree Mr. Lewes's conception of reasoned realism differs from that transfigured realism which Mr. Herbert Spencer has expounded in one of the most luminous arguments of his work,<sup>1</sup> an argument which alone would mark him as one of the greatest masters of English philosophical language. Mr. Lewes's conclusion is that "the world conceived by us, the world in thought, is demonstrably not a picture of the existence lying outside of us, and unrelated to us: it is a transfiguration effected by the ideal construction of real presentation in Feeling." This surely is Mr. Spencer's transfigured realism, or would be if we substituted "symbolical" for "real" "presentation," clearly a very minor difference. Nor is this view very divergent from Comte's notion of the external world being seen transformed and as pictured in a mirror by the human intelligence, so that the laws of science are a representation of the order of the Cosmos only to the degree that we need to know it. A follower of Comte, perhaps, might object to Mr. Spencer's transfigured realism, and to Mr. Lewes's reasoned realism, that the one assumes the realism of the external somewhat too absolutely, whilst the former assumes the transformation of the picture somewhat too positively. A more hypothetical realism, or practical realism, still satisfies the present writer, viz., that our scientific conceptions within have a good working correspondence with an (assumed) reality without,—it not concerning us, and we having no means of knowing, whether the absolute correspondence between them be great or small, or whether there be any absolute correspondence at all. All that we need is the utmost practical correspondence that experience shows us to be useful (see "The Subjective Synthesis," F. R., August, 1870).

Mr. Lewes's treatment of the whole question of the relativity of knowledge, and of the sensational and *a priori* hypothesis, is particularly instructive, more especially as it leads us up to a real reconciliation and amalgamation of the two points of view, such as must point to the time when we shall cease to be troubled with further debate. On this and the kindred questions of realism, on the meaning of law, cause, force, and the like, it is cheering to find how steadily the field of divergence is narrowing itself in modern

[1] "Psychology," part vii. c. 19. .



thought. The points and aspects still in debate, modes of treatment and niceties of language yet unsettled; but for all those who start out from a scientific basis at all, the real convergences are more striking than the minor divergences. Thus Mr. Lewes's very ingenious and interesting chapter on the use and abuse of hypothesis, in which he argues against restrictions imposed on it by Comte and Mill, is suggestive, as showing what are the kind of theoretic differences formulated by men, all of whom in practice follow much the same canons.

But the part of Mr. Lewes's book which he appears to have worked with the greatest animation, and which certainly seems to us the most brilliant, is that which treats of the ideal construction in science. Without asserting that Mr. Lewes has put this view in any new form, it has perhaps never been expounded to the world in so persuasive and telling a manner. And it needed this exposition, for although men of science for the most part are as familiar in theory as they are in practice with the scientific use of the imagination, the idea that positive science and positive philosophy is necessarily materialistic is still a commonplace not only with theologians and the vulgar, but even with intelligent idealists. An Hegelian who for a wonder can write not only intelligibly but elegantly, Mr. William Graham, has lately spoken of "the Positivism of Comte, which puts its ban on the higher Philosophy, which will feed man's Thought only on perishing phenomena, and bids his Soul dream only of material comfort."<sup>1</sup> And there are still educated people who honestly believe that the philosophy of experience limits itself to what it can see and touch, and refuses to quit the sphere of the senses. It may do good to such, if anything can do them good, to go through Mr. Lewes's vindication of the Idealism of Science, as coming from one whom they are wont to call materialist, positivist, sensationalist, and all the other names at the command of the "higher Philosophy." As Mr. Lewes shows, all Science is an ideal construction very far removed from a real transcript of facts. "Its most absolute conclusions are formed from abstractions expressing modes of existence which never were, and never could be, real; and are very often at variance with sensible experience." "Were the whole circle of the sciences to pass before us, each would in turn display the essentially ideal nature of its construction, and wide departure from reality, either in its abstractions or in its hypotheses." And, in Mr. Lewes's view, the first step towards scientific certainty must be taken in a fiction, by an ideal type, or a bare hypothesis. "Science is in no respect a plain transcript of Reality, in no respect a picture of the External Order, but wholly an ideal construction, in which the manifold relations of Reals are taken up and

(1) "Idealism," by William Graham. Longmans, 1872.

assimilated by the mind, and then transformed into relations of ideas, so that the world of sense is changed into the world of Thought." A statement like this ought to satisfy the most seraphic of idealists that "sensationalism," as he insists on calling it, is just as ideal in the true sense, just as dependent on true inference in thought, just as far from being bound to the facts of sense, as any metempirics can be. "The philosopher," says Mr. Lewes, "looks away from the Visible and Actual, endeavouring to form a picture of the Invisible and Possible. He strives to discover not what we should see with sharpened faculties, but what would be seen were the constitution of things different from what it is. Philosophy is not an instrument like the telescope or microscope, intended only to magnify the powers of sense, but an organ of Imagination, by which to reconstruct an ideal world of Abstraction."<sup>1</sup> Will not this even satisfy the idealists?

What, then, is the difference, if we have here an experientialist like Mr. Lewes talking Idealism—how does this differ from any metempiricism? The answer, in a word, is this, that the one is verified and constructed out of verified data, and with a view to final verification, and the other is not. "The abstractions and intuitions of science," says Mr. Lewes, "can always be verified; whereas the abstractions and intuitions which play a great part in metaphysics often want this basis." On the one hand, science and scientific, that is, experiential, Philosophy builds its abstractions on the real elements of experience; on the other, it is continually resolving its ideal constructions into elements of sensible experience. Science is in one sense just as completely a system of Idealism as metempirics itself, only its data have been first carefully verified by experience, and its conclusions are being perpetually resolved back and verified, and always are resolvable into and are verifiable by experience. In a word, our sciences are *verified poems*.

This is indeed nothing else than that *subjective synthesis* which would appear to be Comte's real answer to the demands of metaphysical speculation. Now, although no one has gone further than Mr. Lewes in vindicating the truly ideal character of scientific abstraction and the scientific construction, it would appear rather from his attitude than his actual argument that he recognises a subjective synthesis in no such sense as that used by Comte. Mr. Lewes devotes the last chapter of his book to "the place of senti-

(1) The present writer ventures to repeat a sentence which he wrote in this Review, August, 1870, p. 190. "The truly relative conception of knowledge should make us habitually feel that our physical science, our laws, and discoveries in nature are all imaginative creations—poems in fact—which strictly correspond with the limited range of the phenomena we have before us, therein differing from true poems, but which we never can know to be the real modes of any external being." Mr. Lewes would probably say, "which we know to be symbols of an external being."

ment in philosophy, and by admitting it to a place at all, by all that he says of the *Logic of Feeling*, he has taken a step of great significance. But by both of these terms Mr. Lewes appears to mean something quite different to what they mean in the language of Comte. By "*logic of the feeling*" Comte meant the ordered correspondence between emotion and thought; by the place of sentiment in philosophy, he meant that our conceptions can only be held together and systematized by means of a harmony ultimately satisfying the deepest emotion. It is in this that it would appear to us will be found the real divergence of Mr. Lewes from Comte, and not in the various arguments pointed out in his book. If our entire scheme of thought is only, as Mr. Lewes has shown, a gradual approach towards an ideal transcript of the external order, and if over the formation of that ideal transcript the emotions exercise, as Mr. Lewes shows, so powerful an influence, and if these emotions are so preponderant and continuous in our lives as they undoubtedly are, it would seem that a subjective synthesis of thought is the only one that can be stable or efficient; that is, our ideal construction in thought must correspond not only with the data of experience without, but with the sum total and consensus of the human organism within. That human organism consists essentially of three great elements—feeling, activity, intelligence. Its unity and its efficiency depend on the degree in which all three co-operate and strengthen each other. They co-operate under certain definite conditions partly arising from their own relations to each other within, partly from the material environment to which they are subject, and partly from the social organism in which and with which they must act. And the relation in which they work truly is that summed up by Comte in the aphorism—

"Agir par affection, et penser pour agir."

It follows, then, that feeling in its highest and deepest sense must form the stimulus and sanction of the complete human consensus. That highest feeling has, as its object, an end strictly social. And thus a social destination and a social co-ordination are essential for the stability and efficiency of human conceptions. That is to say, the only real philosophy is that which is organized around a social creed as its basis and centre. Such we conceive to be the subjective synthesis of Comte; and though Mr. Lewes appears throughout his work to touch at points upon this view, it does not appear to us that he makes it a part of his own system.

But the very fact that he calls his book "*the foundations of a creed*," and the spirit in which he has approached this and kindred problems, make his plan in this, and the promised volumes, one of singular interest to all those who, from any point of view, await

the amalgamation of Philosophy with Religion. One fact of no little significance may be pointed out, the difference that Mr. Lewes draws in the outset between his view of a creed and that of Mr. Spencer. Mr. Lewes puts the Unknowable entirely aside, and declines to find any refuge from difficulties or any religious basis, by invoking either the unknown or the unknowable. To do this, we have always felt, is to reopen the whole range of Metaphysics in its worst or metempirical sense, and the whole apparatus of Theology will follow through the breach. Surrounded as we are by the transcendental and the unknowable, they can do us no harm and waste no time, except by our allowing them to entangle our lives through our own idle curiosity. They will die out of the consciousness of mankind, like witchcraft and astrology, not by being disproved or reproved, not by being either explained or explained away, but by the intelligence and energies of men being directed to more fruitful and more ennobling ends. The real answer to Metaphysics, if we may rest in the title-page of Mr. Lewes's book, the real solution of these problems of Life and Mind, is to be found "in the foundations of a Creed." And we will close a volume which has satisfied many of our expectations, and awakens many more, with the words with which it opens—"Deeply as we may feel the mystery of this universe and the limitations of our faculties, the *Foundations of a Creed* can only rest upon the known and the knowable."

FREDERIC HARRISON.

## ON COMPROMISE.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### *Of Religious Conformity.*

THE main field of discussion touching Compromise in expression and avowal is in the region of religious belief. In politics no one seriously contends that respect for the feelings and prejudices of other people requires us to be silent about our opinions. A republican, for instance, is at perfect liberty to declare himself so : nobody will say that he is not within his rights if he should think it worth while to practise this liberty ; though of course he will have to face the obloquy which attends all opinion that is not shared by the more demonstrative portions of the public. It is true, and perfectly natural, that in every stable society a general conviction prevails of the extreme undesirableness of constantly laying bare the foundations of government, and incessantly discussing the theoretical bases of the social union. It is felt, no doubt, by many wise men that the chief business of the political thinker is to interest himself in generalisations of such a sort as leads with tolerable straightness to practical improvements of a far-reaching and durable kind. But even among those who thus feel it not to be worth while to be forever handling the abstract principles which are, after all, only clumsy expressions of the real conditions which bring and keep men together in society, yet nobody of any consideration pretends to silence or limit the free discussion of these principles. Though a man is not likely to be thanked who calls attention to the vast discrepancies between the theory and practice of the constitution, yet nobody now would countenance the notion of an inner doctrine in politics. We smile at the line which Hume took in speaking of the doctrine of non-resistance. He did not deny that the right of resistance to a tyrannical sovereign does actually belong to a nation. But, he said, "if ever on any occasion it were laudable to conceal truth from the populace, it must be confessed that the doctrine of resistance affords such an example ; and that all speculative reasoners ought to observe with regard to this principle the same cautious silence which the laws, in every species of government, have ever prescribed to themselves." As if the cautious silence of the political writer could prevent a populace from feeling the heaviness of an oppressor's hand, and striving to find relief from unjust burdens. As if any nation endowed with enough of the spirit of independence to assent to the right of resistance when offered to them as a specu-

lative theorem, would not infallibly be led by the same spirit to assert the right without the speculative theorem. That so acute a head as Hume's should have failed to perceive these very plain considerations, and that he should moreover have perpetrated the absurdity of declaring the right of resistance in the same breath in which he declares the laudableness of keeping it a secret, only shows how carefully a man need steer after he has once involved himself in the labyrinths of Economy.

In religion the unreasonableness of imposing a similar cautious silence is not yet fully established, nor the vicious effects of practising it fairly recognised. In these high matters an amount of economy and management is held praiseworthy, which in any other subject would be universally condemned as cowardly and ignoble. Indeed the preliminary stage has scarcely been reached—the stage in which public opinion grants to every one the unrestricted right of shaping his own beliefs, independently of those of the people who surround him. Any woman, for instance, suspected of having cast behind her the Bible and all practices of devotion and the elementary articles of the common creed, would be distrustfully regarded even by those who wink at the same kind of mental boldness in men: nay, even by some of the very men who have themselves discarded as superstition what they still wish women to retain for law and gospel. So long as any class of adults are effectually discouraged in the free use of their minds upon the most important subjects, we are warranted in saying that the régime of free thought, which naturally precedes the régime of free speech, is still imperfectly developed.

The duties and rights of free speech are by no means identical with those of independent thought. One general reason for this is tolerably plain. The expression of opinion directly affects other people, while its mere formation directly affects no one but ourselves. Therefore the limits of compromise in expression are less widely and freely placed, because the rights and interests of all who may be made listeners to our spoken or written words are immediately concerned. In forming opinions, a man or woman owes no consideration to any person or persons whatever. Truth is the single object, and in the forum of conscience claims an undivided allegiance. The publication of opinion stands on another footing. That is an external act, with possible consequences, like all other external acts, both to the doer and to every one within the sphere of his influence, and, besides these, to the opinion itself. A hundred questions of fitness, of seasonableness, of conflicting expediencies, present themselves in this connection, and nothing gives more anxiety to a sensible man who holds notions opposed to the current prejudices, than to hit the right mark where intellectual integrity and prudence, firmness and wise reserve, are in exact accord. When we come to

declaring opinions that are associated with pain, and even a kind of turpitude, in the minds of those who strongly object to them, then some of our most powerful sympathies are naturally engaged. We wonder whether duty to truth can possibly require us to inflict keen distress on those to whom we are bound by the tenderest and most consecrated ties. This is so wholly honourable a sentiment that no one who has not made himself drunk with the thin sour wine of a crude and absolute logic will refuse to consider it. Before attempting to measure cases of conscience in this order, we venture to make a short digression into the region of the matter, as distinct from the manner of free speech. One or two changes of great importance in the way in which men think about religions bear directly upon the conditions on which they may permit themselves and others to speak about it.

The peculiar character of all the best kinds of dissent from the nominal creed of the time, makes it rather less difficult for us to try to reconcile unflinching honesty with a just and becoming regard for the feelings of those who have claims upon our forbearance, than would have been the case a hundred years ago. "It is not now with a polite sneer," as one of the Archbishops lately admitted, "still less with a rude buffet or coarse words, that Christianity is assailed." Before ecclesiastics congratulate themselves too warmly on this improvement in the nature of the attack, perhaps they ought to ask themselves how far it is due to the change in the position of the defending party. The truth is that the coarse and realistic criticism of which Voltaire was the consummate master, has done its work. It has driven the defenders of the old faith into the milder and more genial climate of non-natural interpretations and the historic sense and a certain mercurial relativity of dogma. The old criticism was victorious, but it vanished after its victory. One reason of this was that the coarse and realistic forms of belief had either vanished before it, or else they forsook their ancient pretensions and clothed themselves in more modest robes. The consequence of this and of other causes which might be named is that the modern attack, while fully as serious and much more radical, has a certain gravity, decorum, and worthiness of form. No one of any sense or knowledge now thinks the Christian religion had its origin in deliberate imposture. The modern freethinker does not attack it; he explains it. And what is more, he explains it by referring its growth to the better and not to the worse part of human nature, to men's cravings for a higher morality, and their aspirations after a nobler expression of that feeling for the incommensurable things, which is in truth the common web of religion under so many varieties of inwoven pattern. The result of this way of looking at a religion which a man no longer accepts, is that he is able to speak of it with patience and historic respect. He can openly mark his dissent from it, without

exacerbating orthodox sentiment by galling pleasantries or bitter animadversions upon details. We are now awake to the all-important truth that belief in this or that detail of superstition is the result of an irrational state of mind, and flows logically from superstitious premisses. We see that to assail the deductions as impossible, instead of sedulously building up a state of mind in which their impossibility would become spontaneously visible, is to begin at the wrong end.

Besides the great change which such a point of view makes in men's way of speaking of a religion whose dogmas and documents they reject, there is this further consideration making in the same direction. The tendency of modern free thought is more and more visibly towards the extraction of the first and more permanent elements of the old faith, to make the purified material of the new. When Dr. Congreve met the famous epigram about Comte's system being Catholicism *minus* Christianity, by the reply that it is Catholicism *plus* Science,<sup>1</sup> he gave an ingenious expression to the direction which is almost necessarily taken by all who attempt, in however informal a manner, to construct some working system of faith for themselves, in place of the faith which science and criticism have sapped. In what ultimate form, acceptable to great multitudes of men, these attempts will at last issue, no one can now tell. For we, like the Hebrews of old, shall all have to live and die in faith, "not having received the promises, but having seen them afar off, and being persuaded of them, and embracing them, and confessing that we are strangers and pilgrims on the earth." Meanwhile, after the first great glow and passion of the just and necessary revolt of reason against superstition, have slowly lost the exciting splendour of the dawn, and become diffused in the colourless space of a rather bleak noonday, the mind gradually collects again some of the ideas of the old religion of the West, and willingly, or even joyfully, suffers itself to be once more breathed upon by something of its spirit. Christianity was the last great religious synthesis; it is the one nearest to us. The dominant synthesis of Money is the reverse of religious. Nothing therefore is more natural than that those who cannot rest content with intellectual analysis, while awaiting the advent of the Saint Paul of the humanitarian faith of the future, should gather up provisionally such fragmentary illustrations of this new faith as are to be found in the records of the old. Whatever form may be ultimately imposed on our vague religious aspirations by some prophet to come, uniting sublime depth of feeling and lofty purity of life with strong intellectual grasp and the gift of a noble eloquence, we may at least be sure of this, that it will stand as closely related to Christianity, as Christianity stood to the old Judaic

(1) See Dr. Congreve's volume of *Essays, Political, Social, and Religious*, just published (Longmans), p. 265.



dispensation. It is commonly assumed that the rejecters of the popular religion stand in face of it, as the Christians stood in face of the pagan belief and rites in the Empire. The analogy is inexact. The modern denier, if he is anything better than that, or entertains hopes of a creed to come, is nearer to the position of the Christianizing Jew. Science, when she has accomplished all her triumphs in her own order, will still have to go back, when the time comes, to generate a new creed by which man can live; will have to find material in the purified and sublimated ideas of which the confessions and rites of the Christian churches have been the grosser expression. Just as what was once the new dispensation was preached *a Judæis ad Judæos apud Judæos*, so must the new that is to be find a Christian teacher and Christian hearers. It can hardly be other than an expansion, a development, a re-adaptation, of all the moral and spiritual truth that lay hidden under the worn-out forms. It must be such a harmonizing of the truth with our intellectual conceptions as shall fit it to be an active guide to conduct. In a world *'where men sit and hear each other groan, . . . where but to think is to be full of sorrow,'* it is hard to imagine a time when we shall be indifferent to that sovereign legend of Pity. We have to incorporate it in some wider gospel of Justice and Progress.

I shall not, I hope, be suspected of any desire to prophesy too smooth things, to bridge over the gulf between belief in the vulgar theology and disbelief, or to pretend that when all the points of contact between virtuous belief and virtuous disbelief are made the most of that good faith will allow, there will not after all remain a terrible controversy between those who cling passionately to all the consolations, mysteries, personalities, of the orthodox faith, and those who have made up their minds to face the worst, and to shape a life for themselves in which the cardinal verities of the common creed shall have no place. The future faith, like that of the past, brings not peace but a sword, not concord but households divided against themselves. Those who are incessantly striving to make the old bottles hold the new wine, to reconcile the irreconcilable, to bring the Bible and the dogmas of the Churches to be good friends with history and criticism, are prompted by the best intention, and one sympathizes with an amiable anxiety to soften shocks and break the rudeness of a vital transition. In this essay, at any rate, there is no such attempt. We know that it is not peace but a sword, the son against the father, and the mother-in-law against the daughter-in-law. No softness of speech will disguise the portentous differences between those who admit a revelation and those who deny it, between those who declare that a world without an ever-present Creator with intelligible attributes would be to them empty and void, and those who insist that the attributes of the Creator can never be grasped by the finite intelligence of men. Our object

in urging the positive, semi-conservative, and almost sympathetic quality, which distinguishes the unbelief of to-day from the unbelief of a hundred years ago, is only to show that the most strenuous and upright of plain-speakers is less likely to shock and wound the lawful sensibilities of devout persons than he would have been, so long as unbelief went no further than bitter attack on small details. In short, all save the purely negative and purely destructive school of free-thinkers, the mere sceptics, are now able to deal with the beliefs from which they dissent, in a way which makes patient and disinterested controversy not wholly impossible.

One more point of much importance ought to be mentioned. The belief that heresy is the result of wilful depravity is dying out. People no longer seriously think that speculative error is bound up with moral iniquity, or that mistaken thinking is either the result or the cause of wicked living. Even the official mouthpieces of established beliefs now usually represent a bad heart as only one possible cause of unbelief, along with ignorance, intellectual shallowness, the unfortunate influence of plausible heresiarchs, and other alternative roots of evil. They thus leave a way of escape, by which the person who does not share their own convictions may still be credited with a good moral character. Some persons, it is true, "cannot see how a man who deliberately rejects the Roman Catholic religion can, in the eyes of those who earnestly believe it, be other than a rebel against God;" they assure us that, "as opinions become better marked and more distinctly connected with action, the truth that decided dissent from them implies more or less of a reproach upon those who hold them decidedly because so obvious that every one perceives it." No doubt a protestant or a sceptic regards the beliefs of a Catholic as a reproach upon the believer's understanding, just as the man whose whole faith rests on the miraculous and on acts of special intervention regards the strictly positive and scientific thinker as the dupe of a crude and narrow logic. But this now carries with it no implication of moral obliquity. De Maistre's rather grotesque conviction that infidels always die of horrible diseases with special names, could now only be held among the very dregs of the ecclesiastical world. Nor is it correct to say that "when religious differences come to be and are regarded as mere differences of opinion, it is because the controversy is really decided in the sceptical sense." Those who agree with the present writer, for example, are not sceptics. They positively, absolutely, and without reserve, reject as false the whole system of objective propositions which make up the popular belief of the day in one and all of its theological expressions. They look upon that system as mischievous in its consequences to society, for many reasons,—among others because it tends to divert and misdirect the most energetic faculties of human nature. But this does not make them suspect the motives or the habitual morality of those

who remain in the creed in which they were nurtured. The difference is a difference of opinion, as purely as if we refused to accept the undulatory theory of light. We treat it as such. Then reverse this. Why is it any more impossible for the people who remain in the theological stage, who are not in the smallest degree sceptical, who in their heart of hearts embrace without a shadow of misgiving all the mysteries of the faith, why is it any more impossible for them than for us, whose convictions are as strong as theirs, to treat the most radical dissidence as this and nothing other or worse? Logically, it perhaps might not be hard to convict them of inconsistency, but then, as has been so often said, inconsistency is a totally different thing from insincerity, or doubting adherence, or silent scepticism. The beliefs of an ordinary man are a complex structure of very subtle materials, all compacted into a whole, not by logic, but by the vague.

As a plain matter of fact and observation, we may all perceive that dissent from religious opinion less and less implies reproach in any serious sense. We all of us know in the flesh liberal catholics and latitudinarian protestants, who hold the very considerable number of beliefs that remain with them, quite as firmly and undoubtingly as believers who are neither liberal nor latitudinarian. The compatibility of error in faith with virtue in conduct is to them only a mystery the more, a branch of the insoluble problem of Evil, permitted by a power at once all-powerful and all-benevolent. Stringent logic may make short work of either fact,—a benevolent author of evil, or a virtuous despiser of divine truth. In an atmosphere of mystery, logical contradictions melt away. Faith gives a sanction to that tolerant and charitable judgment of the character of heretics, which has its real springs partly in common human sympathy, “whereby we are all bound to one another,” and partly in experience which teaches us that practical righteousness and speculative orthodoxy have not always their roots in the same soil. The world is every day growing larger. I mean that the range of the facts of the human race is being enormously extended by naturalists, by historians, by linguists, by travellers, by critics; that the manifold past experiences of humanity are daily opening out to us in vaster and at the same time more ordered proportions; and so that even those who hold fast to Christianity as the noblest, strongest, and only final conclusion of these experiences are yet constrained to admit that it is no more than a single term in a very long and intricate series.

The object of the foregoing digression is to show some cause for thinking that dissent from the current beliefs is less and less likely to inflict upon those who retain them any very intolerable kind and degree of mental pain. Therefore it is in so far all the plainer, as

well as easier, a duty not to conceal such dissent. What we have been saying comes to this; if a believer finds that his son, for instance, has ceased to believe, he no longer has this disbelief thrust upon him in gross and irreverent forms; he no longer supposes that the unbelieving son must necessarily be a villain or a profligate; and moreover, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he no longer supposes that infidels, of his own family or acquaintance at any rate, will consume for eternal ages in lakes of burning marl.

Let us add another consideration. One reason why so many persons are really shocked and pained by the avowal of heretical opinions is the very fact that such avowal is uncommon. If unbelievers and doubters were more courageous, believers would be less timorous. It is because they live in an enervating fool's paradise of seeming assent and conformity, that the breath of an honest and outspoken word is so keen and sharp to their sensibilities. If they were not encouraged to suppose that all the world is of their own mind, and if they were forced out of the atmosphere of self-indulgent silences and hypocritical reserves which is systematically poured round them, they would acquire a robuster mental habit. They would learn to take dissents for what they are worth; either to strengthen or to discard their own opinions if the dissents happened to be weighty or instructive; either to refute or neglect such dissents as should be ill-founded or insignificant. They will remain valetudinarians so long as a curtain of compromise shelters them from the real belief of those who have ventured to use their minds with some measure of independence. A very brief contact with people who, when the occasion comes, do not shrink from saying what they think, is enough to modify that excessive liability to be shocked at truth-speaking, which is only so common because truth-speaking itself is so unfamiliar.

Now, however great the pain inflicted by the avowal of unbelief, it seems to the present writer that one relationship in life, and one only, justifies us in being silent where otherwise it would be right to speak. This relationship is that between child and parents. Those parents are wisest who train their sons and daughters in the utmost liberty both of thought and speech; who do not instil dogmas into them, but inculcate upon them the sovereign importance of correct ways of forming opinions; who while never dissembling the great fact that if one opinion is true, its contradictory cannot be true too, but is a lie and partakes of all the evil qualities of a lie, yet always set them the example of listening to unwelcome opinions with patience and candour. Still if parents are not wise, and if they cannot endure to hear of any religious opinions except their own, if it would give them sincere and deep pain to hear a son or daughter avow disbelief in the inspiration of the Bible and so forth, then it seems that the younger person is warranted in refraining from

saying that he or she does not accept such and such doctrines. This, of course, only where the son or daughter feels a tender and genuine attachment to the parent. Where the parent has not earned this attachment, has been selfish, indifferent, or cruel, the title to the special kind of forbearance of which we are speaking can hardly have any existence. In an ordinary way, however, a parent has a claim on us which no other person in the world can have, and a man's self-respect ought scarcely to be injured, if he finds himself shrinking from playing the apostle to his own father and mother.

One can indeed imagine circumstances when this would not be true. If you are persuaded that you have had revealed to you a glorious gospel of light and blessedness, it is impossible not to thirst to impart such tidings most eagerly to those who are closest about your heart. We are not quite in that position. We have as yet no magnificent vision, so definite, so touching, so "clothed with the beauty of a thousand stars," as to make us eager for the sake of it to murder all the sweetnesses of filial piety in an aggressive eristic. This much one concedes—yet ever remembering that those elders are of nobler type who have kept their minds in a generous freedom, and strong with the magnanimous confidence in truth, which the Hebrew expressed in old phrase, that if counsel or work be of men it will come to nought, but if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it.

Even in the case of parents, and even though our new creed is but rudimentary, there can be no good reason why we should go further in the way of economy than mere silence. Neither they nor any other human being can possibly have a right to expect us, not merely to abstain from the open expression of dissents, but positively to profess unreal and feigned assents. No fear of giving pain, no wish to soothe the alarms of those to whom we owe much, no respect for the natural clinging of the old to the faith which has accompanied them through honourable lives, can warrant us in saying that we believe to be true what we are convinced is false. The most lax moralist counts a lie wrong, even when the motive is unselfish and springs from the desire to give pleasure to those whom it is our duty to please. A deliberate lie avowedly does not cease to be one, because it concerns spiritual things. Nor is it the less wrong, because it is uttered by one to whom all spiritual things have become indifferent. Filial affection is a motive which would, if any motive could, remove some of the taint of meanness with which pious lying, like every other kind of lying, tends to infect character. The motive does no doubt sometimes ennoble the act, though the act remains in the category of forbidden things. But the motive of these complaisant assents and false affirmations, taken at their very best, is still comparatively a poor motive. No real elevation of spirit is possible for a man who is willing to belie his convictions to his domestic affections, and to bring himself to a habit of viewing

falsehood lightly, lest the truth should shock the illegitimate and over-exacting sensibilities either of his parents or any one else. We may understand what is meant by the logic of the feelings, and accept it as the proper corrective for a too intense egoism. But when the logic of the feelings is invoked to substitute the egoism of the family for the slightly narrower egoism of the individual, it can hardly be more than a fine name for self-indulgence and indifference to all largest human interests.

This brings us to consider the case of another no less momentous relationship, and the kind of compromise in the matter of religious conformity which it justifies or imposes. It constantly happens that the husband has wholly ceased to believe the religion to which his wife clings with unshaken faith. We need not enter into the causes why women remain in bondage to opinions which so many cultivated men either reject or else hold in a transcendental and non-natural sense. The only question with which we are concerned is the amount of free assertion of his own convictions which a man should claim and practise, when he knows that such convictions are distasteful to his wife. Is it lawful, as it seems to be in dealing with parents, to hold his conviction silently? Is it lawful either positively or by implication to lead his wife to suppose that he shares her opinions, when in truth he rejects them?

If it were not for the maxims and practice in daily use among men otherwise honourable, one would not suppose it possible, that two answers could be given to these questions by any one with the smallest pretence of principle or self-respect. As it is, we all of us know men who deliberately reject the whole Christian system, and still think it consistent with uprightness to summon their whole establishments round them at morning and evening, and on their knees to offer up elaborately formulated prayers which have just as much meaning to them as the entrails of the sacrificial victim had to an infidel haruspex. We see the same men diligently attending the services at church or chapel; uttering assents to confessions of which they really reject every syllable; kneeling, rising, bowing, with deceptive solemnity; even partaking of the sacrament with a consummate devoutness, that is very edifying to all who do not know that they are acting a part, and making a mock both of their own reason and their own probity merely to please persons whose delusions they despise and pity from the bottom of their hearts.

On the surface there is certainly nothing to distinguish this kind of conduct from the grossest hypocrisy. Is there anything under the surface to redeem it from this complexion? Is there any weight in the sort of answer which such men make to the accusation that their conformity is a very degrading form of deceit, and a singularly mischievous kind of treachery? Is the plea of a wish to spare mental discomfort to their wives, a good, admissible, and valid plea?

It seems to ~~us~~ to be none of these things, and for the following among other reasons.

If a man drew his wife by lot, or by any other method over which neither he nor she has any control, as in the case of parents, perhaps he might with some plausibleness contend that he owed her certain limited deferences and reserves, just as we admit that he may owe them to his parents. But this is not the case. Marriage, in this country at least, is the result of mutual choice. If men and women do as a matter of fact usually make this choice hastily and on woefully imperfect information of one another's characters, that is no warrant for a resort to unlawful expedients to remedy the blunder. If a woman cares ardently enough about religion to feel keen distress at the idea of dissent from it on the part of those closely connected with her, she surely may be expected to take reasonable pains to ascertain beforehand the religious attitude of one with whom she is about to unite herself for life. On the other hand, if a man sets any value on his own opinions, if they are in any real sense a part of himself, he must be guilty of something like deliberate and systematic duplicity during the acquaintance preceding marriage, if his dissent remained unsuspected. Certainly if men go through society before marriage under false colours, and feign beliefs which they do not hold, they have only themselves to thank for the degradation of having to keep up the imposture afterwards. Suppose a protestant were to pass himself off for a catholic, because he happened to meet a catholic lady whom he desired to marry. Everybody would agree in calling such an one by a very harsh name. It is hard to see why a freethinker, who by reticence and conformity passes himself off for a believer, should be more leniently judged. The differences between a catholic and a protestant are assuredly not any greater than those between a believer and an unbeliever. We all admit the baseness of dissimulation in the former case. Why is it any less base in the latter?

Marriages, however, are often made in haste, it is said, or heedlessly, or early in life, before either man or woman has come to feel very deeply about religion, either one way or the other. The woman does not know how much she will need religion, nor what comfort it may bring to her. The man does not know all the objections to it which may disclose themselves to his understanding as the years ripen. Now granting that they are both of them indifferent at the time of their union, is that any reason why upon either of them acquiring serious convictions, the other should be expected out of mere complaisance to make a false and hypocritical pretence of sharing them? To see how flimsy is this plea of fearing to give pain to the religious sensitiveness of women, we have only to imagine one or two cases which go beyond the common experience, yet which ought not to strain that plea, if it be valid. If my wife turns

Catholic, am I to pretend to turn Catholic too, to save her the horrible distress of thinking that I am doomed to eternal perdition? If she chooses to embrace the doctrine of direct illumination from heaven, and to hear voices bidding her to go or come, to do or abstain from doing, am I too to shape my conduct after these supposed monitions? If she takes it into her head to serve tables, and to listen in all faith to the miracles of spiritualism, am I, lest I should pain her, to feign a surrender of all my notions of evidence, to pretend a transformation of all my ideas of worthiness in life and beyond life, and to go to séances with the same regularity and seriousness with which you go to church? Of course, in each of these cases, everybody who does not happen to share the given peculiarity of belief, will agree that however severely a husband's dissent might pain the wife, whatever distress and discomfort it might inflict upon her, yet he would be bound to let her suffer, rather than sacrifice his veracity and self-respect. Why then is it any less discreditable to practise an insincere conformity in more ordinary circumstances? If the principle of such conformity is good for anything at all, it ought to cover these less usual cases as completely as the others which are more usual. Indeed there would be more to be said on behalf of conformity for politeness sake, where the woman had gone through some great process of change, for then one might suppose that her heart was deeply set on the matter. Even then the plea would be worthless, but it is more indisputably worthless still where the sentiment which we are bidden to respect at the cost of our own freedom of speech is nothing more laudable than a fear of moving out of the common groove of religious opinion, or an intolerant and unreasoned bigotry, or mere stupidity and silliness of the vulgarest type.

Ah, it is said, you forget that women cannot get on without religion. The present writer is equally of this opinion, that women cannot be happy without a religion, nor men either. That is not the question. It does not follow because a woman cannot be happy without a religion, that therefore she cannot be happy unless her husband is of the same religion. Still less, that she would be made happy by his insincerely pretending to be of the same religion. And least of all is it true, if both these propositions were credible, that even then for the sake of her happiness he is bound not merely to live a life of imposture, but in so doing to augment the general forces of imposture in the world, and to make the chances of truth, light, and human improvement more and more unfavourable. Women are at present far less likely than men to possess a sound intelligence and a habit of correct judgment. They will remain so while they have less ready access than men to the best kinds of literary and scientific training, and—what is far more important—while social arrangements exclude them from all those kinds of



public activity which are such powerful agents both in fitting men to judge soundly, and in forming in them the sense of responsibility for their judgments being sound.

It may be contended that this alleged stronger religiosity of women, however coarse and poor in its formulas, is yet of constant value as a protest in favour of the maintenance of the religious element in human character and life, and that this is a far more important thing for us all than the greater or less truth of the dogmas with which female religiosity happens to be associated. In reply to this, without tediously labouring the argument, I venture to make the following observations. In the first place, it is an untenable idea that religiosity or devoutness of spirit is valuable in itself, without reference to the goodness or badness of the dogmatic forms and the practices in which it clothes itself. A fakir would not be an estimable figure in our society, merely because his way of living is a manifestation of the religious spirit. If the religious spirit leads to a worthy and beautiful life, if it shows itself in cheerfulness, in pity, in charity and tolerance, in forgiveness, in a sense of the largeness and the mystery of things, in lifting up of the soul in gratitude and awe to some supreme power and sovereign force, then whatever drawback there may be in the way of superstitious dogma, still such a spirit is on the whole a good thing. If not, not. It would be better without the superstition: even with the superstition it is good. But if the religious spirit is only a fine name for narrowness of understanding, for stubborn intolerance, for mere social formality, for a dread of losing that poor respectability which means thinking and doing exactly as the people around us think and do, then the religious spirit is not a good thing, but a thoroughly bad and hateful thing. To this we owe no management of any kind, and any one who suppresses his real opinions and feigns others out of deference to such a spirit as this in his household, ought to say plainly both to himself and to us that he cares more for his own ease and undisturbed comfort than for truth and uprightness; for that, and not any tenderness for holy things, is the real ground of his hypocrisy.

Now with reference to the religious spirit in its nobler form, it is difficult to believe that any one genuinely animated by it would be soothed by the knowledge that her dearest companion is going through life with a mask on, quietly playing a part, uttering untrue professions, doing his best to cheat her by a monstrous spiritual make-believe. One would suppose that instead of having her religious feeling gratified by conformity on these terms, nothing could wound it so bitterly nor outrage it so unpardonably. To know that her sensibility is destroying the entireness of the man's nature, its loyalty alike to herself and to truth, its freedom and singleness and courage—surely this can hardly be less distressing to a fine

spirit than the suspicion that his heresies may bring him to the pit, or than the void of going through life without even the semblance of religious sympathy between them. If it be urged that the woman would never discover the piety of the man to be a counterfeit, we reply that unless her own piety were of the merely formal kind, she would be as sure to make the discovery as the congregation in the old story were untouched by the disguised devil's eloquence on behalf of religion—because it lacked unction. The verbal conformity of the unbeliever lacks unction, and its hollowness is speedily revealed to the quick apprehension of true faith.

Let us not be supposed to be arguing in favour of incessant battle of high dialectic in every household. Nothing could be more destructive of the gracious composure and mental harmony of which household life ought to be, but perhaps seldom is, the great organ and instrument. Still less are we pleading for the freethinker's right at every hour of day or night to mock, sneer, and gibe at the sincere beliefs and conscientiously performed rites of those, whether men or women, whether strangers or kinsfolk, from whose religion he disagrees. "It is not ancient impressions only," said Pascal, "which are capable of abusing us. The charm of novelty has the same power." The prate of newborn scepticism may be as tiresome and as odious as the cant of grey orthodoxy. Religious discussion is not to be foisted upon us at every turn either by its defenders or its assailants. All we plead for is that when the opportunity meets the freethinker full in front, he is called upon to speak as freely as he thinks. Not more than this. A plain man has no trouble in acquiring this tact of seasonableness. We may all write what we please, because it is in the discretion of the rest of the world whether they will listen or not. But in the family this is not so, and if a man systematically intrudes disrespectful and unwelcome criticism upon a woman who retains the ancient belief, he is only showing that new freethinker may be no more than old bigot differently writ. It ought to be essential to no one's self-respect that he cannot consent to live with people who do not think as he does, nor allow them to possess their own beliefs in peace.

On the other hand, it is essential to the self-respect of every one with the least love of truth, that he should be free to express his opinions on every occasion where silence would be taken for an assent which he does not really give, and, still more unquestionably, that he should be free from any obligation to forswear himself either directly, as by false professions, or by implication, as when he attends services, public or private, which are to him the symbol of superstition and mere spiritual phantasmagoria. The vindication of this simple right of living one's life honestly can hardly demand any heroic virtue. A little of the straightforwardness which men are accustomed to call manly is the only quality that is needed; a little

of that frank courage and determination in spiritual things which men are usually so ready to practise towards their wives in temporal things. It must be truly delightful for a cynic to see a man who owns that he cannot bear to pain his wife by not going to church and saying prayers, yet insisting on having his own way, fearlessly thwarting her wishes, and contradicting her opinions, in every other detail of domestic economy.

The truth of the matter is that the painful element in companionship is not difference of opinion but discord of temperament. The important thing is not that two people should be inspired by the same convictions, but rather that each of them should hold his own convictions in a high and worthy spirit. Harmony of aim, not identity of conclusion, is the secret of the sympathetic life; to stand on the same moral plane, and that, if possible, a high one; to find satisfaction in different explanations of the purpose and significance of life and the universe, and yet the same satisfaction. It is certainly not less possible to disbelieve religiously than to believe religiously. This accord of mind, this emulation in freedom and loftiness of soul, this kindred sense of the awful depth of the enigma which one believes to have answered and the other suspects to be for ever unanswerable—here, and not in a degrading and hypocritical conformity, is the true gratification of those spiritual sensibilities which are alleged to be so much higher in women than in men. Where such an accord exists, there may still be solicitude left in the mind of either at the superstition or the incredulity of the other, but it will be solicitude of that magnanimous sort which is in some shape or other the inevitable and not unfruitful portion of every better nature.

If a woman petulantly or sourly insists on more than this kind of harmony, it is probable that her system of divinity is little better than a special manifestation of shrewishness. The man is as much bound to resist that as extravagance in spending money, or any other vice of character. If he does not resist it, if he suppresses his opinions, and practises a hypocritical conformity, it must be from weakness of will and principle. Against this we have nothing to say. A considerable proportion of people, men no less than women, are born invertebrate, and they must get on as they best can—provided only they do not erect the maxims of their own feebleness into a rule for those who are braver and of stronger principle than themselves. And do not let the accidental exigencies of personal mistakes be made the foundation of a general doctrine. It is a poor saying, that the world is to become void of spiritual sincerity because Xantippe has a turn for respectable theology.

One or two words should perhaps be said in this place as to conformity to common religious belief in the education of children. Where the parents differ, the one being an unbeliever, the other a

believer, it is almost impossible for anybody to lay down a general rule. The present writer certainly has no ambition to attempt the thorny task of compiling a manual for mixed marriages. It is perhaps enough to say that all would depend upon the nature of the beliefs which the religious person wished to inculcate. Considering that the woman has an absolutely equal moral right with the man to decide in what faith the child shall be brought up, and considering how important it is that the mother should take an active part in the development of the child's affections and impulses, the most resolute of deniers may perhaps think that the advantages of leaving the matter to her outweigh the disadvantages of having a superstitious bias given to the young mind. In these complex cases an honest and fair-minded man's own instincts are more likely to lead him right than any hard and fast rule. Two reserves in assenting to the wife's control of early teaching will probably suggest themselves to everybody who is in earnest about religion. First, if the theology which the woman desires to instil contains any of those wicked and depraving doctrines which neither Catholicism nor Calvinism is without in the hands of some professors, the husband is as much justified in pressing his legal rights over the child to the uttermost, as he would be if the proposed religion demanded physical mutilation. Secondly, he will not himself take part in baptismal or other ceremonies which are to him mere mummeries, nor ever do anything to lead his children at any age to suppose that he believes what he does not believe. Such limitations as these are commended by all considerations alike of morality and good sense.

To turn to the more normal case where either the man has had the wise forethought not to yoke himself unequally with a person of ardent belief which he does not share, or where both parents dissent from the popular creed. Here the principle is surely as clear as the sun at noonday, whatever difficulties may attend its application. There can be no good plea for the deliberate and formal inculcation upon the young of a number of propositions which you believe to be false. To do this is to sow tares not in your enemy's field, but in the very ground which is most precious to you and most full of hope for the future. To allow it to be done, merely that children may grow up in the stereotyped mould, is simply to perpetuate in new generations the present thick-sighted and dead-heavy state of our spirits, to keep society for an indefinite time sapped by hollow, void professions, instead of being nourished by sincerity and sound-heartedness.

Nor here, more than elsewhere in this chapter, are we trying to turn the family into a field of ceaseless polemic. No one who knows the stuff of which life is made,—the pressure of material cares, the play of passion, the busy energizing of the affections, the anxieties of health, and all the other solitudes, generous or ignoble, which

naturally absorb the days of the common multitude of men—is likely to think such an ideal either desirable or attainable. Least of all is it desirable to give character a strong set in this polemical direction in its most plastic days. The controversial and denying humour is a different thing from the habit of being careful to know what we mean by the words we use, and what evidence there is for the beliefs we hold. It is possible to foster the latter habit without creating the former. And it is possible to bring up the young in dissent from the common beliefs around them, or in indifference to them, without engendering any of that pride in eccentricity for its own sake, which is so little likable a quality in either young or old. There is, however, little risk of an excess in this direction. The young tremble even more than the old at the penalties of non-conformity. There is more excuse for them in this, because these penalties in their case usually come closer and in more stringent forms, and because also they have not had time to find out, as their elders have or ought to have found out, what a very moderate degree of fortitude enables us to bear up against social disapproval, when we know that it is nothing more than the common-form of convention. The great object is to keep the minds of the young as open as possible in the matter of religion; to breed in them a certain simplicity and freedom from self-consciousness in finding themselves without the religious beliefs and customs of those around them; to make them regard differences in these respects as very natural and ordinary matters, susceptible of an easy explanation. It is of course inevitable that they should hear much, unless they are brought up in cloistered seclusion, of the various articles of belief which we are anxious that they should not share. They will ask you whether the story of the creation of the universe is true; whether such and such miracles really happened; whether this person or that actually lived, and actually did all he is said to have done. Plainly the right course is to tell them, without agitation or excess or vehemence or too much elaboration, the simple truth in such matters, exactly as it appears to one's own mind. There is no reason why they should not know the best parts of the Bible as well as they know the Iliad or Herodotus—and there are many reasons why they should know them better. But one most important condition of this is constantly overlooked by people who like to satisfy their intellectual vanity by scepticism, and at the same time to make their comfort safe by external conformity. If the Bible is to be taught only because it is a noble and most majestic monument of literature, it should be taught as that and no more. That a man who regards it solely as supreme literature, should impress it upon the young as the supernaturally inspired word of God, and the accurate record of objective occurrences, is a piece of the plainest and most shocking dishonesty. Let a youth be trained

in simple and straightforward recognition of the truth that we can know and can conjecture nothing with any assurance as to the ultimate mysteries of things; let his imagination and his sense of awe be fed from those springs which are none the less bounteous because they flow in natural rather than supernatural channels; let him be taught the historic place and source of the religions which he is not bound to accept, unless the evidence for their authority by-and-bye brings him to another mind. A boy or girl trained in this way has an infinitely better chance of growing up with the true spirit and leanings of religion implanted in the character, than if they had been educated in formulas which they could not understand by people who did not believe them.

Those who think conformity in the matters of which we have been speaking harmless and unimportant, must do so either from indifference or else from despair. It is difficult to convince any one who is possessed by either one or other of these two evil spirits. Men who have once accepted them, do not easily relinquish philosophies that relieve their professors from disagreeable obligations of courage and endeavour. To the indifferent person one can say nothing; we can only acquiesce in that deep and terrible scripture, 'He that is filthy, let him be filthy still.' To those who despair of human improvement or the spread of light in the face of the huge mass of brute prejudice, we can only urge that the enormous weight and firm hold of false commonplace and baseless prejudice are the very reasons which make it so important that those who are not of the night nor of the darkness should the more strenuously insist on living their own lives in the daylight. To those, finally, who do not despair but think that the new faith will come so slowly that it is not worth while for the poor mortal of a day to make himself a martyr, we may suggest that the new faith when it comes will be of little worth unless it has been shaped by generations of honest and fearless men, and finds in those who are to receive it an honest and fearless temper. Our plea is not for a life of perverse disputings, or busy proselytising, but only that we should learn to look at one another with a clear and steadfast eye, and march forward along the paths we choose, with firm step and erect head. The first advance towards either the renovation of one faith or the growth of another must be the abandonment of those habits of hypocritical conformity and compliance which have filled the air of the England of to-day with gross and obscuring mists.

.EDITOR.

*(To be concluded in the next Number.)*

## THE POWER OF THE LABOURERS.

**"THE power of the farmers"** has recently been placed before the readers of the *Fortnightly Review*, and it may be well to consider, on the other hand, what is the power of the labourers, now that two years have elapsed since their struggle for independence first commenced. The present is an opportune time for estimating the strength of the farm-labourers' movement, as the National Agricultural Labourers' Union has just concluded the third of its annual conferences, and the exact position, hopes, and expectations of that society can be gathered from the report, and from the general tenor of the four days' deliberations. It might naturally have been expected that the tone of this conference would have been considerably depressed by the lock-out in the Eastern Counties, which had lasted for so many weeks without any sign of abatement. But, on the contrary, every one present appeared to be struck with the determination, vigour, and unshaken confidence that inspired almost the whole of these sixty direct representatives of agricultural labour, gathered together from all parts of the kingdom. It is possible—perhaps even probable—that, before these words are printed, the contest in the Eastern Counties may have entered upon a new phase, which would render any reflections upon its present position inapplicable. But this much may safely be asserted, in view of any possible contingency, that victory cannot be obtained by the farmers; such a victory, we mean, as shall ensure the obliteration of the Union in the counties of Suffolk and Cambridge. Even in the improbable event of a sudden cessation of practical sympathy on the part of the general public, but more especially of the various trades' organizations, or in the equally improbable failure of the Union itself to raise any further levies, victory would be as far off as ever. The men might thus be forced from need to accept the farmers' terms, and destroy their Union tickets. But they would resume work in a bitter and restless spirit, and combination would most assuredly re-assert itself before many months, or perhaps even weeks, had elapsed.

This has hitherto been the result of every effort of the capitalist to stamp out independent action, as colliery proprietors, iron-masters, mill-owners, and other large employers of labour have found to their cost. Collieries could be mentioned whose proprietors have lost thousands of pounds in a single effort, not lasting a twelvemonth, to suppress the combination of their workmen; and at length they were successful. But what was the nature of this success? Before the expiration of another twelvemonth their dearly-bought victory was so much emptiness, for they had no one on their premises,

except the deputies and officials, who were not paying members of an active and indomitable organization. Another instance might be quoted from the silk trade of a well-known midland town, the mill-owners of which adopted a similar policy of repression, and vanquished their hands after a struggle of only six weeks' duration. But before six months had gone by, every man, woman, and child employed in those very mills were duly enrolled on the books of a far stronger society than the one that was nipped in the bud. Any one who has given close attention to the history of trade disputes can produce numerous cases of a like nature. In fact, "nipping in the bud," the phrase used by the chairman of the Newmarket farmers, is a most happy simile, as it is the process used by nursery-men when they wish to promote the future luxuriance and stronger growth of the plant under treatment.

If this has been the general result with all attempts at repression of unionism in these different branches of industry, how much more futile will the efforts of the farmers prove? Trades' unionists are increasing, steadily and yet rapidly, both in numbers and importance, year by year. Can the farmers succeed where other capitalists have failed? Is not the very nature of their industry of that character which precludes a prolonged opposition? The authority of the *Mark Lane Express* will not be disputed by many of those who may be disposed to cavil at the assertions of critics whose sympathies are avowedly on the side of the men, and that paper, writing on the lock-out, says—

"There is one lesson which this dispute should teach the employer. Come what may of the controversy, the Labourers' Union will never again be thoroughly stamped out. It may die away for a time, but all precedent tells us that these associations are imbued with vitality. The workman, in a word, has been taught to fight his own battle, and it is pretty evident, from all that is going on just now, that the landlord knows how to look after his own interest. On the other hand, did the farmer, despite his capital, education, and energy, ever hold so pitiful a position in public as he does at this moment? Look at the Budget, analyze the malt-tax division, listen to the roars of laughter with which his claims are greeted. The farmer deals resolutely with his servant, but how does he act towards his 'representative' or landlord?"

We know, say the farmers, that we cannot stand by ourselves, but we look to a more or less magnanimous remission of rents on the part of the landowners, to enable us to continue the contest. It may be possible to find, here and there, a fossil-headed landowner, so deeply saturated with Tory principles, that he will be prepared to view with equanimity a seriously diminished rent-roll, rather than be pestered with combinations that savour of communism, but any general or long-continued support from the great body of English landed proprietors is altogether out of the question. Our landlords, except those who are engaged in other mercantile pursuits, or who own by happy accident the urban or suburban land now rendered



valuable by the labours of others, have less floating capital than any other class of the community. Owing to the numerous artificial values and artificial restrictions which they, with the control of legislation in their hands, have, in their blindness, heaped up as defences to their greed, there are but few estates that yield more than three per cent. upon the capital. The wiser ones amongst the squires are even now beginning to regret that they have in the past preferred subservient to productive tenants, and the policy of farms of an unwieldy size is being openly abandoned in the very heart of the locked-out district. If the farmers cannot win the victory, except by the continued support of the landlords, they may as well at once haul down the flag.

Whether we are inclined to regard these Unions of the Agricultural Labourers with respect or fear, it is well to know their true numerical position. The marvellous growth of the movement is strikingly shown, when the National Union is compared with some of the best known and the oldest of the trade societies. The Amalgamated Engineers number 42,381; the Amalgamated Association of Miners, 106,000; and the National Association of Miners, 136,000, whilst the National Agricultural Labourers' Union, of only two years' standing, already counts 86,214 financial members. And these figures do not give a sufficiently accurate conception of the strength of the movement. For the association has lost some seven or eight thousand members during the course of the past year by migration and emigration. Again, there are many men in the villages, and this is especially the case in the area of the present lock-out, whose heart is with the Union, and who, though they cannot muster sufficient courage to throw up their work and live on 9s. a week, are steadily subscribing their pence towards the general relief fund. And then, too, there is the Federal Union of Labourers, whose precise position it is more difficult to determine, as so many of their members are general and town labourers; but we suppose that of actual agricultural labourers they cannot number less than another 40,000. In short, looking at the number of farm labourers left us by the last census, and at the intimate relationship maintained in village after village between the professed and the unaccredited unionist, there can be no error on the side of exaggeration in asserting that two out of three of these men, except in the Northern and North Midland Counties, are practically under the immediate influence, if not the absolute control, of the Unions. There are no pretensions to secrecy in connection with these Unions; indeed their opponents generally charge them with conduct of too obtrusive a nature; still we know it for a fact that there are many farmers at the present moment employing unionist men, who would be the first to repudiate with indignation any such complicity with those whom they choose to regard as their sworn foes.

Having thus considered the numerical power of the labourers, it only requires a sentence to set forth their earnestness and adherence to principle. The same report that tells us of the number of the financial members of the Union gives the details of the expenditure consequent on the Eastern Counties Lock-out, which had extended over twelve weeks, at the time of the drawing of the balance-sheet. The total expenditure (to give it in round numbers) was £14,000, of which sum, £4,000 had been subscribed by the public, and £10,000 by the farm labourers themselves. The power that can gather together such an enormous sum as £10,000 in a few weeks, from the miserably paid peasantry of Dorsetshire, Wiltshire, and the like, in support of their fellow peasants, who are fighting the farmers in Suffolk or Cambridge, can scarcely be spoken of in terms of exaggeration. To the untutored hind of Dorset, any description of the lot of the Eastern Counties labourer must be as pure a matter of faith, as are the habits of the South Sea islanders to the untravelling Englishman.

Emigration and migration, to which allusion has already been made, are a great power in the hands of the labourers. It was stated at the Leamington conference, that the men were being moved from the various districts where the lock-out prevails, at the rate of two hundred per week. Queensland, New Zealand, and Canada are rivalling each other in offering favourable terms to secure the toilers whom the mother country so lightly underrates; and the towns of the North are quietly absorbing no inconsiderable share of the so-called surplus labour. And how do the farmers propose to meet this steady drain upon the labour on which they are dependent, a drain that increases in an exact ratio with their obstinacy? The importation of Coolies, Chinese, Swedes, Germans, and Irish has been discussed. But it will not get beyond the range of discussion. The importation of European foreigners, aliens to the soil and strangers to our customs, would prove but a curse to the farmers, even if they could be successful in their wishes; and as to the Coolies and Chinese, we shall be prepared to argue the point when they arrive. The working of gangs of Irishmen, removable from one farm to the other at the will of the official in charge, may look practicable on paper, but would be laughed to scorn by those who have had real experience of the Irish harvesters. What happened only last summer when the Warwickshire farmers used their utmost endeavours, by advertisements and agents, to secure a good supply of Irishmen for the harvest? Why, those who responded to the invitation, when they reached the field of labour, and found out the position of the local workmen, refused to work for a less sum than was demanded by the Unionists, and scores of them actually became paying members of the Union during their sojourn on this side the Irish Channel. Since then, too, Mr. Arch and others have

visited the south of Ireland, and though that visit may not have been so successful in its results as was anticipated in some quarters, still closer ties and fewer risks of antagonism have been brought about between the peasantry of the two countries. There are wheels within wheels, and certain of the Home Rulers, mindful of the support they receive from English Radicals, would have influence enough to materially check any organized importation of Irishmen on a large scale; for there is now a National Society of Irish Labourers, and Mr. Butt is their president.

Another point is worthy of mention in connection with the Irish labourers; and in putting it, we believe for the first time, in print, we are not acting as a mere echo to an idle rumour, but simply stating what we know to be a sober truth. At the time when the air was thick with Fenian plots, especially at that juncture when there was a threatened seizure of Chester Castle, not a few of the active emissaries of that cause were in England under the guise of labourers. In Warwickshire and elsewhere they had been actively instilling feelings of hatred to their employers in the breast of many an English labourer, and the worst of the class were prepared for practical assistance if a rising had actually broken out. Certain farms and their occupants were marked out for destruction, and it is scarcely necessary to add, that but for the miserable wages they were receiving, and their generally depressed condition, such teachings would not have taken even the slight hold that they did on the minds of Englishmen. It might then be worth while to consider gravely the effect of a wholesale introduction, even if it were otherwise possible, of Irishmen of the least educated class, who are so notoriously, and in the main so justly, disaffected towards all our institutions. The tendency of the times is to draw closer together the working populations of different countries in an unavowed Internationalism, and the English farm labourer has but little to dread from any wholesale Irish competition.

The only other counterbalance to the removal of the labourers, that has advanced beyond the stage of mere suggestion or threat, is the importation, or rather re-importation, of labourers from the United States. When the lock-out had been in operation for about three weeks in the Newmarket district, all the dead-walls suddenly blossomed out with well-printed and imposing bills, announcing that 40,000 farm labourers were only waiting to return from America till such time as their passage-money home could be found for them. This bill was signed by the consul at New York. The rustics gaped at it, and it probably had the effect of retarding for a few weeks the departure of certain intending emigrants; but as soon as the next American mail came in, it was found that the bill was a lie and a forgery, the official in question having never even heard of it till he was interviewed on the subject. He subse-

quently stated that he doubted if he could find 400 who would be desirous of being re-shipped to England, if the passage-money was advanced. Then a Mr. Woods, to give colour to this forgery, was put up at one of the only gatherings of the farmers to which the press was admitted, to narrate some marvellous tales of the ship-loads of men that he could bring from Ohio (where he said he resided), who would be willing to work from sunrise to sunset, at almost impossible wages. But when the next batch of American papers arrived, it was found that our cousins laughed to scorn the vapourings, or worse than vapourings, of Mr. Woods. The *Western Rural* of May the 9th, published at Chicago, denied most emphatically that it would be possible to find any farm labourers to ship to England, and, after pointing out how much dearer were the necessities of life in England, and how soon a man in Ohio could save enough to buy himself a farm, added,—“Of course, Mr. Woods was put up to speaking his rubbish by the farmers, who are beginning to get scared at the prospect of a wholesale exodus.” Certain of the farmers and their friends are still continuing to fight against emigration with the poisoned weapons of misrepresentation and absolute untruth, showing how keenly they feel the power of the labourers. Big posters, giving an amusingly false description of the rigours of a Canadian winter, and concluding with some extracts from the unfortunate and ill-considered letters of the gentleman who accompanied Mr. Arch through that country, are now the order of the day. The chairman of the Woodbridge Farmers’ Association could not think of any more suitable means of enforcing attention to their contents, than by striking the delegate across the mouth with a bundle of the bills, when he was in the act of addressing an audience of the men. It is worth while to note these illustrations of the anger of the farmer at losing the men whom he has so wantonly locked out, as they tend to prove his real feelings on the subject.

Years before the rise of the Union the farmers of intelligence knew full well that the supply of agricultural labourers was slowly but surely decreasing—a necessary corollary of our land system. This decrease has more than once been pointed out, and there is no necessity to repeat elaborate tables, but it may be well to summarise it thus:—From 1851 to 1861 the total increase in the population of England and Wales was ten per cent., the decrease in the agricultural labourers’ class was one per cent. But during the next ten years ending 1871, while the increase of the population was thirteen per cent., there was no less than fifteen per cent. decrease among the agricultural labourers. This decrease must have attained to a far higher rate during the past two years. Authorities, too, might be multiplied, who are full of grave foreboding as to the food production of our island; but one, of weight, will be sufficient for our

purpose. Mr. James Howard, in recently addressing the Bedfordshire Agricultural Society, said,—

“The great question of the future—and it is a serious question for all concerned in agriculture—is, if we now find a difficulty in feeding thirty millions of people, how are the wants of a population of fifty millions to be supplied—a population which will have to be provided for at no distant day? That the soil does not produce nearly what it is capable of producing, no one who knows anything of the subject for one moment doubts. If even one-half of the increase spoken of by proprietors and farmers capable of forming an opinion were realised, what an enormous influence would such extra wealth, raised from the soil, exert upon the interests of the farmers, labourers, and landlords; and not only on these, but on the trade, the manufactures, and the general prosperity of the whole nation. Looking at the circumstances of the country, our limited area, our growing population, our increasing difficulties in supplying the people’s wants, I would ask, does it not behove all concerned to use every effort to remove the impediments which stand in the way of an increased supply of food for our teeming millions?”

It is a common mistake to attribute this rapidly increasing dependence on foreign food-supplies, to which Mr. Howard alludes, to our equally rapid increase of population. But then we are told by the highest agricultural authorities, that “our corn and other agricultural produce is not even sustaining its normal yield, far less keeping pace with the increase of population.” The disclosures made in the financial statements for 1872-3 are of startling moment. No less than 12,634,423 quarters of wheat were imported, being 2,688,867 more than the requirements of the previous year. We also imported £22,750,000 worth of potatoes (being £2,200,000 worth more than in 1871-2); £13,000,000 worth of other vegetables; £21,000,000 worth of animal food; and £5,500,000 of live animals; in all, over £80,000,000 worth of food for home consumption. And yet only four years ago half these importations sufficed for all our wants.

Page after page, too, might be filled with extracts from the statements of those who for the most part regard this outbreak among the farm servants with the greatest disfavour, in proof of the absence of any real surplus labour so far as the agriculture of this country is concerned. The prize essay of the Royal Agricultural Society on the condition of the labourer in 1846, states, in the most emphatic terms, that every farmer is aware that nothing pays better than labour, that there is no substitute for it, and that without it nothing which can be applied to the land will yield a profitable return. It then points out how strangely averse both farmers and landowners are to act upon their knowledge, and how they strive to save and screw down both the quality and quantity of their labour, in a manner that is simply suicidal. From that day to this, with scarcely a week’s exception, similar expressions might be culled from the very journals and papers that have the confidence of the agriculturists, though it is true that they have been more guarded in their expressions since they have been fighting the

Union. In short, it may be taken for granted that there is an almost universal consensus of opinion among practical men, who look broadly at the question, that there would be no surplus agricultural labour in the United Kingdom, but the contrary, if we were only doing our duty by the land that is now supposed to be under cultivation; putting aside, as irrelevant to the present argument, all questions as to the eight millions or more acres of cultivable land now lying waste. The labourer has no need to dread the "kittle o' steam." Not only is he now sufficiently educated to perceive that more machinery means more employment at far higher wages in the iron forges and foundries, but he also knows that, so far as agricultural machinery goes, it does not imply any lessening of the numbers employed in agriculture. It is true that the steam plough, and the various machines used for the ingathering of the harvest, deprive many of the extra employment and sudden rise in wages that was usual at special seasons. But the high cultivation, necessary to repay the habitual employment of expensive mechanism, requires even more permanent labourers in the various departments of actual agriculture than were requisite under the old system. Here, then, are three facts:—Firstly, the tillers of the soil are diminishing in numbers. Secondly, our home food-supply is on the decrease instead of being on the increase in proportion to our population. Thirdly, an organization of much power is devoting itself to the still further decrease of the agricultural population.

Seeing, however, the actual danger to the State that follows from this country growing more and more dependent on foreign countries for its food supplies—a danger that might prove of overwhelming magnitude in the event of a war involving the interests of the grain-producing nations—how is it that the National Agricultural Labourers' Union can gain the support and practical sympathy of so large a section of the community, when it appears to be engaged on a mission of expatriation that cannot but intensify these serious evils? One answer to this is to be found in the mournful condition of the peasantry. The first and second reports of the Commission on the Employment of Children, Young Persons, and Women in Agriculture, together with their voluminous appendices, made public in 1868-9, point to such a condition of things throughout our rural districts (with the exception of a few of the northern counties) as must bring the blush of shame to any honest Englishman. A more piteous array of powerless poverty—a blacker catalogue of national blunder, national disgrace, and national crime has probably never been published by any civilised Government. The public now knows, or ought to know, the contents or at least the pith of these volumes. There is now no intention on our part to drag these matters once again into the daylight, but it is worth while to note that these reports do not, indeed cannot well, err on the side of exaggeration. The Commissioners were for the most part cadets of

titled families, or closely connected with the landowners' interests. Their prejudices, if any, were on the side of the present holders; their questions were asked of the squires or parsons, and their evidence obtained from the farmers individually or in their collective capacity of guardians of the poor. It is seldom that any statement derived directly from the labourer finds a place in their pages. All this adds no little weight to the value of these reports, as affording unvarnished details of the miseries reported in them; and should any one, who has not had practical experience of country life, desire to reach the truthful mean between the statements of the men on the one side and the farmers on the other, as they now appear in the public prints, let him turn to these volumes. There he will be able to ascertain the rate of wages and the value of perquisites as they were estimated by the masters themselves before this quarrel broke out. It will then be seen on which side the sin of exaggeration lies.

Those pages prepared the public mind to sympathize with the efforts of Joseph Arch and his coadjutors; and when it was seen that emigration was after all the most immediate cure for the partial lock-outs, of more or less obstinacy, that have broken out within the last twelve months, and more especially for the great lock-out now raging, hardly a voice was raised to bid the Union pause, because of the national evil that might ensue. No one could hesitate to advise the individual labourer to leave his country, for, in nine cases out of ten, he would find in our colonies, or in the States, that prospect of a brighter future, both for himself and for his children, which is denied him in the land of his birth. Emigration has, too, come to be regarded by superficial minds as inevitably possessing the twice-blessed quality of mercy—the quality of advantaging those that remain as well as those that depart. There is no necessity to point further than the shores of Ireland to prove that emigration, even of the most wholesale description, does not always raise the wages or make the lot more endurable of those that remain at home. But some there are, both of the leaders of the labourers, and of those who are giving influential aid, who regard this emigration as a cure, though rather a desperate one, for the evil that they see and deplore. They believe that nothing short of a continued exodus of the peasantry will rouse our sluggish statesmen to the real gravity of the issue; and it is hoped that when our statisticians and agriculturists in general find, as they must find in a few short years, a great and growing diminution in our crops, that then perchance they will turn themselves (to use the words of Mr. Cliffe Leslie), “to the importance of making it the well-grounded hope of every industrious and thrifty farm labourer to acquire a little farm of his own.” It cannot, then, be too often repeated that one of the most potent arrows in the quiver of the Labourers' Union is the weapon of emigration. It cannot fail to force on our land question. Some-

thing will have to be done to induce our labourers to stay at home. The legislation and general policy for the last hundred years of our two Houses of Landowners, with respect to the land, will have to be undone ; or else the decline of England will commence, only to be arrested by a cataclysm.

This brings us to the consideration of the present political power of the labourers. Can any reasonable man, whether Tory or Radical, doubt that they have at the present moment more political power than the farmers? The opinion of the *Mark Lane Express*, already quoted, is on this point conclusive. They have more political power in that they are nearing its actual goal—the franchise, year by year ; and their wishes as the larger class will in time be the more consulted. It is through them that the farmers will obtain tenant-right ; it is through them that the game-laws will be abolished. The Union is passing them through a good school of political education by urging on them the necessity of exercising the franchises that they already possess. School-board elections, in the few rural districts to which the dilatory Act of 1870 has reached, have a fair share of their attention, and it is one of the most healthy signs of the movement that the men seem to be everywhere eager for schools in the control of the ratepayers. The *Labourers' Union Chronicle* for June 6th, gives an account of the proposed establishment of a school-board at Cropthorne, Worcestershire, which may be regarded as a sample of other similar struggles. The vicar, who was very hostile to the proceedings, presided at a meeting to take the matter into consideration, and the formation of a board was strongly opposed in a speech of the resident squire and magistrate, but the motion was carried by a majority of twenty-nine to four, and no poll was demanded. The account concludes : “ the meeting was composed mainly of Unionist labourers, many of whom wore the Union colours, and after the meeting they gave three cheers outside the church for a school-board.” In other places where the labourers suspect a misappropriation of the charity funds, they are taking the matter into their own hands, by the election of their own churchwardens and overseers. They are doing a service to the whole State in stirring up the dry bones of parochial mismanagement, and often we fear speculation, with respect to local charities, especially charity lands. They are bringing once more into daylight an Act, 2 William IV. cap. 42, which four-fifths of our parish authorities have quietly ignored or misunderstood, though it is an Act both in principle and practice of no little importance. By this Act the trustees of lands allotted under enclosure Acts, or otherwise appropriated for the benefit of the poor, are empowered, in conjunction with the churchwardens and overseers, to let this land in quantities of not more than one acre to “ industrious cottagers being day labourers.” This power needs to be much more clearly defined and insisted upon, and a bill to that effect has been introduced this session by Sir Charles Dilke,



Mr. Jenkins, and Mr. Burt. Even as it stands now, the labourers are exercising their newly found power. About three months ago a deputation of labourers of Moreton-in-the-Marsh, Gloucestershire, waited upon Lord Redesdale and the other charity trustees. These labourers were paying at the rate of £8 per acre for their allotments (a very usual sum), and their object was to obtain the eleven and odd acres let at £3 per acre. This Act was pointed out to the trustees, and they felt constrained to carry out its long-neglected intentions. Much to the chagrin of the opponents of the Union, it is now settled that at Moreton the labourers are for the future to have this land, though the trustees did think proper to raise the rental from £3 to £5 per acre, and to give the present tenant eighteen months' notice to quit instead of the legal six. This again is but a sample of other instances that could be adduced, and it is quoted as an additional reason why that portion of the public who love to see abuses, small as well as great, exposed and defeated, should continue to uphold the power of the labourers.

And here it may be well to say a word upon the question of the Poor Law Guardians. It was stated, in the last number of this Review, with surprising frankness, that in the present arrangement of the Poor Law an important power for subduing the Union of the men was placed in the hands of the farmers. It was pointed out that these Boards consist in the main of farmers and landowners, or their agents, and it was admitted that they not unfrequently use that power for carrying out their personal ends. There was no need for this admission. It is unfortunately a matter of notoriety, and scarcely a single meeting of the executive of the Labourers' Union has been held since the commencement of the movement at which instances of this oppression have not been brought forward. The generosity of the farmers with respect to out-door relief, as compared with the town Boards, is anything but creditable to the farmer, as it is obvious that in this way the rates have been used to eke out insufficient wages. But if this is one of the great powers of the farmers, upon which they rely to crush the Union, we fear that they are doomed to disappointment. In this, as in other matters, their power is on the wane. Politicians of both our great parties, who have given their attention to local taxation, have admitted the evils of the present system of electing guardians, which confines the choice of the electors to so limited an area; and it is sure to meet with a more or less speedy change, whenever that great question is handled. The machinery by which guardians are elected is the most complicated of all systems that have ever been devised.

It admits (by the means of loosely filled-up voting-papers, called for from house to house) of the greatest corruption and fraud, and it cannot let the popular will by accumulating votes in the hands of the landlords in occupier or owner. Though it is not now thought necessary to require any property qualification on a representative of the

people, yet a local representative of the ratepayers has to pay a rental of £40, or he is not eligible for his important post. And yet, notwithstanding this last most heavy impediment, the labourers are here and there finding sympathisers with their Union, whom they are able to carry. No less than three guardians were present at the late conference at Leamington as representatives of the men. The power of the labourers is directing flashes of light into the recesses of these country board-rooms, that will cause no little circumspection in their future conduct. It was but the other day that the vice-chairman of a South Midland Board sternly told an applicant for relief that they would not listen to a Unionist; but the solitary sympathizer with the men was present, and by his means a rebuke was administered to this impertinent official from head-quarters.

The general body of the ratepayers in the country, who often note the fluctuation of the rate and its various causes more closely than their fellow-sufferers of the towns, cannot fail to observe the lessening of their local taxation in the districts where the Union has raised the wages; and this consideration, it is to be hoped, will prevent any blind or long-continued opposition to the movement. This mercenary view may have influenced certain of the independent supporters of the different combinations of the labourers; but we believe that one of the chief reasons that has hitherto secured them outside help has been the marvellous self-restraint that has been shown under the greatest provocations, and the general tone of fairness and moderation that has characterized both their demands and their conduct. It is a great mistake to suppose that the life of a delegate of these Unions is one of easy self-enjoyment. On the contrary, they are but too often exposed to the fate of Joshua Davidson of fiction. After making all due allowance for the irritated feelings of the local employers of labour, who suddenly found "a parcel of strangers" invading the quiet of their rural retreats, and questioning the fitness of the present relationship between employers and employed, it is really difficult to account for the storm of virulence and abuse that descended on the heads of the missionaries of the movement. It has been regretted by some that the language of the delegates, and of the advocates of the Union, has not been chronicled *verbatim* from time to time. For our own part we equally regret that this line of action has not been pursued by the press, convinced as we are that it is only the opponents of the Union that would suffer. Nor has the opposition contented itself with remonstrance. Backed by the advice of a prelate of the Church, actual violence has been resorted to on numerous occasions; but owing to the dependence of the great majority of the local press on territorial or middle-class support, reports of these proceedings have but seldom obtained currency. Every form of magisterial intimidation has been freely resorted to, summonses being taken out on the most trivial grounds for obstruction and riotous conduct. The throwing of rotten eggs, stones, and other

missiles has for the most part remained on the side of the employers. It is not long since one of the well-known members of the executive of the Labourers' Union attended the committee meeting with his arm in a sling and seriously disabled from the attacks of Somersetshire farmers. In short, the organ of the labourers teems with accounts of the brutalities practised upon men who, in spite of all obstacles, are preaching to their fellow-men what they believe to be the gospel of free labour.

Notwithstanding the numberless provocations that they have received, the labourers have hitherto kept their agitation within the most law-abiding and peaceful limits. The *Labourers' Union Chronicle* has recently been most ungenerously attacked by certain of the lukewarm supporters of the men. It is a sufficient answer to those who accuse it of trying wantonly to provoke the feelings of the peasantry, to point to their continued good behaviour, notwithstanding its enormous circulation amongst them; and the blame, if any, is the blame that attaches itself to all those who point out the necessity of reform, in order to avoid the more disagreeable alternative of revolution.

It is an undoubted fact, that this movement is leading us further than was at first suspected by certain cautious spirits, who were anxious for the glory, without the responsibilities, of helping the victors. The determination that the labourers of the Eastern Counties shall not sustain even a temporary defeat grows deeper and sterner day by day. This feeling has culminated at Manchester in the effective demonstration made by the trade unionists of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Cheshire. The dense mass of spectators that greeted the procession at every yard of the miles of streets that were traversed has never been paralleled, either in numbers or enthusiasm, even in a royal progress; and they were not called together by any meretricious display or warlike pomp, but by the simple desire of expressing their overpowering sympathy with the labourers in their strife. For the first time in the history of this nation, the labourers of the town and country are beginning to recognise the community of their interests. The peasantry are admitted to the great trades' councils, whilst the miner of the North and the mechanic of the metropolis vie with each other in the rendering of help. To what this will lead in the future, who can tell? The French Government refused to redress the grievances of the French peasants, and the peasants answered by abolishing the Government. Ernest Jones, in one of his last speeches, said, "to justify rebellion, two considerations are indispensable: firstly, there must be an intolerable grievance; and, secondly, every moral, legal, and constitutional means must have been exhausted before the sword is drawn." The grievance is intolerable, the legal and moral means have been exhausted; we now crave the constitutional, that is, the franchise.

J. CHARLES COX.

## JUSTICE ABROAD.

THERE was a time when justice was nothing but the canonisation of force, but in our highly moral period we indulge the fond conviction that, at last, justice is what it pretends to be; that it is in our hands a glorious fact, the same for all, unvarying, unchanging, uncompromising; marching, hand in hand with mercy, with unfaltering steps, through all latitudes, all climates, and all governments. And yet, of our manifold illusions this is about the biggest and the most absurd. In England we do possess justice in its highest sense; no country can pretend to surpass us in the unwavering application of the code before which we are all equal. But we apply this admirable perfection to ourselves alone; it seems to us to be so immensely good that we cannot make up our minds to give any of it away; we wilfully hoard it up at home and allow none of it to go abroad. Here begins another meaning of the word justice; here it shows itself as a protection for ourselves but not as a guarantee for others; here, to quote La Rochefoucauld, justice becomes "a lively apprehension lest we should lose what we think belongs to us." All this is of course particularly unpleasant to moral people such as we are; so we ask rather angrily for proofs, with a half-instinctive conviction that no proofs of such abominable allegations can be produced. Alas! the proofs are easy enough to give; there are quantities of them, all testifying to the fact that, in justice as in so many other things, we sham because it is lucrative to do so.

The story is humiliating, for it shows us that we are impostors; but it is not dull, partly because its details are peculiar. It is not likely that it will lead us to change our ways of our own accord—we shall probably never make up our minds to voluntarily perform so extravagant an act of virtue—but, at all events, it will tell us what we really are. Here are the facts.

When Solyman the Magnificent was Sultan of Constantinople, there was much war between Christian and Infidel; Vienna was very nearly taken by the Turkish army; Europe trembled; hatred of the Moslem reached a paroxysm of emotion in which fear and rage were amalgamated in similar proportions. This was the state of feeling when Francis I. of France had the cunningness to imagine that it would be a clever trick to ally himself with Solyman against Charles V., and to avenge the defeat of Pavia by bringing the Padischah as an invader into Italy. So he secretly made proposals to the Porte, and he evidently did it cleverly, for he got on so well with the negotiations, that he came to terms with Turkey, and

signed, in 1535, the first amicable convention which was ever made between the Ottomans and a Christian power. But as the former had prejudices of their own, and were of opinion that it would disgrace them to accept a definitive engagement towards unbelievers, they would not call the document a treaty; they limited it to a truce or armistice; and, for that reason, the sixteen articles stipulated between France and Turkey received the name of Capitulations. Directly the other nations heard that Francis had perfidiously accepted an alliance with the arch-enemy of Christendom, a storm of fury arose in Europe; he was called a renegade, a traitor to the common cause; he was threatened with excommunication. The howl against him was unanimous and universal, for a short time at least, until the others had found out that the conditions he had obtained were good for trade. As soon as they discovered that fact, they ceased to reprobate him, in order to become free to imitate him. Within five years Venice obtained capitulations too; all Europe followed successively; Austria got them in 1567, England in 1579, Holland in 1598. Principles were not quite so pretentious then as they are now; but practice was identically the same, for wherever practice could make a profit, principles were thrown over; so Christianity came to terms with Islam—all for money. The arrangements thus effected were limited to a few years; the Turk was proud, and would not bind himself; but they were renewed from time to time; new stipulations were added to them; new facilities and new concessions were granted by the Porte; and, finally, after six successive confirmations by various Sultans, the Capitulations were converted, in 1740, into a regular treaty between France and Turkey. The rights accorded to England were similarly re-granted on several occasions, but they did not assume a treaty shape until 1809.

So far all was natural enough, materially if not morally. There was no pretence of political honesty three centuries ago; the ideas of justice which existed then had not risen to the superfine level at which we now profess to stand; it was but simple that even hatred of the Turk—which in those days implied a loathing of which we have but a small notion now—should fade away if anything could be got by allowing it to subside. So trade was opened with the Levant, and Europeans began to traffic and make money there, and really with much comfort and satisfaction to themselves, for, in his huge disdain for them, the great Solyman, before whom the Western world was trembling, decided that the Franks in his dominions should be excluded from all equality with the Faithful, and therefore admitted into the Capitulations the contemptuous condition that they should be judged between themselves by their own laws and customs. This faculty was accorded to every nation, not as a privi-

lege or a right, but as a mark of inferiority, showing that the Grand Seigneur, in the splendour of his might, would not condescend to grant the same position to "Christian dogs" as to his own subjects. It is important to define this very clearly, for it is the starting-point of the whole narration. It is necessary to remember also that when the Sultan thus told foreign traders to fight out their quarrels between themselves, he had not the faintest idea of the consequences which would result therefrom; he decided, in conformity with his fancies, superbly, carelessly, ignorantly, and without entertaining the smallest notion that he was abandoning one of the essential rights of sovereignty. He did not know that he was acting in flagrant contradiction with the law of nations when he permitted foreign governments to apply their own code in his dominions. These were the conditions under which, for the first time in history, a State resigned its inherent, indisputable prerogative of sole jurisdiction within its territory. And it must be repeated and insisted on that this was no yielding of the weaker to the stronger; it was no act of courtesy, deference, or submission; it was no recognition of inferiority or wrong. This was done by one of the most powerful chieftains of the world—a chieftain of whom other monarchs were heartily afraid.

The Western powers were sharp enough to see all this, and to utilise, for their own advantage, the stupid vanity of a government which was absolutely ignorant of everything that concerned its interests, and which sought for ostentation, not for profit. So they thought they might as well try to extract a little more out of such simpletons, and at the first renewal of its Capitulations in 1569, France obtained that the duties on the importation of its manufactures into Turkey should be fixed at three per cent. *ad valorem*. The English got the same permission at a later period, when the three per cent. had become an "ancient custom," as the treaty calls it. Other nations copied France and England. We need not however follow out the process all over Europe; we can limit ourselves to its English details, which alone interest us here. History does not tell us what use we made of our Capitulations for the first few years after we had signed them; but, in 1606, we proceeded to lease the working of them. Monopolies were usual in those days; it was therefore quite natural that the Governor and Company of Merchants of England trading to the Levant Seas should be entrusted with the execution of the convention as a private venture, with the right of naming their own consuls in Turkish territory, and of administering British justice to British subjects, through the consuls so appointed. This arrangement, which appears to us now to be stupendously impossible, shocked nobody at the time. The Turks did not care the least about it, and the English of the period thought that nothing was more

legitimate than to work a treaty by contract with a trading company, to allow that company to dispense woollens, earthenware, hardware, and law, and to exchange the king's justice for figs and currants. In this way took root and commenced to grow our first plantation of justice abroad. It was the origin of the institution now known by the name of Consular Jurisdiction. The beginning was worthy of the end.

Things went on. The Capitulations were renewed, increased, extended, and confirmed. The Turks grew weak; the Christians grew strong. The Turks grew poor; the Christians grew rich. The brilliant days of Solymán passed away; Turkey drifted into difficulties; whilst Europe, which had appeared so timidly and so respectfully at Constantinople in the sixteenth century, became exacting, absolute, and tyrannical in the nineteenth. The conditions which had been generously granted in 1535, as a temporary gift from superior to inferior, slowly changed their character. Originally, they were momentary authorisations accorded by a powerful Sovereign, acting in the plenitude of his pride, his strength, and his ignorance; they were subject to withdrawal at his pleasure; but two hundred and fifty years afterwards the entire position had become changed; the Capitulations then no longer conveyed exceptional advantages dependent on the good-will of an independent and capricious ruler; they had been developed, by degrees, through time and changes, with much cunning and much persistence, into definite engagements enforced and rendered obligatory by formal treaties.

Still, strange to say, notwithstanding this radical modification of the situation, the Levant Company continued to traffic and to deal out law; to distribute judgments to its subjects and dividends to its shareholders; its chairman accumulated the functions of wholesale grocer and chief-justice of the Levant; his attention oscillated from a trial for forgery to otto of roses—from a verdict for the plaintiff to goats' hair and sponges. The Company lived on, with these varied occupations, until 1825, when at last the scandal of allowing the law of England to be administered, civilly and criminally, in the name of a Board of Directors, grew too outrageous. An Act of Parliament in that year, suppressed the Company, threw open trade with Turkey, and transferred the hearing of English cases in the Ottoman dominions to consuls named directly by the Crown. To Turkey this change was imperceptible; she had sanctioned the application of foreign laws by foreign judges within her territory, and she did not care how that application was carried into force. But to us the direct intervention of our Government in Turkey was another step towards the realisation of the curious theory which we have gradually built up, that wherever Manchester sends calico, in

Africa or Asia, Downing Street is bound to simultaneously send laws and lawyers to protect the calico.

Encouraged by our success at Constantinople, we proceeded to try to obtain the same concessions from the states of the Barbary coast. We said to the Deys and Beys who ruled there that it would be very advantageous to everybody if they were to take the Capitulations for a model, and to sign contracts with us on similar terms. But the Africans were not easy to persuade; they were evidently suspicious that we were deluding them; the first treaties with them distinctly show that they resisted our invitations. Tripoli alone gave way at once; in 1662 she agreed with us that "the subjects of his Majesty, in difference between themselves, shall be subject to no determination but that of the Consul." Tunis, who was wiser, would not hear of this the first time it was suggested; the only concession she would grant at that same date was that "the Consul or any other of the English nation, residing in Tunis, shall not be forced to make his addresses, in any difference, to any court of justice, but unto the Dey himself, from whom only they shall receive judgment." In 1716, however, we got on further, for then the action of the foregoing clause was limited "to cases which should happen between a subject of Great Britain and another of this Government or of any other foreign nation," and it was added that "cases between his Britannic Majesty's subjects are to be decided by the British Consul only." In the same treaty we furthermore obtained that the duty on the entry of our goods to Tunis should be limited to three per cent. It was not till 1721 that Morocco granted to our consuls the right of settling disputes between Englishmen—difficulties between Englishmen and natives continuing to be judged by the king alone. In 1751 another step was gained. It was then arranged that all suits between Englishmen and Moors should be heard conjointly by the consul and the governor of the city. This latter condition was confirmed in 1791, and in 1801 we struggled on once more and put into the treaty then concluded the clause that "disputes between Moors and Englishmen shall be decided by the English Consul, provided the decision be conformable to the Moorish law." This, however, was too much for the Emperor's good temper. He refused to ratify the article, and insisted that such disputes "shall be decided by the governor, the chief judge, and the British Consul, and in case either of the parties disapprove of the decision, he is at liberty to appeal to the Emperor."

Analogous conditions have been successively extracted by various means from Persia, Muscat, Siam, and Japan. In all these countries English subjects are now amenable to their Consul only as regards disputes between themselves, and to the tribunals of the nationality



of the defendant in disputes between Englishmen and natives. In China we go further still and refer all cases in which our countrymen are interested, either with each other or with Chinese, to our Consuls, who, "if they cannot arrange them amicably, shall request the assistance of the local authorities and decide equitably."

In the same way and at the same time we have everywhere obtained that our goods shall be imported into all these countries at duties of either three or five per cent.

We are continuing to apply to Eastern nations this double system of tariffs and jurisdiction, of goods and judges. To attain those ends, we use all sorts of means, from courteous invitations to bombardments. We prefer to employ mere eloquence, because it is cheap and easy; but if talking fails we follow it up by gunboats, and, in that convincing way, we induce hesitating "barbarians" not only to accept our two unvarying conditions, but, also, to pay the cost of the expedition by which their consent to these conditions was extorted from them. We tried patience and polite proposals with Tunis, Tripoli, and Morocco. China was so unwilling to listen to our advice, so blind to the striking merits of our opium and our consuls, that we were obliged, with great regret, to resort to gentle force with her. Japan presents the most curious example of the series; it is made up of ignorance circumvented and of indignation frightened. Indeed, if we had space for it, the story of the Japan treaties would be worth telling, because it is a very special one, because it is the newest triumph of our justice abroad, and because it may be taken as indicative of our present "manner," as painters say. Unfortunately we have not room for so long a tale.

Thus far we have talked of facts alone; we will now turn to theory: it is less amusing, but it is equally instructive. Everybody knows, in substance, that, in virtue of their sovereign privileges of independence and equality, all states possess, among other properties, the two rights of exclusive jurisdiction within their frontiers, and of fixing the conditions on which they will allow other nations to come and trade with them. It is quite unnecessary to quote arguments out of Vattel, Kluber, Heffter, Wheaton, Laurence, Phillimore, and Calvo, in support of these essential principles of national relationship, or to copy pages out of the statute books of all Christian countries as evidence of their material application. But it is essential to remind our readers that these principles do exist; that they constitute indispensable and inherent elements of the *Droit des Gens*; that, without them, we are unable to conceive the existence of reciprocal independence between states; that non-intervention in the details of each other's interior government is the very first condition of the liberty of nations. And yet, after laying down these laws with unhesitating unanimity, in the grandest

phrases, with an unction and a conviction which remind one of St. Paul before Agrippa; after declaring as if it were as evident as daylight (which it is) that the rights of equality and independence belong to all nations without exception, and with no distinction of shape, quantity, or reality, the legists all go on to say, with the same grave unanimity, that, unfortunately, there are cases where these universal rights cannot be applied. On one page we read, almost with enthusiasm, the finest theories about the imprescriptible privileges of states, about uncompromising principles, unchanging laws, undying dogmas, and all the great imperial attributes of peoples; we turn the leaf, and, suddenly, we discover, with a recoiling shiver of astonishment, that all these self-evident, inborn properties of independent sovereignty, which we were told just now were necessarily and identically the same for everybody, are, after all, mere accidents of geographical position; that they belong only to certain states, and not to others, and that they may be destroyed by treaty. The universal, inalienable, grand reality that we were contemplating just now with respect and admiration turns out to be an illusion and a sham. If we require it for use in Europe or America it retains the rigid earnestness, the severe unbendingness of a highly respectable policeman who knows that he is being watched by a suspicious householder from behind a shutter; but if its destination be Africa or Asia, its whole nature changes like a dissolving view, and presents a picture of that same policeman when, suspending the performance of the comedy of respectability and duty, he sneaks off his beat down the area steps.

Such is the theory of Consular Jurisdiction. It is based upon the inversion of all the rules which guide our conduct towards each other; it is a negation of every condition which we apply between ourselves; it is a contradiction of all our notions of mutual obligations. But it is very profitable, and that is why we hold to it. Its advocates—for there are men of various kinds who have the bravery to stand up in its defence—assert that our trade in Africa and Asia would be destroyed if we were to leave our countrymen to the mercies of oriental jurisprudence; and that, consequently, we are bound to go on claiming jurisdiction over them, so as to protect them against the possible inconveniences of the local code. But even if it were true—which it is not—that none of the tribunals of these countries are fit to be entrusted with the responsibility of judging Englishmen, how is it that we have consented to leave our countrymen to the judgment of those very tribunals in all the cases in which natives are defendants? It is not easy to understand why, if we can safely accept Eastern justice in trials where we are plaintiffs, we should not equally admit it when we occupy the opposite position. Without insisting on that difficulty—though no answer

to it is forthcoming—let us go on and ask whether the quarrels of English subjects between themselves in foreign lands are, after all, matters of such grave importance to the mother country that they justify us in trampling on other nations, in extorting from them consents which we in their place would never grant, in forcing them to abandon all the rights of liberty and independence, which we hold so high. If we are prepared to say that this system is a right one, and that we intend to resolutely maintain it, let us, at all events, do so with our eyes open, with a full knowledge of the nature of our act; and, in order to thoroughly comprehend it, let us go back once more to the authorities on international relations, and let us see how they manage to justify these proceedings.

Directly we consult them with this object, we are struck by the marked difference between the sort of language which they employ to explain the exception to the universal law and that which they used just now to define the law itself. For the latter purpose they were pompous, demonstrative, and admirably distinct; for the former they are hesitating, uncomfortable, and meandering. Phillimore gently tells us that “the laws and usages of Eastern countries, where Christianity does not prevail, are so at variance with all the principles, feelings, and habits of European Christians, that they have usually been allowed, *by the indulgence or the weakness of the potentates of those countries*, to retain the use of their own laws.” This must certainly have been a harassing sentence to compose; it must have cost the learned author a bitter struggle to admit that we—we, the magnificent and authentic British lion, with a huge mane, an immeasurable tail, and several rows of teeth—have condescended to work upon “the indulgence and the weakness” of ignorant or terrified pagan sovereigns, in order to protect our commercial travellers amongst the descendants of Ham and Shem. It would have been a simpler, an honester, and a grander attitude to have said quietly to these distant monarchs, “I trust my subjects to your wisdom and generosity; if you treat them fairly, I shall thank you; if you treat them badly, I shall punish you.” If we had acted in this sort of way, without deception, proclaiming the intention to avenge any unjust usage of our people, we should have gained a character for fair dealing as a nation, our trade would certainly not have suffered by our frankness, and we should not have placed our law-book makers in the difficulty where they now find themselves.

Calvo is another of these distracted authors. After depicting tenderly, like all the others, the beauty of independence and equality and sovereign rights,—after holding up all these unfading brilliances to our gaze, he has humbly to go on to say, “the principles here developed can only be applied to Christian nations. Moham-  
medan and oriental races are treated in a different manner, in con-

*sequence of the rules by which they have bound themselves towards European governments ;*" and then he adds that these rules constitute " an altogether exceptional system, based on treaty stipulations and on usages which have acquired the force of law." Laurence alone has had the courage to confess that " if we examine the relations between the Western nations and the independent Eastern states with which regular treaties have been concluded, we immediately recognise that a very different international system has been applied in these cases from that which is observed in the reciprocal dealings of European countries." Examples might be multiplied almost indefinitely ; for, excepting only Laurence, all the writers use virtually the same phrases ; they all agree that Consular Jurisdiction has grown up, in flagrant opposition to all the laws which regulate the mutual attitude of nations, because we have coaxed or frightened Eastern sovereigns into granting it, and because, when once we had deluded them into signing a treaty on it, we have held them to that treaty as tightly as if it were a marriage bond.

Is it an excuse for us that all other European nations have done the same ? If so, each member of a band of robbers is innocent because he possesses comrades. And even if this companionship absolved us, would our pride be satisfied to take shelter behind the sins of other people ? The only practical way to look at it is as a question concerning ourselves alone, and involving no one's interests or dignity but our own. We can then determine whether we will seek for profit or for fair play. By our present plan it is impossible to conciliate the two ; we ought either to turn absolutely honest ; or to acknowledge that we are dishonest. If we decide to adopt the latter plan, we should frankly say to Asiatic governments, " We don't care one straw about virtue or truth or justice, or any such absurdities ; we want to make money out of you—that is our one object. For that purpose we mean to go on forcing you—because we are strong—to receive our manufactures at the rate of tariff which pleases us, and to admit our justices and our justice within your territory. We shall not change this, because we find it lucrative. So say no more about modifying treaties, and don't talk nonsense about honesty and right. We don't seek to be polite to you ; we want profit out of you, and we mean to have it, or else—gunboats." Or, on the other hand, we could courageously announce to the astonished world that, much as we like money, we like fair play better—that our predecessors deceived and bullied in other days, and took in " barbarians," and robbed them ; but that we are now ashamed of it, and don't mean to go on doing it—that the political rights of infidels are the same as those of Christians, and that we shall henceforth recognise those rights—that if our traders choose to go to Lassa or Timbuctoo in search of profit, they must do

so at their own risk and peril—that it is not the business of this country to go on acting meanly and illegally, with the sole object of facilitating the gains of people who trade with Africa or Asia.

Let us finish by looking at the subject from a different point of view, by supposing the realisation of certain circumstances which might change the entire aspect of the question. Thus far, we have talked of gunboats as a solution of all difficulties which may arise in consequence of resistance or revolt on the other side; but gunboats, notwithstanding the very remarkable merits which they possess, and the very various uses to which they can be put, can scarcely be regarded as a universal medicine suited to all the maladies of Eastern commercial treaties. A situation might arise in which we should be rather puzzled what to do, or in which real English justice might suddenly stand up in a bad temper, and say, “I will have no more of this prostitution of my name; I am what I pretend to be, and I will not be degraded and disgraced in this way.” Let us suppose a case, and consider how we should deal with it if really it arose. Let us imagine that we find one morning in the *Times* a protest from the king of the Gobi Desert (one of the potentates from whom we have extorted Consular Jurisdiction and cheap customs duties); and to make the hypothesis distinct, let us conceive that the document runs somewhat as follows:—

“The Government of the Gobi Desert wishes to present some observations to the Government of England with reference to the treaty which at present binds them to each other.

“At the time when that treaty was first agreed the inhabitants of Gobi knew absolutely nothing of European habits, laws, or principles, and the only arms they had were bows and arrows. They were as weak as they were ignorant. This being their condition, a British war-ship sailed up their great river one day, fifty years ago, and its captain said, ‘I have come to make a treaty.’ The Gobi Government of that period replied, with natural indignation, ‘We don’t want a treaty; we don’t know you: and if you don’t go away immediately down the river, we shall send out warriors in a canoe to destroy you.’ Thereupon, as history relates, the captain shot at the peaceful inhabitants of Gobi city, killed twenty-nine of them, and set fire to the palace of the king. The arguments thus employed did not permit either resistance or discussion; the Government of Gobi consented to make a treaty; but as it had no idea what a treaty was, or what ought to be put into it, the Government accepted, with its eyes shut, the form of treaty which the captain was pleased to indicate. Then the captain went away again, carrying his treaty with him. We burnt the people he had killed, and we rebuilt the palace he had burnt.

“A year afterward another ship appeared. The captain landed,

and with him came an Englishman, who said he was the Consul, and that he had come to judge disputes between our subjects and his countrymen. We did not understand him, but he told us it was in the treaty, so we did not say anything for fear of cannon.

"Then more Englishmen began to come to Gobi, bringing with them opium and brandy; our people bought these things from them, and became, in consequence, very wicked. So the Government told the Consul that it would not allow any more such things to be brought to Gobi, because they did damage to our people: but the Consul laughed, and said, 'It is in the treaty.' The Government looked again at the treaty (which it had never comprehended), and saw a clause in it which gave Englishmen the right to bring into Gobi and to sell all manner of goods, on condition of paying to the Government three per cent. Directly the Government understood this it complained to the Consul, who laughed again with much contempt, and said, 'It is in the treaty.' At last the Government got very angry, and told the Consul it would break so abominable and unjust a treaty, but the Consul laughed once more, very contemptuously indeed, pointed to the ship, and said, 'Bombardment.'

"So the Government discovered that Gobi had become a sort of property of this Consul, and it was very much annoyed and felt ashamed. But, as the treaty was only made for twenty years, the Government decided to wait in patience, and to avoid being shelled, with the design of putting an end to the horrible treaty as soon as the twenty years expired. When that time came the Government told the Consul (it was not always the same Consul, but all the holders of the post were alike) that the treaty was finished, and that he could go away. History tells us that the Consul laughed more violently than ever, and that he exclaimed to our Minister of Foreign Affairs (he had obliged us to create a functionary of that name), 'Treaty finished! Treaties never finish. A treaty once made goes on for ever. Besides, the clause you speak of says only that the treaty shall be *revised*. I am quite ready to revise it.' Our Government looked at the treaty once more, found out that this was true, and said, with a deep groan, 'Well, if we can't put an end to it, let us revise it; so strike out those two clauses about Consular Jurisdiction and the right of importing everything at a duty of three per cent.' Thereat the Consul laughed so much that we hoped he would be suffocated, but he came round again, and answered, 'Poor foolish people, revision gives no rights to *you*, it only gives rights to *us*; the reason being that we have ships and that you have not.' So we had to sign another treaty, confirming all the old conditions and adding many new ones. After this the English became singularly insolent and brutal; they all treated us as if we were despicable and contemptible; the newspapers they published in our country were full

of abuse of us in very vulgar language; but the jurisdiction clause did not permit us to interfere, and when we spoke about it to the Consul he said that it was 'all right.'

"After a time there arose in Gobi a desire for instruction; we opened schools; we learned to read English books; we sent young Gobians abroad to study European teaching, and, by degrees, we found out many things of which we had not suspected the existence. Profiting by this first insight into knowledge, we imitated Europe, and silently, without telling anybody, we instituted a Commission to examine into the nature of the relations between European states. That Commission went to Paris and to London, and to many other places, under pretence of buying brandy (for the Consul was so hard on us that we did not dare to let him know what we were about), and, two months ago, it presented its report to the Government of Gobi.

"Thus far we have spoken here historically, as slaves of the English treaty; now we are going to speak morally, as becomes a free and independent nation.

"When first you sought us out you found us powerless and ignorant; we understood absolutely nothing of the demands which you addressed to us; we possessed neither ships nor forts, nor troops nor guns; we were as unable to appreciate the conditions which you called upon us to admit as we were incapable of resisting them by arms. Blindly and impotently we accepted them; in our weakness and inexperience we could but yield; you obtained our signature to stipulations of which we in no way comprehended the injustice, the gravity, or the consequences. We submitted to the dictation of superior strength and superior knowledge; we allowed you to impose on us a customs' tariff for your goods, and to deprive us of all jurisdiction over your citizens within our territory.

"For many years we continued to remain ignorant of the true signification of these events. So long as we were isolated from the world, so long as we had no opportunity of examining not only the material causes of the prosperity of states, but, still more, the motives and the objects which guide their policy, it was natural that we should rest silent under engagements which, though we suspected them to be monstrously unjust, we were unable to measure by the standard which you yourselves apply.

"Now, however, our position has become different.

"We have learned that absolute independence of interior action, and absolute equality of exterior relationship are rights which are claimed by and accorded to every state in Europe and America, however small its population, however limited its influence, and whatever be its form of government. We have thus acquired the proof that the sentiment of universal justice exists, and is applied everywhere without hesitation and without discussion.

"It has become evident to this Government, that the one object of Great Britain in forcing it to accept this treaty, has simply been to render trade more advantageous for English citizens. In other and clearer words, we have been constrained to adopt international obligations, which every Christian people would reject with anger and disdain, to assume a position of absolute inferiority, to abandon our sovereign right of equality and independence, in order that a certain number of your traders may make a larger profit out of their transactions with our people. Reduced to its reality, defined in its true sense, this is what our treaty means.

"And you tell us that, as we have once signed this treaty, it must go on for ever. You inform us that a signature extorted from our ignorance and our fear is to bind us as long as our two nations last. You point to Turkey as a precedent, and you assert that the 'principles' of Consular Jurisdiction and cheap tariffs are admitted by all Eastern countries, and that we must bear our fate like all the others.

"We might have gone on bearing it in silence, as we have done for fifty years, if, amongst the information which we have recently acquired, there were not one more fact which we have not mentioned yet. We have discovered that there is in Europe a force more powerful than gunboats, of which Ministers and Governments have to take account, which influences emperors and kings, before which even Consuls tremble. That force is Public Opinion, and we place ourselves in its succouring hand.

"We claim to fix our tariffs without dictation from abroad; we claim to judge the crimes committed by foreigners in our territory; we claim the power of punishing Englishmen who insult us, and we entreat Public Opinion to grant these claims. If England thinks that our laws are too barbarous to be applied to English subjects, we shall presume to ask, modestly and gently, that Englishmen will be pleased to stay away from us until we have civilised ourselves sufficiently to be worthy of their contact. In the name of the pride which we now know that nations cherish, do not let Europeans ill treat us and make money out of us both at once.

"For these motives we declare—not to a Consul whom we fear and hate, but to the entire British nation—that we will not renew our present treaty, and that if England sends a fleet to frighten us into submission we will accept destruction rather than injustice."

What should we reply to a proclamation such as this? Should we go to war upon it? Should we send a fleet to Gobi to force it to renew engagements of which the whole history is a shame? Or should we wake up to a sense of the ill that we have done, own that the Government of Gobi is right, and that we are wrong, and declare that we will have no more of this? FREDERICK MARSHALL.



## CRITICAL NOTICE.

*Sensation and Intuition : Studies in Psychology and Aesthetics.* By JAMES SULLY, M.A. H. S. King & Co. 1874.

THIS volume contains thirteen Essays on Psychology, part of them on theoretical points, and the remainder on applications to practice, chiefly in the departments of Fine Art. The more exclusively theoretical essays are two with reference to Evolution as applied to Mind, one on the experimental researches in Sensation, one on Belief, and one on Free-will. The title of the first essay is, "The Relation of the Evolution Hypothesis to Human Psychology;" and the author's purpose is to inquire "what relation the evolution hypothesis bears to pre-existing psychology; what additional means it offers for elucidating the facts of human consciousness; and how far, if it be finally accepted as a verified truth, a distinct science of the human mind is desirable, or even possible." Reviewing the bearings of evolution as applied to mind, Mr. Sully seeks to show that the deeper our acquaintance with the individual mind, the less room does there appear for inherited idea or instinctive action. The study of the mind as it now stands is the sole basis of all the great practical applications of mental science; and, however well verified the evolution doctrine may become, there will still be an advantage in carrying on a separate investigation of the individual human mind. Nor must we omit the difficulties in the way of proving the hereditary transmission of mental powers, if not in actions, at least in regard to the emotions. For one thing, the estimate of the brute consciousness is very far from exact. The poverty of the external signs is only a part of the case: the wide dissimilarity to our own mind is not duly allowed for, and we commit the error of interpreting animals too much by means of ourselves. In illustration of this tendency, Mr. Sully criticises some of Darwin's expressions applied to animals, as "the sense of beauty" in birds, "remorse" in the more intelligent quadrupeds, which phraseology he shows to be unsuitable and misleading. The essay concludes with an estimate of the bearing of evolution on the great question of the relativity of human ideas and beliefs; and notices more especially the difficulty that must attend any attempt to account for our supposed intuitions of an Absolute or unknowable entity, seeing that, by the very supposition, intuitive belief is generated by continuous and iterated experience.

The second essay is a brief but interesting account of the new theory of Emotional Expression, growing out of the evolution hypothesis; the text being Darwin's recent work. Mr. Sully, while doing justice to the merits of the new views as filling up a serious gap in our means of accounting for facial expression, calls attention to a defect of some consequence, namely, the insufficient recognition of the difference (on the physical side) between pleasure and pain. The theory of nervous diffusion is based too exclusively on mere intensity of feeling: a pain and a pleasure of equal degree are assumed to excite equal muscular manifestations; and although, in the detailed illustration, Mr. Darwin gives emphatic examples of the prostrating effects of painful shocks, as contrasted with the exhilaration of pleasure, he does not provide a general

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principle for embracing this opposition between pleasurable and painful agencies.

The third essay will be perused with much interest. It is a *résumé* of the best recent German experiments on the Senses, from which have been obtained several very important generalities regarding the workings of mind. One point is the measurement of the time occupied in the different stages of a sensation: another is the time required for exhausting a nerve, on which depends the prolongation of a state of feeling. The author quotes the numerical results of Helmholtz, Fechner, and Weber on these points, as in the highest degree instructive. There are also some curious attempts to measure degrees of sensibility; the result of which has been a law, enunciated by Fechner, that the more intense a sensation is, the greater must be the addition or diminution of stimulus in order that the sensation may undergo an appreciable change of degree. Mr. Sully expounds, at some length, the applications of this law in the different senses; and, under the Eye, adverts to the problem of the visual perceptions of space. The great doctrine of Relativity, expressed as the necessity of change to our being conscious, comes within the sweep of these experiments, and is at once confirmed as a general principle and made more precise in its statement. Another psychological truth receiving verification, in the course of the researches, is the dependence of all distinct mental life on the exercise of some degree of attention. Finally, Mr. Sully brings out the results of Helmholtz and others as to the origin of our idea of space, showing that the drift of the whole is more favourable to derivation than to intuition.

It is in the essay entitled, "Belief, its Varieties and its Conditions," that Mr. Sully best shows his powers as an acute and original analyst of the human consciousness. In the compass that he gives to the subject of belief, there spring up some of the greatest subtleties of our mental constitution. To say in which of the departments of the mind—Feeling, Action, Intellect—Belief has its immediate origin, is one of the very nicest of problems. Inasmuch as there must always be present some statement of matter of fact, the first suggestion is to make belief an intellectual state, which state may be largely influenced, no doubt, by feeling or emotion. But as there is no apparent intellectual difference between an affirmation that we believe and one that we disbelieve, it would seem that believing is something different from knowing or merely conceiving. Now we are aware that Action is a practical test of belief, and the question arises, Is the state constituted by some active impulse concurring with an intellectual operation? Mr. Sully dissents from the view that would regard the active impulses, expressed by spontaneity and volition, as the main or essential fact of volition, and reduces these to the rank of subsidiary or modifying conditions, like the feelings generally. He submits, as the primitive germ of all belief, the transition from a sensation to an idea. "In the partial reproduction of a past sensation by the medium of a present idea felt to be like it," he finds the origin of the oldest and most simple form of belief. "In the inexplicable fact that a present idea carries on its face the mark of its origin, we appear to have the last accessible stage in the history of belief." Or we may say, "that belief arises from the inherent tendency of the idea to approximate in character and intensity to the sensation of which it is the offspring." In following out this thesis, Mr. Sully surveys, in a very able manner, the most interesting phenomena of belief; and, in particular,

his illustration of the influence of the feelings on belief may be recommended as thoroughgoing and comprehensive. The writer of such an essay must be ranked as a psychologist of no common order.

The next essay is on "Free-will." It is not an argument against one side of the controversy, and in favour of the other. Assuming that the necessitarian or the determinist view is in accordance with the facts, the author traces the origin and perpetuation of the Free-will doctrine to certain tendencies of the human mind, it being a received maxim that a popular error is not fully dispelled until we have shown how it arose and obtained its holding-ground. In the primitive conceptions of volition, the spectator of voluntary actions was impressed by two aspects of such actions—their apparent spontaneity and their variability, as compared with the actions of external nature. These aspects were easily conjoined with the personal soul, or occult spiritual substance familiar to early thought. The more peculiarly theological stage is characterized by the struggle to reconcile divine providence and human choice. Lastly, the modern speculative doctrine of Free-will is shown by the author to derive its support from a host of tendencies, intellectual and emotional. The discussion is exhaustive, and well calculated to impress the reader with the factitious character of the notion of Free-will.

Essay sixth is on some elements of Moral Self-culture, and is an interesting "tract for the times," considering that so many persons are engaged in contemplating the gradual extinction of religious systems, and in asking how the void is to be supplied—it being assumed that religion embodies certain perennial strivings after moral excellence, which mankind cannot afford to discard along with their present foundations in the supernatural. The author's acuteness in psychological analysis serves him well in this attempt. He examines the essential features of the idea of duty and of religious self-discipline, and resolves them into their constituent intellectual and emotional operations. The practice of moral reflection, the fixing of the mind periodically on the standards of virtue and excellence, will still have the effect of moral culture, from the very laws of our being. Moreover, the particular moral theory that we adopt, whether intuitionist or utilitarian, will not materially influence the formation of the desired habits. In particular, the author is at pains to show, against a prevailing view, that the theory of utility is as favourable to high moral self-culture as either of the two rival theories—the theological and the intuitive.

With the seventh essay, entitled, "The Basis of Musical Sensation," commences the author's contributions to the theory of Fine Art, occupying the larger half of the volume. The subject of music is handled under three heads—(1) the basis of musical sensation; (2) aspects of beauty in musical form; (3) the nature and limits of musical expression. It is not enough to say that these papers are searching and thorough. The distinguishing feature that they possess, in common with the rest of the work, is the absence of all flights and hobbies. There is a calm, judicial estimate of every influence that can be supposed to enter into the peculiarly complex working of fine-art productions, together with a peculiar subtlety in discerning and stating the various constituents. In the impossibility of giving in a short notice even a specimen of these investigations, we may say that within two hundred pages is compressed the most comprehensive and also the most detailed review of the principles of fine art, in the two departments of music and literature, that has yet been given to the world.

A. BAIN.

THE

# FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

No. XCII. NEW SERIES.—AUGUST 1, 1874.

## THE FIRST PARTITION OF POLAND.<sup>1</sup>

THERE are few historical events upon which the public opinion of Europe in this century has been so unanimous as in its judgment of the catastrophe by which the unhappy Polish commonwealth was brought to ruin. It presented a tragic spectacle,—that of a nation, once mighty and renowned, sinking by its own fault into weakness and corruption, and three rapacious neighbours taking advantage of its weakness, and, entirely unprovoked, falling upon their prey with brutal violence to maltreat, to despoil, and destroy. The human feeling of sympathy with the distressed was here appealed to, as well as the moral detestation of aggressive violence; and, especially since 1830, every Liberal throughout Europe had come to look upon the Poles, struggling for their national restoration, as the allies of his own cause. The Czar Nicholas, who had made “order reign in Warsaw” by dint of cartridges, was the mainstay of Absolutism all over the Continent. It was especially through the passionate debates in the French Chamber of Deputies that this view became dominant among the Liberal party. But one circumstance had a peculiar effect in aiding its diffusion. In former cases, where one nation had been crushed by another, the conqueror was usually enabled to obtain a control over the history of his conquest. We have only the Roman accounts of the overthrow of Carthage, only Frankish accounts of the subjugation of the Saxons and the Slaves by Charlemagne. In the case of Poland it was just the reverse. The whole literature upon this subject was not merely pervaded by the views of Poles and friends of Poland; no other views were ever presented. The partitioning Powers, as Continental bureaucracy was wont to do,

(1) “The Fall of Poland,” by Ssolowjeff (Soloviev), translated into German by Spörer. Gotha, 1865.

“The Occupation of West Prussia,” by Max Duncker. *Journal in Aid of Prussian History*, September and October, 1873.

“The First Partition of Poland,” by Adolf Beer. 3 vols. Vienna, 1873.



kept a profound silence. Frederick the Great alone proved an exception. In his "Memoirs since 1763" he gives an account of the first partition of Poland, briefly and concisely, in his own way, noting the critical moments of that transaction. He shows it to have been not the product of his deliberate purpose and ambition, but an expedient hastily seized upon to avert a threatened European war. Much doubt has been expressed in this instance concerning the veracity of Frederick's "Memoirs." Besides the Polish accusers of Prussia, there were Russian authors who deemed it their patriotic duty in the existing state of European opinion to shift the responsibility from their own Government to that of Frederick. His account, therefore, of the first partition of Poland, was commonly denounced and rejected, if not as mere falsehood, yet as an incomplete, one-sided, and garbled version of the truth.

In almost all these conditions a very considerable change has of late taken place. Since the commencement of Alexander II.'s reign we no longer regard Russia as the stronghold of despotism. In the Polish revolts of 1848 and 1863 Germany saw what dangers their success would have brought upon several millions of German residents beyond the Vistula. No Liberal is at the present day less emphatic in his condemnation of injustice. But those political sympathies and antipathies which inspired our historical views in 1830 have ceased to operate. We have, what is more, at length gained an opportunity of true historical research, from a better acquaintance with the real facts. We now have a far more intimate knowledge than formerly of the internal condition of Poland. Hermann has made known to us the very thorough reports of the Saxon envoys; Prowe, those of the chargé d'affaires for the city of Thorn, which are not less instructive; Theiner, the dispatches of the always well-informed Papal nuncios. A large number of Polish scholars, with highly commendable zeal, have exerted themselves to supply original materials for the history of their country. Finally, even the great partitioning Powers have at length broken the seals of their archives. Russia first began by permitting M. Soloviev to make use of the documents at St. Petersburg relating to the times of Catherine II. Then, almost simultaneously, Duncker at Berlin and Beer at Vienna were enabled to make comprehensive researches in the archives of those capitals; so that we obtain, almost day by day, fresh instruction respecting the actions and motives of the Three Powers. It may now be unhesitatingly affirmed that few important events of recent history are so thoroughly laid open to the eye of posterity, as the first partition of Poland at the present day. Our object here is to give a sketch of this event, derived from the sources of information above referred to.

The Polish national character in all ages has displayed a number of brilliant qualities in a remarkable state of development—impetuous bravery, restless ambition, and intense national pride. But upon a closer view we see no less distinctly an excitability and inconstancy of passion, and a great susceptibility alike of sensual and intellectual pleasures, with a highly winning amiability in personal intercourse. In all these points there seems a certain resemblance between the Poles and the French; and this holds good in one of the most important spheres of mental activity,—that of religion. The masses of both nations show little of the German tendency to independent individuality of religious life. Their religion evaporates in external forms, which may be perfectly discharged without renouncing either personal frivolity or fanatical intolerance. But with all these points of similarity there is also one essential difference between the two nations. While Frenchmen are entirely filled with those ideas of national unity, centralization, and military discipline, which after every revolutionary shock regain their influence over the whole country, the highest political ideal of the Poles is one of personal freedom from restraint; and from the nature of the Polish temperament this sentiment manifests itself in an immoderate and violent degree.

The nation thus constituted by nature had its most brilliant epoch in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries under the kings of the Jagellon dynasty. Those sovereigns knew how to keep their people under a wise and firm control, especially by directing its ebullient energies to foreign conquests. In a series of fortunate wars, they wrested from the Russians the provinces of Red Russia, Little Russia, and White Russia, Podolia, and the Ukraine; from the Germans, those of West and East Prussia, Courland, and Livonia. Of these, West Prussia and Livonia became Polish provinces, while East Prussia and Courland were reduced to a state of vassalage. Henceforth, in the Polish realm, there existed three nationalities; about four-eighths of the whole population were Russians, three-eighths were Poles, one-eighth Germans. There were consequently after the sixteenth century, five different religious confessions in Poland; namely, the Orthodox Greeks; the United Greeks (that is, Catholics who acknowledged the Pope, but observed the Greek ritual); the Roman Catholics; the Protestants of the Lutheran, and those of the Reformed Confession. The Russian subjects of Poland belonged to the Greek Church, while the Germans were Protestants. In the face of this diversity, the Jagellonian kings were sagacious enough, despite the religious fanaticism of their times, to proclaim in several Diets the equal rights of all the confessions.

If we should ask, what sort of constitution was needful for a kingdom so composed, there could be no doubt with regard to two

main principles. The Government must possess important prerogatives, in order to unite this motley group into a whole. Secondly, it must use its powers always in a moderate and liberal spirit, to avoid exasperating the religious and national antipathies. Both these conditions were fulfilled by the Jagellons; both were reversed by their successors. Even the last princes of the old dynasty were no longer able to restrain the increasing licence of the Polish nobility. During the seventeenth century, the Crown became quite powerless; the hereditary succession of kings was set aside; the cities were deprived of their political franchises, and the peasants were subjected to an oppressive serfdom. The nobles were all-powerful against the other classes in the nation, but they did not know how to convert their power into a stable national Government. Each noble considered himself a sovereign prince. He arbitrarily broke up the Diet by the use of his *Liberum Veto*; and what was still worse, he deemed himself authorised by his independent sovereignty to contract alliances with foreign Powers, and to receive subsidies from them. In the old German Empire there were three hundred sovereign States, but in the old Poland there were two hundred thousand. By this process, the power of the State was dissipated and dissolved. Treason was regarded as the most precious right of freedom. Foreign intervention became permanent. From the middle of the seventeenth century, it was simply a question of mere force, what portion of the country should be annexed by a foreign conqueror, or which of the neighbouring Powers should exert a dominant influence over Poland. During the next hundred years, there existed at least five schemes for the partition of Poland. In two of these, the Polish kings were themselves accomplices, seeking by the cession of some provinces to purchase foreign aid for the restoration of their royal power in the remainder.

Under these circumstances, the Russians and Germans subjugated by Poland had naturally but little chance of deriving the advantages of order and guidance from the Polish constitution, which might otherwise have induced them to amalgamate with their rulers. Perhaps it may seem that the weakness of the Polish Government would at any rate have afforded them this advantage: that being undisturbed by a meddling central power, they might have managed their own affairs as they pleased, and so acquired a sense of political progress. But this too was hindered, more especially by the outbreak of religious strife. Towards the end of the sixteenth century, the Order of Jesuits had obtained a predominating influence in Poland; and here, as at Madrid, the political watchword was to place the whole power of the State under the Romish Church, and to declare war against heresy at home and abroad. And thus Poland was involved in long and disastrous foreign wars against Russia and Sweden; while at home, Noncon-

formists of all confessions were severely persecuted; Lutheran churches were destroyed, Greek communities were forced to become Roman Catholic, and dissenters were deprived of rank and office. What wonder that the Russian subjects of Galicia and Podolia, and the Germans in East and West Prussia, remained in lasting estrangement from the ruling power! Or that they were ever looking with longing eyes towards their brethren in race and creed beyond the Polish frontiers! What wonder if, among these neighbours of Poland, though more than a century had passed since the Polish conquests, the idea of recovering lost ground now gained new life!

Meantime, the power of Poland continued to decline. Livonia was lost to the Swedes. Little Russia returned to its allegiance to the Czars of Moscow, after a successful revolt. The Great Elector of Brandenburg, Frederick William, cast off in 1657 the vassalage to Poland which had been imposed on East Prussia. It is highly probable that a disruption of the internally demoralised realm would then have taken place, but for a circumstance which, indeed, was no indication of Polish strength and independence, but rather the reverse. Poland was not, for the present, partitioned by several neighbouring States, simply because one of them—Russia, under Peter the Great—had suddenly developed such power as to be able to take Poland under its sole protectorate. During the great northern war against Charles XII. of Sweden, the King of Poland, Augustus II., was kept upon his throne only by Russian aid. The country was held by Russian garrisons during sixteen years, and in 1736 the new King, Augustus III., was elected to the throne under the protection of Russian bayonets. The all-powerful director of Polish policy was the Russian minister at Warsaw; a great part of the Polish nobility was permanently in the pay of Russia. There were, indeed, conspicuous individual examples in Poland of men who felt the wretchedness of this condition, and who recognised its cause. The rich and powerful brothers Czartorisky in the year 1752 took counsel with the King and his minister, Count Brühl, advising a reform of the constitution to strengthen the royal authority. They were, however, soon embroiled in a personal quarrel with Count Brühl; and the Czartorisky family was so far misled by the traditional idea of the sovereign rights of the nobles, as to form an alliance with the Russian Court. In other words, the Czartoriskys placed themselves at the disposal of the Russian Government, that they might obtain from St. Petersburg the deposition of King Augustus. Under these circumstances, the Russian Government already considered itself master of the whole country, and had no wish to cede a portion of it to another Power. "Europe is accustomed," said the Russian minister, "to see the Polish Government directed from St. Petersburg."

Such was the position of affairs when, in 1762, Catherine II.

ascended the throne of Russia. Everybody knows what ambition filled the mind of this woman; how she longed to bring two quarters of the globe under her rule, or under her influence; and how, above all, she was bent on playing a great part in the affairs of Western Europe. Poland lay between Europe and her empire; she was bound, therefore, to get a firm footing in Poland. Her most effectual course would have been at once to convert Poland into a Russian province. But though Europe was indeed content to see the Polish Government under Russian direction, it was also accustomed to the existence of a Polish Government. Catherine was therefore obliged to admit that the annihilation of that Government could scarcely be carried out without the interposition and participation of the neighbouring Powers. At a later period she found herself, under the pressure of peculiar circumstances, with great reluctance obliged to accept their interposition; but in the earlier years of her reign she was resolutely averse to it. Beer gives us some very interesting information upon this head, from the reports of the Austrian and Prussian embassies. For the moment her object was to bring the Polish Government itself into a state of more complete dependence, and while allowing it to exist in appearance, to make it subservient to her political purposes. On the death of Augustus III. therefore, she would permit no foreign prince to mount the throne of Poland, but selected a native Polish nobleman from the numerous class of Russian hirelings, and cast her eye upon a nephew of the Czartoriskys, Stanislaus Poniatowsky, a former lover of her own. Above all things she desired to perpetuate the chronic anarchy of Poland, so as to ensure the weakness of that kingdom. Both she herself, and still more her minister Panin, were not disinclined to admit some few reforms, so that Poland might be to Russia a convenient and serviceable vassal.

A further desire in Catherine's mind arose from her own peculiar position in Russia at that time. She had deposed her Imperial Consort, deprived her son of the succession, and ascended the throne without the shadow of a title. During the first years of her reign, therefore, her situation was extremely critical. The most direct way to gain popularity—the way of military triumphs—was for the moment denied to her, since Russia was in absolute want of rest after the exertions of the Seven Years' War. All the more eager was her desire to find some other means of rendering herself popular; and she could find nothing more in accordance with the disposition of the Russians, in whose minds Country, Church, and State form one idea, than the protection of the Greek Catholics in Poland. Incredible as it may seem, the frantic fanaticism of the Polish rulers had begun, in the preceding twenty or thirty years, to limit and partially to destroy, by harsh enactments, the ancient rights of the Non-

conformists. By a decree of the Royal Diet in 1716, they were forbidden to build new churches, and those built since 1632 were ordered to be demolished. A decree of 1717 rendered them incapable of becoming senators, deputies, members of a judicial tribunal, or Government commissioners. The members of the Greek Church hereupon appealed to Peter the Great, whose armed intervention, already prepared, was prevented by his death. The offensive decrees were therefore confirmed afresh in 1733 and 1736; the Nonconformists were expelled from the Senate, and declared ineligible, in future, for any post of honour. In the year 1763 a complaint was addressed to Catherine by Konisky, the Greek Bishop of Mohilev, that a hundred and fifty parishes of his diocese had been forcibly Romanised by the Polish authorities. The Empress resolved to recover for the dissenters in Poland at least some of their ancient rights, and thus secure their eternal devotion to herself, and inspire the Russian people with grateful enthusiasm. At this time, however, King Augustus III. was attacked by his last illness. A new king must soon be elected at Warsaw, upon which occasion all the European Powers would make their voices heard. Catherine, therefore, in the spring of 1763, first sounded the Cabinets of Vienna and Berlin, in order, if possible, to gain common ground and their support for her diplomatic action. The reception which her overtures met with at the two courts was such as to influence the next ten years of the history of Poland and Europe. It was also highly characteristic of the two German Governments.

At Vienna, ever since Peter III. had renounced the Austrian alliance, a very unfavourable feeling towards Russia prevailed. The Empress Maria Theresa felt, moreover, a certain religious sympathy with the Catholic Poles. Nevertheless, the fear of consequences made her averse to set herself openly in opposition to the wishes of the powerful Catherine, though she would gladly have placed a Saxon prince on the throne of Poland. The result was that Austria came to no definite resolution, but returned a sullen and evasive reply.

It was far otherwise with Frederick II. of Prussia. That energetic and clear-sighted statesman had his faults, but indecision had never been one of them. He agreed with Catherine in desiring that Poland should remain weak. On the other hand, he failed not to perceive that an excessive growth of Russia, and an abiding Russian occupation of Poland, might seriously threaten him. Nevertheless, he did not waver a moment. After the frightful sufferings, perils, and toils of the Seven Years' War, his only thought at this time was how to secure a lasting peace for his severely tried States. For this he needed a powerful ally. But he knew that he was hated by Austria with a deadly hatred, that France regarded him with cold aversion,

and that he was utterly at variance with England. Russia alone was left, and he unhesitatingly seized her offered hand. In August, 1763, he proposed to the Empress Catherine a simply defensive alliance, but declared his readiness to admit therein such a clause concerning Poland as would answer the purposes of Russia. He had already written to say that he wished to see a Pole chosen King of Poland, but would leave the choice of the person entirely to the Czarina. This Prussian suggestion was more fully worked out at St. Petersburg. It was proposed to him that six articles should be signed, with certain secret provisions, by which were secured the election of a native for the throne of Poland, the maintenance of the *Liberum Veto* (*i.e.*, of the anarchy of the nobles), and the support of the Nonconformists; while it was determined to prevent in Sweden all constitutional reforms. Frederick, who was called upon to protect the West Prussian Lutherans, just as the aid of Catherine had been sought by the Greek Bishop of Mohilev, made no objection. After the death of King Augustus III. of Poland, in October, 1763, Frederick signed the above treaty, April 11th, 1764.

This understanding between the two Northern Powers caused no small degree of excitement at Vienna. It was immediately feared that Prussia and Russia would at once seize on Polish provinces. Prince Kaunitz was of opinion that a partition of Poland would be a bad thing; but if it should take place he thought that Austria must have her share, with the condition that either Silesia should be restored, or the reversion of Bavaria secured to her. This anxiety, however, was altogether premature. No one at St. Petersburg wished for a partition of Poland, but for increased influence over the entire Polish realm. Frederick II., for his part, did not aim at any territorial extension, but would abandon Poland for the time to Russia, that he might secure peace for his country by a Russian alliance. He let Catherine do as she pleased, while he resolutely declined her oft-repeated invitation to send troops of his own into Poland. He always recommended to the Empress moderation in her conduct in this quarter, so as not to drive the Poles to extremities, which might otherwise provoke the intervention of other Powers, and lead to European complications. It is true that at an earlier period, as Crown Prince, he had expressed the opinion that his own State required the incorporation of West Prussia to connect East Prussia with Brandenburg. The correctness of this view was indeed plain to every one who had the map before his eyes. But at this time, in 1764, Frederick II. was no more intent on that acquisition, than Frederick William IV. on the conquest of Hanover. When Count Panin held out to the Prussian envoy the prospect of territorial aggrandizement as a reward for the promotion of Russian interests, Frederick directed his minister to divert the Russians from such

thoughts, which could lead only to difficulties in Europe. What he really wanted, and what he aimed at in his Russian alliance, was the securing of peace, and nothing else.

Meanwhile, matters in Poland proceeded according to the wishes of Catherine. Her path was opened to her by the Poles themselves. It was at the call of the Czartoriskys, that a Russian army corps of 10,000 men entered the country, occupied Warsaw, and put down the opposing party. It was under the same protection, that Stanislaus Poniatowsky was unanimously elected King, on September 1st, 1764. But the Czartoriskys were too clever. They intended, after having become masters of Poland by the help of Russia, to reform the constitution, to establish a regular administration, to strengthen the Crown, and finally to bow the Russians out of the kingdom. The Russian envoy Keiserlingk, who did not thoroughly understand the Polish language, had suffered some expressions of this kind to escape his notice. At his death, he was succeeded by Prince Repnin, who was well acquainted with Polish affairs; a man of harsh, brutal energy, who thoroughly despised the quarrelsome dissensions and venality of the Poles. When the Czartoriskys proposed to abolish the *Liberum Veto*, but at the same time still refused to restore their full rights to the Nonconformists, Repnin opposed this line of conduct, with a stern protest supported by significant menaces. He summoned all the opponents of the Czartoriskys to rally round him and to resist their intrigues. No wonder if the Nonconformists, who had so long called upon Russia and Prussia to protect them, were now greatly excited, and began in the Polish fashion to form conspiracies against their own Government. Unexampled, however, was one phenomenon; that side by side with them were ranked the violent opponents of the Czartoriskys at the election of the king, men like Branicki, Radziwill, and Mokranuski, whose estates had been laid waste and their persons insulted by the Russians. These now came forward as patriotic champions of the ancient privileges of the nobility, and of the *Liberum Veto*. They openly exulted in the quarrel between Repnin and the Czartoriskys. They rallied around the ambassador, took money from him, and everywhere formed associations under his direction. A meeting was at length convened at Radom, to unite all these local associations into one general Confederation. It happened at this moment that King Stanislaus had quarrelled with his uncles, and being, from his extravagant habits of life, in want of money, could see no other means of escaping from his embarrassment than through the acceptance of a subsidy from Russia. To obtain this, he joined himself to the Confederation, the complete success of which was thereby secured. The several points of its programme were now to assume a legal shape. First of all, the *Liberum Veto*



was restored by general acclamation. When they came to treat of the question of religious nonconformity, there was a fresh division. The demands of the Russian envoy were now resisted by the Polish patriots with as much fanaticism as they had shown against the measures of Czartorisky ; and a deep feeling of exasperation spread throughout the country. They had eagerly sought the aid of the Russian Empress to ruin the Kingdom of Poland, but none of them could bring himself to bestow political rights upon heretics, contrary to the decrees of Holy Church. The most eloquent spokesman of this party, Bishop Soltyk, of Cracow, privately called upon Repnin, and said that he was willing to serve the cause of the Nonconformists quietly, but must continue in public to oppose it. King Frederick II. warned the Empress that, however zealously he desired to see anarchy in Poland prolonged, he apprehended danger from the religious agitation. He entreated her to be content with some lesser concessions in favour of the Nonconformists. But Catherine held fast to her purpose, and Repnin carried it through by downright force. Bishop Soltyk, and three other leaders of the party, were arrested and taken to Wilna. The estates of several members of the opposition were laid waste. The hall in which the Polish confederates assembled was surrounded by Russian soldiers. By these means the resistance of the Confederation was broken. It immediately granted civil equality to the Nonconformists, and concluded a treaty of alliance between Russia and Poland, placing the fundamental laws of the State under a Russian guarantee, and thereby giving to Russia a formal right of interference in every reform of the Polish constitution. This momentous act was signed on March 5th, 1768. The Confederation was then dissolved. The regular authorities resumed their customary functions. The Courts of St. Petersburg and Berlin had gained the ends they had proposed to themselves in their compact of 1764, and Repnin now gave orders for the Russian troops to quit the Polish territory.

But things fell out contrary to their expectation. With too much reason had King Frederick warned the Empress not to inflame the religious passions of the Poles. It was just here that the conflagration arose which first brought fearful evils upon the country itself, and then threatened all Europe with incalculable dangers. At Bar, in Podolia, two courageous men, Pulawski and Krasinski, who were deeply revolted at the concession of civil rights to heretics, set on foot a new Confederation to wage a holy war for the unity and purity of the Church. Their standard displayed a crucifix ; their watchword was "Jesus! Maria!" The monks in every town and village called the faithful to arms, and no dissenter or Jew was enrolled among the consecrated troops. The Roman Catholic population of every district joined the Con-

federation. "In fact, all Poland has joined the League," as the Prussian minister wrote to his king. Violent imprecations assailed the wretched Stanislaus Poniatowsky, who had allowed himself to be used as a tool for the cause of the heretics. His dethronement was a settled matter among the Confederates. The unhappy prince could find no safety but in a closer adherence to Russia. He urgently implored Repnin to recall and augment the Russian troops. They returned to Poland, to the number of about sixteen thousand men. A terrible war began in the southern provinces. More than half the Russian forces were required to cover Warsaw, and to observe the Polish regiments of the line, which were by no means trustworthy. Only small columns, therefore, could be sent to meet the insurgents, whom they defeated in every engagement, but they were not in sufficient force to subdue and tranquillise the whole country. The Confederates in the field had an aggregate force varying from eight thousand to sixteen thousand cavalry. These were irregular bands, with no discipline or internal coherence; the troops followed their leader as long as they pleased, and every leader acted on his own responsibility. The war on both sides was carried on with savage cruelty; prisoners were tortured to death; neither person nor property was spared. Other complications soon arose. The Confederate leaders had, at the outset, applied to foreign Powers, to Austria and France, to the Pope, and to the Sultan. Their efforts remained for several months fruitless; for no one was eager to throw down the gauntlet to the allied Russians and Prussians. But a lively sympathy for their cause was felt both in Rome and at Vienna; and, at every advance of Russian troops in Southern Poland, the bitterness and jealousy increased in Constantinople. When at length the Russians, in eager pursuit of a defeated band of Confederates, crossed the Turkish frontier, and the little town of Balta was burnt during an obstinate fight, the Sublime Porte suddenly lost all patience. The Sultan in an unexpected access of fury declared war against Russia in October, 1768, because, as he stated in his manifesto, he could no longer endure the wrong done to Poland.

Thus, by a sudden turn of affairs, this Polish question had become a European question of the first importance; and no one felt the change more deeply than King Frederick II. He knew Catherine well enough to be sure, that she would not end the war now begun with Turkey, without some material gain to herself. It was equally plain that Austria would never leave to Russia territorial conquests of any great extent in Turkey. But if a conflict should thence arise between those two Powers, he would find himself, by his Russian alliance which was meant to secure peace to himself and his country, irresistibly drawn into their strife. It happened, moreover, that the ambitious French minister of State, the Duc de Choiseul,

was then at variance with England. As Russia and England had entered into familiar relations, he sought to raise up, where he could, hindrances and difficulties for Russia. For this purpose he sent both money and French officers to help the Polish confederates. He further made the offer at Berlin, some time later, that if Frederick would join with him against Russia, he would procure for Frederick the Polish provinces of Ermeland and Courland. In St. Petersburg, on the other hand, there was an idea of uniting England, Prussia, Sweden, and Denmark in a great Northern Alliance, to beat down the hostile Poles and Turks, and to humble the Austrian and the Bourbon Courts. Under these circumstances, the slightest occurrence might divide all Europe into two hostile camps; and Germany would, as usual, from her central position, have to suffer the worst evils of a general war.

Frederick II. was thrown into the greatest anxiety by this danger, and he meditated continually how to prevent the outbreak of war. The main question in his mind was how to prevent a breach between Austria and Russia. Catherine wanted to gain more territory, while Austria could not allow her to make any conquests in Turkey. Frederick was led to inquire whether greater compliance might not be shown at Vienna, if Catherine, instead of a Turkish, were to take a Polish province, and were also to agree, on her part, to an annexation of Polish territory by Austria? The King hereupon resolved to sound the mind of his Russian ally. In February, 1769, he sent a memorandum to his envoy at St. Petersburg, proposing, for the settlement of the pending difficulties, that Austria should acquire the territories of Zips and Lemberg, Frederick West Prussia, and Russia any Polish provinces she might choose. He discreetly told his minister that this scheme was one which originated with a Saxon diplomatist, Count Lynar; that it would probably be found, in several respects, to be immature and fanciful; but that he thought it might be interesting to learn what the Russian Government would say to it. This proceeding of King Frederick's has long been known, and has always passed for a positive proof that he first gave occasion to the partition of Poland. It is Duncker's merit to have communicated, from the Berlin documents, more exact information respecting the Russian answer. Count Panin very drily put aside the so-called Lynar memorial, saying that nothing could be made of that; but replied, on his part, by a counter-proposal that Russia and Austria should divide European Turkey between them, adding that if this were carried out, Frederick might then take West Prussia for himself. It would have been impossible to have assumed a position more sharply opposed to that of the King of Prussia. Frederick was striving for peace; the Russians were indulging in schemes of war upon the grandest scale. The King

was greatly vexed, and threw his memorandum into the fire. His temper was further ruffled by the negotiations then beginning for the renewal of the Convention of 1764, now loaded by Russia with troublesome additions. He had some years before repelled the demands of a haughty Russian minister by declaring that he would be the friend, but not the servant of Russia. He assumed the same attitude upon the present occasion. Much as he wished to continue the Russian alliance, he was quite as anxious to gain a support against Russian insolence. Hence the idea arose in his mind of making approaches even to Austria, formerly his most inveterate foe; and thus it came to pass, that the increase of Russian demands now gave rise to a tendency in the Court of Vienna to meet the King half-way.

The policy of the Austrian Government at that period is not so easily defined as that of Frederick the Great. He always kept clearly before him a well-considered and clearly-understood object, to which everything else was made subordinate, and for the attainment of which every means was unscrupulously employed. To the bystander his measures might often seem wavering, complicated, or ambiguous; but he who knew the end at which Frederick aimed would at once recognise the unity and consistency of his actions. It was not so with Austria at that time. The official director of her policy, Prince Kaunitz, originally of a lively and excitable disposition, with an inventive genius and bold ambition, was now in advanced years. He had, amidst the perils of the Seven Years' War, lost much of his adventurous youthful spirit, and, by his long exercise of personal influence over the Empress Maria Theresa, his self-importance had become greatly exalted. He had thus grown pedantic and opinionated, while he had lost his resolution; his judgment was swayed to and fro by every phase of a great question; and the productive power of his mind was dissipated in numerous and ever-varying propositions and memorials. We find a great multitude of these productions enumerated in the account given by Beer. We are equally astonished by the many-sidedness of his views and the instability of his will. But if even he was himself not a model of unshaken consistency, there was now another influence at the Austrian Court, which greatly increased the fluctuations of its policy. Just at the time with which we are now occupied, side by side with Kaunitz, appeared a second very powerful and very obstinate person, who now began to acquire a growing influence, namely, the youthful Joseph II. As successor of his father, Francis I., in the Imperial dignity, his mother, Maria Theresa, had installed him, as formerly her husband, co-regent in Austria, hoping to find in Joseph, as she had found in Francis, a thoroughly serviceable instrument. But he was

not long contented with this position. After divers contentions, he at length declared, in 1769, that he was always ready to obey the Empress as her first subject, but would never, as co-regent, sign any decree contrary to his own judgment. Maria Theresa was fain to give way, and Joseph thenceforth interposed at all points with the expression of an independent will, by which he often overruled the wishes of Prince Kaunitz.

Since the election of Stanislaus Poniatowski as King of Poland, Kaunitz had remained quite inactive. He felt that for Austria, as Frederick II. did for Prussia, the greatest need was peace. He would let neither Polish nor French demands move him to any step that could expose him to serious dispute with the Northern Powers. But all the more carefully did he look about for some diplomatic expedient to break the Russian domination in Poland. He thought of an Austrian guarantee for the Polish constitution, which would give to the Court of Vienna a right of intervention similar to that obtained by Catherine. He began to consider how best he might detach Prussia from Russia, so as to weaken the position of the latter. When Frederick, in 1766, invited the young Emperor to a personal conference, Kaunitz was eager that the invitation should be accepted. It was Maria Theresa who on this occasion declined, in order not to expose her son to contact with "the wicked man," as she called Frederick. When the Turkish declaration of war against Russia was issued, the solicitude at Vienna, as at Berlin, grew more intense. As early as December, 1768, Kaunitz had succeeded in bringing a proposition before Maria Theresa, which he affected to regard as chimerical, but which he really considered an excellent and infallible plan. The Turks were to be induced to invite the mediation of the two German Powers. As the condition of their interposition, Courland and West Prussia were to be awarded to King Frederick, in consideration of which the king was to give back Silesia to Austria. But Kaunitz did not succeed in gaining the consent of Maria Theresa, since the cooler and more acute judgment of Joseph pointed out the impracticable character of the project. All the more zealously did Kaunitz insist upon the general principle, that they should come to some understanding with Prussia. At his instance an invitation was issued in 1769, for the personal interview which had been declined three years before. It took place at Neisse, in Silesia, in August of the same year. There was a mutual desire to make each other's acquaintance. They were very amiable and courteous to one another, and talked confidentially, though without confidence. But, on the whole, they separated with friendly feelings. During three days, for six hours a day, the two sovereigns conversed together. Frederick was extremely communicative, and full of campaigning reminiscences and political reflections. Joseph after-

wards wrote of him : " He is a genius ; he can talk wonderfully ; but one detects a consummate subtlety in every sentence he utters." The Emperor, on his side, observed a strict circumspection, and thought that he had not uttered one word without full deliberation. In spite of this, his inmost thoughts lay open to the keen glance of Frederick, who wrote of him : " He is a man of ardent ambition, who broods over great plans, and bears with impatience his mother's yoke ; and, when once he has his hands free, he will make a mighty stir. Whether it be Venice or Bavaria, Silesia or Lorraine, that he is thinking of, I was not able to ascertain. One thing is certain, that as soon as he is at liberty he will kindle a great conflagration in Europe." For the moment the two men agreed that there should be peace in Germany, if not throughout the world ; and they exchanged a written promise of mutual neutrality, if a war should break out between France and England, or between any other Powers.

It was not much that was gained, but it was something ; not a result, but a first step. Some weeks later, in October, Frederick brought to a close his negotiations with Russia, respecting a renewal of their treaty of alliance, and mainly on the old conditions ; but those relating to Sweden were, by the desire of Russia, made more stringent. It was resolved that, if Sweden attempted to alter its aristocratic constitution of 1720, Finland should then be occupied by a Russian army corps, Hither Pomerania by a Prussian, Schonen and Halland by a Danish force. This was the germ of a partition of the Swedish territories. So far as concerned Frederick, the acquisition of Pomerania would in itself have been very desirable. But in this instance, as in others, he showed that it was not any territorial gain, but the maintenance of European peace, which was the leading idea of his policy. His sister was the Queen of Sweden ; and Frederick hastened to warn her of the impending danger. He urgently and repeatedly besought her not to take any step in the constitutional question that would give the Russians the opportunity they desired. In the same spirit he proceeded to complete what he had begun in his relations with Austria. He declared his readiness, jointly with the Court of Vienna, to make an offer of mediation to the belligerent Powers. Meanwhile, the Russians were gaining a series of splendid victories. After occupying Bessarabia in 1769, they conquered Moldavia and Wallachia in 1770, excited a revolt of the Greeks in the Morca, and destroyed the Turkish fleet in the Archipelago. This of course increased the uneasiness felt at Vienna. Military preparations were commenced in Austria ; troops were brought from Flanders and Italy. Kaunitz began, in spite of his wish for peace, to look upon war with Russia as inevitable. At the beginning of September, 1770, Joseph had a second interview with

Frederick, at Neustadt, in Moravia, at which Kaunitz also was present. The Porte had just then invoked the joint mediation of the two Powers. But Kaunitz, who expected no great result from this measure so long as the Russians were intoxicated with victory, unless their mediation were supported by serious threats, first asked Frederick whether Prussia would remain neutral in a war between Austria and Russia. Frederick, being firmly resolved not to permit the kindling of a warlike spirit at Vienna, replied very decidedly in the negative. He said that he should, to his deep regret, find himself obliged by his treaty of alliance to aid Russia, if she were attacked by Austria. Kaunitz was greatly excited, and declared it to be a vital question of Austrian policy never to let the Russians establish themselves in Moldavia and Wallachia. The King declared himself all the more ready to join in common diplomatic action at St. Petersburg, to promote the mediation sought by Turkey, and consented when Kaunitz proposed that Prussia alone should take the preliminary steps at St. Petersburg. Kaunitz then referred to the intolerable inconveniences of Russian domination in Poland. He again obtained Frederick's consent to the proposal to call upon Russia to lay before them a plan for the pacification of that unhappy land. If the substance of that plan were approved, both the Powers were to help to carry it into execution, if necessary, by an armed force. The reports of the assembled statesmen, namely, those of Joseph and Kaunitz to Maria Theresa, and Frederick's to his ministers and ambassadors, make no mention whatever of any other plans respecting Poland; they contain, indeed, not one word about the partition of Poland. Turkey was the subject of discussion, and the means of checking the successes and pretensions of Russia in that quarter without a war. But what pacific and yet effectual measures could be discovered?

It was the Emperor Joseph II., whose hasty action gave the signal for the new turn of affairs. With characteristic vivacity and impetuosity he had convinced himself that the fundamental principle of Austria—namely, the maintenance of the integrity of Poland and Turkey, in other words, the exclusion of the Russians from both countries—could no longer be upheld. He did not wish for a war with Russia; but he rejoiced in the complication, because it afforded him an opportunity of interfering and gaining some advantage for Austria. Let Russia aggrandize herself in the proper quarter, if only the former balance were preserved by a corresponding increase of Austrian power. Without any knowledge of Lynar's scheme, which Frederick had hastily sketched and as hastily cast aside, Joseph in his practical way took up the idea again of solving the difficulties of the Turkish war at the expense of Poland. Nothing written by his own hand on this point has come down to us from that period;

but all his subsequent proceedings lead us back to this simple consideration: "As Russia would not sheathe her sword without some gain, and as Austria could not permit her to make great acquisitions in Turkey, she might take Polish instead of Turkish territory, and in return allow Austria also to have a share." Joseph no sooner took up this notion than he began his diplomatic action. A few weeks after the meeting at Neustadt, he caused the Austrian troops from Hungary to enter Poland, and occupy the Zips territory (consisting of twenty German miles square, with thirteen towns and ninety-seven villages) by right of a claim dating from 1412. This district he placed as *terre recuperatæ* under Austrian administration. Kaunitz afterwards declared that he never consented to this measure, but his disclaimer must refer only to the choice of the time for its execution; for he had, before his journey to Neustadt, forbidden the Polish confederates to erect custom-houses in those districts, "lest," as he observed to the Empress, "it should be assumed that we regard them as the rightful owners."

When the news of this occupation reached St. Petersburg, the impression which it made on the Russians was very great. It had a very close connection with the negotiations then pending between Catherine and Frederick II. The King, in accordance with the resolutions agreed to at Neustadt, had immediately upon his return made Catherine the offer of a German mediation, and invited her to name her terms of peace. But the answer he got was discouraging. Catherine, in the most courteous terms, declined their mediation; and she further informed him that she would grant the Turks a peace for the cession of Azov, both Great and Little Kabarda (Circassia), the Crimea, and an island of the Archipelago, with the cession of the Danubian Principalities for twenty-five years. Frederick was beside himself at such pretensions, and replied instantly that this meant war with Austria, and war wantonly provoked, in which he positively refused to take any part, whatever might become of his alliance with Russia. The peremptory tone of this reply, which came almost simultaneously with the news of the Austrian entry into Poland, filled Catherine with a deep anxiety. Did it not seem as though Frederick and Joseph had come to a complete agreement with each other at Neustadt—as if the occupation of the Zips territory was the first result of their mutual understanding—as if the open abandonment of the Russian alliance for that of Austria were to be immediately looked for? This must be prevented at all hazards. Frederick must be made to see that the friendship of Russia would more speedily and more richly profit him than that of Austria. Henry, the brother of Frederick, was then at St. Petersburg. The King had sent him to Stockholm, in order to dissuade his sister from any rash step, and had afterwards authorised him, in



a visit to Russia, to inculcate upon Catherine the necessity of concluding an early peace. At her next *soirée* the Empress accosted the Prince in an extremely cheerful tone. "Have you heard," said she, "what the Austrians are about in Poland? Should we not all fall to?" Her confidant Czernitcheff, immediately afterwards, put the same question to the Prince in a still plainer form. "Would it not suit you," he said, "after the Austrian example, to take the Bishopric of Ermeland?" The Prince lost no time in making known to his brother these Russian overtures, which were, as he thought, very promising. But Frederick indignantly rejected them. A partition of Poland would have been acceptable to him in 1769, as a means of preserving the peace of Europe. But now, when it was offered to him with the view of binding him by the leading-strings of Russian policy, he would not hear of it. In the face of Russia's demands on Turkey, his only thought was to withdraw himself entirely from the game. Not until Prince Henry apprised him, in February, 1771, that Russia was taking a lower tone, and would consent to mitigate her conditions, still insisting, however, upon a Polish annexation, did Frederick enter into the partitioning scheme. But he now demanded for himself not merely Ermeland, but the whole of West Prussia. "For such a trifle as that," he said, "I will not expose myself to fresh talk about my greediness, of which enough has been said already;" but for the acquisition of West Prussia he would readily take upon himself this reproach. "It is quite fair," he observed, "that Poland should pay the cost of the settlement of this affair, since the Turks only began the war at the summons and in the interests of the Poles."

The situation was thus in a few weeks completely altered. There was still the lurking danger of a great European war, but it was not so imminent. In place of a struggle for Turkey, mutually acceptable claims to Polish provinces had arisen; but a definite conclusion was far from being reached. Among the Russian statesmen an influential party was neither disposed to give up any portion of Poland nor to stop in the victorious career of Polish conquest. Catherine herself took up the matter with great reluctance. She obstinately insisted on every point; she bargained and haggled with Frederick about every single clause of the Turkish peace. She gave up the island in the Archipelago, but she upheld all the more firmly her claim to the Danubian Principalities. Then she relinquished her direct personal rule over Moldavia and Wallachia, but wished to see them independent of the Porte. This and other matters were contested in a similar manner throughout the whole year, but Frederick adhered immovably to his text. "Every claim upon Roumania," he said, "means war with Austria, and with such a war I will have nothing to do." At last, in December, 1771, he gained his point,

and Catherine agreed to leave the Danubian Principalities to the Porte, in order to avoid war with Austria, and consequently to facilitate official negotiations for the partition of Poland. Frederick immediately signified to the Court of Vienna that after Catherine's renunciation of the Danubian Principalities, no ground of quarrel remained; that his own alliance with Russia was again in full force, and that he would be obliged henceforth to regard an Austrian attack upon the Russian army in Turkey as a declaration of war against himself. He earnestly hoped, therefore, that Austria would now remain quiet. But he was prepared for the worst, and remained for a time in a state of the utmost suspense. It soon appeared, however, that his calculations had been correct, and that there was no reason to apprehend war.

For while Frederick had been using his efforts with Catherine to convert the Turkish into a Polish question, Joseph had been working incessantly upon the mind of Maria Theresa for the same object. He encountered a host of difficulties and contradictions on all sides. Kaunitz, in the first place, ever since 1770, had been advocating an open war with Russia on behalf of Turkey. Joseph pointed out to him the rashness of such a course. They must indeed, he said, be armed to the teeth, in order, if necessary, to strike with effect; but the main object of Austria must be to let the other Powers entangle themselves more and more, till at the right moment she could carry off some advantage for herself. They disputed the question for weeks, and in January, 1771, laid it before the Empress for her decision. Maria Theresa was in a state of painful indecision. At last she made up her mind. "I will have peace and quiet," she said; "Joseph is right in not wishing for war with Russia, and I will not fight against Christians in favour of Turks. But, on the other hand, I will have no warlike preparations, and, above all, I will not fish in troubled waters for my own advantage." These were honest, unselfish, Christian sentiments; but unfortunately they did not answer the question whether the rulers of Austria could calmly look on while the Russians overran Turkey, and then threatened the Austrian dominion on three sides. To avert this peril Kaunitz proposed a war against Russia, while Joseph advocated a system of general agreement and compensation. Maria Theresa ardently desired the same objects, but rejected both their expedients, without being able to suggest any better. Thus she postponed her final decision from day to day. At one time Kaunitz was in the ascendant, and in July, 1771, concluded a formal treaty with the Porte, guaranteeing to the latter an acceptable peace in return for large pecuniary subsidies to Austria. The Sultan paid the first millions, but in September Kaunitz began ~~so far~~ to waver that in a long memorial he set forth all the reasons for and against his own scheme, and begged

his two sovereigns to take upon themselves the responsibility of the decision. Joseph instantly declared that it was absurd to make war against Russia, and equally absurd not to think of aggrandizing Austria. The choice, he added, now lay before them, either to come to an understanding with Russia alone about a moderate acquisition for each of the two Powers, allowing Prussia to go empty-handed, or to negotiate with Prussia and Russia for a more comprehensive scheme of partition. The first way, he said, would be the easier and the pleasanter; the second, the grander and more difficult. Maria Theresa regarded the whole position of affairs as extremely harassing. She would not tolerate the Russians in Wallachia, and would not drive them out by force of arms, nor would she agree to a partition of Poland. She hardly knew herself what she ought to wish. "I am an old woman," she sighed, "I can do no more; but I never saw a more sinful negotiation." At last, in October, 1771, she decided upon a separate correspondence with Russia, without Prussia. But when this was opened at St. Petersburg, the Minister Panin at once replied that Russia was most willing to treat with Austria, but it was absolutely necessary that Prussia should take part in the proceedings. Joseph had nothing to say against this; but Maria Theresa was greatly averse to this last step, although Kaunitz, after the Empress rejected his warlike proposal, had completely gone over to Joseph. The latter had for a time thought it expedient to postpone the conclusion of the affair, in the hope that Russia and Turkey would mutually weaken each other, while Austria might complete her military preparations. He nevertheless allowed Kaunitz to persuade him, in January, 1772, that the critical moment had arrived; and Austria then sent a declaration to Berlin and to St. Petersburg that she accepted the Russian renunciation of the Danubian Principalities, and was ready to begin negotiations respecting the territorial acquisitions for the Three Powers.

After the foregoing proceedings, it was easy for Russia and Prussia to come to a speedy agreement. On February 17, 1772, a treaty was signed allotting West Prussia to the King, and the Polish territories east of the Dnieper and Duna to the Empress. The case of Austria was a more difficult one. Joseph and Kaunitz, being well aware that Maria Theresa was more especially averse to the partition of Poland, had begun by showing her a list of seven other possible annexations; a portion of Silesia, or Anspach and Baireuth, or Bosnia and Servia, and other alternatives. Silesia would have been the most agreeable acquisition to her, but it was evidently not to be got. Bosnia stood next in her favour; but to this, as to the other acquisitions named in the list, insurmountable difficulties presented themselves. She therefore confessed at last, that she could no longer recede from her engagement. The extensive

and well-situated province of Galicia began to assume great charms in her eyes. In short, she gave her consent, though with a heavy heart and many lamentations over the sinfulness of the transaction. By these repeated expressions of regret, she has won a reputation for an amount of moral rectitude, which she had certainly never shown hitherto. I own a doubt whether her conduct in this instance can be referred to the general humanity of her disposition. At any rate, she showed no trace of such a feeling at an earlier period, during her preparations for the Seven Years' War; nor in later years, in her fatal political advice to her daughter, Marie Antoinette of France. Here, in the negotiations of 1771, we find her ready to seize upon the provinces of her Turkish ally, if the matter could not be settled otherwise. What made the partition of Poland so obnoxious to her was manifestly not so much her objection to seize the property of others, as the aggrandizement of her two rivals at the cost of Poland, because the one was heretical, and the other schismatic, while Poland was highly orthodox. For her own part, she felt not the least scruple in appropriating Polish territory; on the contrary, when the negotiation was opened respecting her share, she wanted to have as many Polish subjects as Russia and Prussia together. For this reason alone, the treaty of partition was not signed by the three Powers until August, 1772, after several months' delay, and a great curtailment of the Austrian claims. The Prussian and Austrian troops now entered Poland on every side, simultaneously with the Russians. The bands of the Confederates, which had hitherto kept the Russians on the alert, now dispersed without further attempt at resistance. As soon as external tranquillity had been restored, a Diet was convened in order at once to legalise the cession of the provinces to the three Powers by a formal compact, and to regulate the constitutional questions which had been unsettled since the revolt of the Confederation of Bar. It took some time to arrive at this result, and many a bold speech was uttered by the Poles; but it is sad to think that the real object of every discussion was the fixing the amount of donations and pensions, which the individual senators and deputies were to receive from the Powers for their votes. Hereupon the act of cession was unanimously passed. After the constitutional questions, things were left in the main as had been arranged in 1768; and the *Liberum Veto*, the anarchy of the nobles, and the impotence of the Sovereign, were continued; only in the matter of the Nonconformists, some concession was made to the Roman Catholic zealots; namely, that the former were indeed to recover their ancient rights, but to be excluded from the Senate and the Diet.

In this manner was the first partition of Poland brought about. For the reader of our times there is no need to be told how deeply

our moral sense is wounded by such a procedure against a nation which had given no other offence to its overbearing neighbours than that of at last endeavouring to defend itself by force against its foreign oppressors. On this point there can be no difference of opinion. But a question still remains to be settled by the tribunal of history, which Maria Theresa failed to solve; namely, what better course, under the circumstances, could the Three Powers have pursued? It is above all the duty of the historian to take into consideration the facts, the motives of the actors and the consequences of their deeds, as now rendered clear by authentic research. The partition of Poland, as we have seen, did not originate in a long-prepared scheme, but was taken up as a sudden expedient to avert a great European war, as is related in the "Memoirs" of Frederic II. It had, indeed, long been impending; we have noticed Panin's hints of 1764, Kaunitz's proposal of 1768, the so-called Lynar's project, and Choiseul's invitation to Frederick in 1769. But these schemes had remained fruitless. It was Joseph II. who, ~~in fact~~ <sup>in fact</sup>, set the ball rolling by occupying the ~~Vlips~~ <sup>Vlasy</sup> territory. The result of this act in the political relations of Europe, was the deliverance of Turkey, the limitation of Russian conquest on the Danube and of Russian domination in Poland, and the commencement of an understanding between the German Powers. For the provinces annexed by Prussia and Russia, it meant national restoration and religious freedom; and for the inhabitants of all the territories taken from Poland it signified admission into an orderly, though imperfect and despotic polity, and escape from a hopeless state of anarchy, fatal to all culture and morality. The Poles themselves had utterly destroyed their own commonwealth, long before the partition schemes of 1770. In the years of which we have spoken, every party had been in its turn in well-paid complicity with foreign Powers, and had invited foreign intervention. The only thing upon which the Poles were united and zealous was the persecution of Protestants and Greeks. During the previous century and a half, under the influence of the Jesuits, they had imbibed an exclusive religious fanaticism, to which they sacrificed every duty to their country and their State. Among the Powers of Europe which have lost their vital strength under the influence of the Romish hierarchy, Poland is the most signal example.

## FROUDE'S "ENGLISH IN IRELAND."

THE portion of history which is the subject of Mr. Froude's latest narrative has stood in need, it may be granted, of fearless treatment and of plain speaking; and it cannot be denied that Mr. Froude has brought these qualities to the discharge of his task. He has probed the sore spots of Irish history with an unsparing hand, and has certainly placed himself under no restraint in speaking his mind. If the work has not been for him a labour of love, there are at least no signs that its most revolting and loathsome details are in any way repugnant to his feelings and taste. So much must be granted. But these concessions made, I must express my opinion, for what it may be worth, that a more essentially unfair, ungenerous, and mischievous book than "The English in Ireland," it has rarely been my fortune to read. I speak as an Irishman, and a friend to the legislative union of the two countries; and I say that this book is well fitted—indeed is to all appearance deliberately designed—to reopen afresh wounds which were just closing, to exasperate in the highest degree the political passions of a people of whom political passion has long been the bane, to kindle new ardour in the ranks of Home Rule, and to fortify among the Protestant population prejudices already only too strong, which have been, and I fear still are, amongst the chief hindrances to the good government of Ireland.

Mr. Froude's book belongs to a class of writings which bears much the same relation to history in its highest acceptation—to such histories as Grote's, or Mommsen's, or Macaulay's, or Freeman's—as novels with a moral bear to fiction of the highest order. All fiction that is of any value aims at throwing light on some form or aspect of human nature; and all history that is not worthless, serves to teach us politics by example; nor have the greatest historians refrained from pointing in their pages the lesson of their story. But this is an entirely different thing from writing history in order to enforce a foregone political conclusion. History in the former case is primarily descriptive and explanatory. It aims at placing before us the persons and transactions of past ages, and tracing their connection and sequence. If political lessons are taught, they are taught by the way, and always in subordination to the main design. In the latter case, the political doctrine is the principal business; and description and explanation are employed mainly in order to its illustration and enforcement. Now of the didactic method of writing history, we have an egregious example in Mr. Froude's most recent performance. It is emphatically a history with a moral. This character

is revealed in its opening sentences, and scarcely disappears from view throughout the some fifteen hundred pages that compose the work. It will not, therefore, be improper to examine it from the author's point of view, and to attempt some estimate of the political teaching of which it is made the vehicle. In doing this I make no pretension—indeed, I am not in a position—to challenge any of Mr. Froude's material statements: I take the story as he tells it—the facts as he has furnished them to me; and I ask how far these are in corroboration of the political lessons which he inculcates? how far his philosophical theories help us to a just and sound estimate of English rule in Ireland?

The school of political philosophy of which Mr. Froude is an adherent, has, through the writings of Mr. Carlyle and his admirers and imitators, become tolerably familiar to the world. Mankind, according to this scheme of ideas, are resolvable into two races, or orders—those fitted to rule, and those who are only fit to serve. As Mr. Froude puts it, "the superior part has a natural right to govern, the inferior part has a natural right to be governed; and a rude but adequate test of superiority and inferiority is provided in the relative strength of the different orders of human beings." Thus stated, the doctrine sounds exceedingly like the simple assertion that might makes right; but Mr. Froude goes on to say:—"Among wild beasts and savages, might constitutes right. Among reasonable beings, right is for ever tending to create might." This latter phrase is perhaps, for a master of style, a little obscure, but, as we read on, it becomes abundantly evident that, whatever be the precise relation between right and might, in Mr. Froude's philosophy they are in effect convertible terms. The governing castes and nations are invariably "the nobler and wiser sorts of men,"—in which fact consists the justification of their pretensions to fill the part to which they aspire—in contrast with "the ignorant and selfish," who "may be and are justly compelled for their own advantage to obey a rule which rescues them from their natural weakness." This, and this only, we are told, is the true principle of nationalities, overriding and subordinating all other grounds of cohesion, such as natural frontiers, race and language. Starting from these premisses, it need scarcely be said that Mr. Froude regards political liberty as an *ignis fatuus*, and representative institutions as elaborate contrivances for conducting nations to perdition. Laws and administration are estimated by him, not according to the historic method with which modern research and philosophy have made us familiar, not with reference to the condition and stage of progress attained by the people amongst whom they exist, but according to an assumed absolute standard of right and wrong. In framing laws for the government of a people, accordingly, the last thing which a politician of Mr. Froude's

school would think of attending to, is the traditions, customs, and general state of civilisation, prevailing among the people for whom they are intended. Instead of this, he would proceed to evolve from his moral consciousness those laws of absolute justice which "correspond most nearly to the will of the Maker of the Universe, by whom, and not by human suffrage, the code of rules is laid down for our obedience." The true analogy, in short, for human laws, according to Mr. Froude, is—as he is never weary of insisting—that furnished by the physical laws of nature; and to attempt to repeal or modify the legislation of a country in order to adapt it to the changing requirements of a progressive community, is as absurd as it would be for a mechanician to propose to repeal the law of gravitation, or for a painter to seek to alter the laws of perspective, or of light and shade.

Something of this sort, as nearly as I can make it out, is, in faint outline, the political philosophy propounded by Mr. Froude in his new volumes; and what I wish now to consider is, the degree of corroboration furnished to this remarkable speculation by the history of "The English in Ireland," as told by its author. What then has been the character of English rule in Ireland throughout the five or six centuries over which Mr. Froude's survey extends? As he has depicted it,—saving only a period of eight years to be presently noticed—it has been a succession of the most enormous blunders incessantly repeated, committed partly through gross ignorance and indifference, partly from an insatiable and grasping selfishness, and ever issuing in the most frightful calamities—an exhibition *ad nauseam* of the most utter incapacity for government ever furnished by a civilised nation. For a considerable portion of the whole period, indeed, Ireland could scarcely be said to be governed at all. It was simply allowed to drift, with this result, that, after some three centuries of such rule, "a hundred thousand families divided Ireland, whose ways of life, and whose notion of the objects for which life was given them, were the ways and notions of savages." . . . "It would be more honour to the king," says a writer whom Mr. Froude quotes, "to surrender Ireland altogether, than to suffer his poorer subjects to be so cruelly oppressed by the nobles, and the nobles to be at war with themselves, shedding blood always without remedy." After the period here referred to, indeed, some deliberate efforts were made, notably in the reign of James I., to introduce something like law and order into the country, and to start the people on the way they should go. But the failure was always ignominious and disastrous. The settlement of James I. was followed in some twenty years by the rising and massacre of 1641, on which the country fell once more into a condition of utter anarchy. Then came the golden reign of Cromwell—the one oasis, according to Mr. Froude, in the surrounding



desert of English misgovernment. "Cromwell alone of all such governors understood the central principle of Irish management." The principle in question is thus described:—"The worst means of governing the Irish is to give them their own way. In concession they see only fear, and those that fear them they hate and despise. Coercion succeeds better: they respect a master hand, though it be a hard and cruel one. But let authority be just as well as strong; give an Irishman a just master and he will follow him to the world's end." (Vol. I. p. 38.)

It may at once be granted that in Cromwell's scheme of Irish policy there are to be found, along with the harsh and bloody lines with which it is scored, those grand features of decision and thoroughness which are characteristic of all that he attempted. But when Mr. Froude calls it a great success in government, an experiment amply justified by the results, he is simply speaking without the data which alone could warrant such language. What are the facts? The entire duration of the Cromwellian settlement in Ireland is comprised within a period of eight years. The rebellion was not finally put down till 1652, and the Restoration came in 1660. The Irish had been crushed with relentless severity. "The waste of life in the war," says Mr. Froude, "compared with the population of the country exposed to its ravages, stands unparalleled in the annals of mankind" (p. 129). Under such circumstances it is not very wonderful that there should have been peace for eight years, nor that the three most fertile provinces having been given up to English and Scotch immigrants, naturally among the most enterprising of their countrymen, a certain prosperity should in this time have set in. Similar phenomena had been witnessed before, as they have been witnessed since, in Ireland, at times when, according to Mr. Froude, the misgovernment of the country was extreme. But even during those eight halcyon years the signs were not few or doubtful of the trouble that was impending. A social war had already commenced. Bands of outlaws ravaged the country, plundering and murdering wherever they got the chance. "The colonists found themselves shot at in the woods and fields, and their farmsteads burnt over their heads" (p. 135). And then Connaught still remained—a refuge and centre to which disaffection could securely rally, where the traditions of hatred and revenge would be stored up, and where the native race might bide its time till the season of England's necessity came. "The Cromwellian settlement of Ireland," says Mr. Froude, "was infinitely favourable to her future prospects, if the wound, at last cauterized, was never allowed to reopen" (p. 136). There is wonderful virtue in an "if;" but the question is, what were the probabilities that the "if" in this case would be realised? And while the whole question of the permanent results of the Crom-

wellian settlement thus confessedly hangs on an "if," where is the warrant for describing it as a grand success in government, amply justified by the event? Mr. Froude's opinion upon this point is therefore simply Mr. Froude's opinion, which his readers will accept or reject according to their estimate of his political sagacity.

Not to dwell on this point, which is after all a mere episode in the general narrative, let us pass to the next great stage in the history of English rule in Ireland—the plan of government adopted after the close of the civil wars under William III. As it affected the Catholics apart from the rest of the population, it was determined mainly by the legislation embodied in the notorious penal code, so long the scandal and by-word of Europe. Mr. Froude is not satisfied with the penal code, but his objection to it is that it was a half-hearted scheme—it did not go far enough. "What was there," he asks, "in the circumstances of Ireland that, when it was once more subdued, the English Government should have hesitated to apply the same rule there which Louis XIV. was finding necessary for France?" . . . . To call the repression of opinions which had issued so many times in blood and revolt by the name of religious persecution, is mere abuse of words" (vol. i., pp. 212, 213). Ireland should therefore have been governed as Protestant France was governed after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. "The existence [in France] of Protestant communities was held inconsistent with the safety of the State. Nonconformists were imprisoned, exiled, deprived of their estates, or put to death. No schools or churches were allowed to them to teach their creeds in, not so much as six feet of ground in which their bodies might rest when dead, if they died out of communion with the Church." The English Government ought to have profited by this example, and, *mutatis mutandis*, have gone and done likewise. Ireland ought to have been dragooned; by which simple but effectual process, Mr. Froude assures us, it would have been possible, "without real injustice, to have made Ireland a Protestant country" (vol. i., p. 209). As it was, however, the English Government, though their conduct fell short of the vigour and thoroughness of the hero of the dragonnades, nevertheless did show what I suppose Mr. Froude would call a commendable desire to do something in the right direction, and the result, as I have just said, was the penal code against the Catholics. There is no need that I should describe this notorious system, which must be familiar to all readers in the pages of Burke. Suffice it to say that by it the Catholics were deprived of the power of purchasing land or of acquiring any lasting interest in land, of entering the professions or the universities, of exercising their religion except by connivance or special indulgence, of educating their children, in short, of all the ordinary rights of citizens; while a number of

harassing and degrading provisions, with an almost devilish ingenuity, aimed at introducing dissension into families, thus marring also their domestic life. The remaining population, a small minority of the whole, consisted of Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and other Dissenters. Of these, the Protestant Episcopalians, a minority within a minority, were selected for special favour, and to them was intrusted such political power and privileges as it was the policy of England not to retain in her own hands. Their Church became the Established Church of Ireland; care, however, being taken that all the more lucrative offices should be filled by Englishmen, who, for the most part, lived in their own country, and performed their duties by deputy. The Protestant Nonconformists—in this respect not more fortunate than the Catholics—were, by the Test Act, excluded from municipal functions, and thus from all possibility of influence in the borough elections, while the predominance of landlord power in the counties rendered them equally without influence there. But perhaps the temper of the English governing classes towards the Irish people as a whole is best seen in the commercial legislation of the period. In the time of Charles II. the principal and indeed almost the only external trade of the country was the cattle trade with England. This trade the English Parliament did not hesitate to proscribe by penal statutes; and if this preposterous legislation was soon after repealed, it is at least certain that this course was not adopted from any tenderness for Irish interests. By William III.'s time the woollen trade, an industry singularly suited to the condition of the country; had struck root, and there was every prospect that, if unmolested, it would have rapidly grown into a thriving trade. But English commercial jealousy at once took alarm. The exportation of manufactured woollens from Ireland was absolutely prohibited; that of raw wool was also prohibited, except when sent to the English market. It was supposed that England would thus at once obtain her raw material cheap and secure a high price for the manufactured article. Under the influence of similar motives Ireland was not permitted to share in the benefits of the navigation laws, the effect of which was to exclude her from all trade with the colonies of Great Britain. It is proper to state that this side of English legislation in Ireland is denounced by Mr. Froude with becoming emphasis. Perhaps the animating spirit of the policy in question has never been more clearly shown than in his description of an incident which occurred in the early part of the eighteenth century.

"The trade in butter and salt meat, which England had graciously consented to leave, with the vast profits to be made out of wool smuggling, tempted alike landholders and leaseholders to stock meadow and mountain with sheep and black cattle. In 1727 the average size of the farms in the

three southern provinces, ranged from 800 to 1,000 Irish acres. The tenants were forbidden in their leases to break or plough the soil. The people no longer employed, were driven away into holes and corners and eked out a wretched subsistence by potato gardens, or by keeping starving cattle of their own on neglected bogs. . . . They grew up in compulsory idleness encouraged once more in their inherited dislike of labour, and enured to wretchedness and hunger; and, on every failure of the potato crop, hundreds and thousands were starving." (Vol. I., pp. 396, 397.)

To remedy in some degree this state of things, the heads of a Bill were passed through the Irish Houses of Parliament providing that for every hundred acres which a tenant held he should break up and cultivate five; and, as a further encouragement, that a trifling bounty should be offered by the Government on corn grown for exportation. Before this Bill could become law it was necessary that it should obtain the approval of the English Council, and it was sent to England for this purpose. But the Council absolutely rejected the Bill; not at all, it should be observed, for its violation of any economic principle, the plan proposed being quite in keeping with the prevailing notions on commercial legislation, but for the following reasons, as explained by Mr. Froude.

"The real motive was probably the same which led to the suppression of the manufactures; the detestable opinion that *to govern Ireland conveniently, Ireland must be kept weak*. . . . A motive so iniquitous could not be confessed; but the objections which the Council was not ashamed to allege were scarcely less disgraceful to them. The English manufacturers having secured, as they supposed, the monopoly of Irish wool on their own terms, conceived that the whole soil of Ireland ought to be devoted to growing it." It was pretended that the Irish farmers, forgetting their obligations to England, and thinking wickedly only of their own interests, were diminishing their stock of sheep, breaking up the soil, and growing wheat and barley. The allegation unhappily was utterly untrue. But the mere rumour of a rise of industry in Ireland, created a panic in the commercial circles of England; although the change existed as yet only in desire, and the sheep-farming, with its attending miseries, was increasing rather than diminishing. Stanhope, Walpole, Sunderland, and the other advisers of the English crown, met the overtures of the Irish Parliament in a spirit of settled hostility, and with an infatuation which now appears like insanity, determined to keep closed the one remaining avenue by which Ireland could have recovered a gleam of prosperity." (Vol. I., pp. 399, 400.)

Eight years passed and then indeed,

"After a famine in which thousands of the peasantry had died, they [the supporters of the measure] did succeed in wringing out of the English Council a consent that the prohibitory clauses in the leases should be cancelled, and that in every farm a certain small portion should be under the plough. After a great potato failure, when the roads were covered with starving beggars, and in every cabin there was one dead or dying, the Irish Parliament at last did at length, in the year 1728, obtain thus much in the way of concession." (Vol. I., p. 403.)

The condition of the people who lived under this enlightened and beneficent rule was, it will readily be believed, not very flourishing.

Mr. Froude has gone into great minuteness in depicting it, and has produced a picture of social anarchy and misery, which, we may hope, is a little overcharged. According to him, the habitual occupation of Irishmen, throughout the greater part of the eighteenth century, consisted in crimes of the most horrible kind—murder, arson, and riot, faction fights and duelling, agrarian crimes, smuggling with its attendant lawlessness, the mutilation of Protestant clergy, the "carding" of tithe-proctors, the abduction and ravishing of women (of which latter offence no less than five highly coloured and sensational pictures are worked out by Mr. Froude in full detail). These were the occupations of their private life and leisure hours. In politics the atmosphere was one of stifling corruption, and the government of the country was only carried on by the systematic bribery of more than half of the two Houses of Parliament.

Such, in its main features, is Mr. Froude's account of the character and effects of English rule in Ireland during the period over which his narrative extends. Comparing it with his philosophy of government, one is led to ask where is the evidence in his story of that "natural right to govern," which he attributes to the English nation, and by which he justifies their dominion in Ireland? Is it to be seen in the "mutilated and miserable" penal code which beggared and degraded the Catholic masses—"keeping men alive," says Burke, "only to insult in their persons every one of the rights and feelings of humanity"? in the monopoly of political power given to the small minority of Protestant Episcopalians? in the corruption that pervaded every branch of political administration? in the treatment of the Presbyterians, which drove from the country the most thriving portion of its inhabitants? in the commercial legislation which Mr. Froude has stigmatized with such just emphasis?—a policy, as he assures us, deliberately conceived and founded on "the detestable opinion that to govern Ireland conveniently Ireland must be kept weak"? Or are we to look for the natural right of England to govern Ireland in the effects of her rule? in the all but universal misery, degradation, and demoralisation in which it kept those who lived under it? Are these the notes of a righteous government—of the presence of a nation having a "natural right" to rule? Mr. Froude indeed seems at times to have an uneasy consciousness that his philosophy and his history are not in perfect accord. In the sensational chapter on "Irish Ideas"—a name which he finds it humorous to give to the horrible atrocities which his own narrative shows were mainly the product of English misrule—he has this remark:—"Had the Catholics been treated equitably, it may be said, they would have been orderly members of society. The answer is that crimes such as these were

the normal growth of Ireland; they had descended from a time when Protestantism was an unknown word, and Popery and Irish ideas were supreme in the land" (Vol. I., p. 420). If Mr. Froude has no better answer than this to give, and it would seem that he has not, his political philosophy is in a bad way. For, putting aside the utterly unwarrantable assumption that the Irish people, left to themselves but with the advantage of increasing intercourse with Europe, were incapable of civilised progress, what more complete refutation, on Mr. Froude's own principles, of English pretensions to govern Ireland can be conceived than the fact that, after the experiment had been going on for some five hundred years, the Irish people still remained in the condition of savagery in which England had found them; that the state of society which was "normal" in the thirteenth century was still normal in the eighteenth? This is what Mr. Froude confesses, who founds the right of government on the right of the strong to "rescue" inferior races "from their own weakness," to compel them to obey "for their own advantage." In short, it comes to this—either Mr. Froude must discard his philosophy as the disordered dream of a literary man out of harmony with the tendencies of his time, or he must confess that the claim of England to govern Ireland, throughout the whole period over which his narrative extends, was without moral justification. The English having utterly failed, according to his showing, to perform the functions of a governing nation, ought, on his principles, to have retired from the country. The Irish, not having been "rescued from their natural weakness," had, on the same principles, a perfect right to rebel. It is thus that Mr. Froude's history illustrates his philosophy. In common with others of his way of thinking, he has a lofty contempt for "theoretical politicians," whom he never loses an opportunity of sneering at. One is tempted to ask in what school of practical statesmanship he has graduated? Pending enlightenment upon this point, the foregoing *reductio ad absurdum* may serve as an example of the straits into which a writer may be drawn who disserts on politics, alike without theory or experience to guide him.

Nothing is more remarkable in Mr. Froude's political views than the absolute confidence with which they are advanced. Throughout his narrative, extending over five hundred years, the Irish problem, which was a difficulty for all who had to do with it, never for an instant presents any difficulty to him. At every crisis he is master of the situation, and sees, as if written in sunbeams, the true path to be pursued. What enhances the wonder is, that Mr. Froude in his political opinions is all but absolutely singular. Of all the English public men who came to the front in the eighteenth century, one and one only, according to him, possessed the key to the Irish

enigma; this unique politician being no other than—George III. !<sup>1</sup> It may be confidently asserted that Mr. Froude would now fail to find a single responsible statesman in any civilised country bold enough to endorse his views. We have already seen how he would have acted after the conclusion of the civil war in William III.'s reign, and the methods by which, "without real injustice," he would have converted the Irish to Protestantism. Let us now pass to the latter end of the eighteenth century and study his judgments on the government and politics of Ireland during that critical time. The position of affairs was this :—The native Irish, not having been converted to Protestantism, were ground to the earth under the rigours of the penal code; the Presbyterians were excluded by the Test Act from municipal offices and practically from Parliamentary influence; so much political power as England was inclined to part with, was monopolized by the small minority of Protestant Episcopalians; and this was exercised subject to the control vested by Poyning's Act in the English Council, whose assent was required to the heads of all bills introduced into Parliament. The Parliament itself was a mere burlesque of a representative assembly. Two-thirds of the seats were nomination boroughs, and commonly about half the members were placemen—a state of things which, of course, issued in the most flagrant and scandalous corruption. Such being the position of affairs, a liberal movement set in, having for its objects the legislative independence of the country, which was compromised by Poyning's Act, freedom of trade, and the removal of political disabilities from Catholics and Dissenters. One by one the fetters which bound the Catholics were struck off. They were permitted to hold valuable interests in land; they were permitted to enter the professions, to enter the University; they were admitted to the electoral franchise, and they claimed Catholic emancipation. The Nationalist party in Parliament, led first by Flood, and afterwards by Grattan, taking advantage of the difficulties of England during the American War, and availing itself of the support of the Volunteers, wrested from her the right of self-government, and compelled the abolition of the iniquitous trade-laws by which Irish industry had been crushed. Triumphant thus far, the same party aimed further—at the complete emancipation of the Catholics, and a reform of Parliament. The agitation for the two latter objects brought matters to a crisis. Earl Fitzwilliam came over in 1794-5 with instructions, as he understood them, to make the required concessions. The Nationalist party regarded the game as won, but a sudden change of counsels in England threw all into confusion. Earl Fitzwilliam was recalled, his policy disavowed—in deference, it is guessed, to George III.'s scruples; and a determined

(1) "The English in Ireland," Vol. III., pp. 124, 472.

stand was taken against further concessions to the reformers. The result, considering the temper of the times—the revolutionary tide from France being now at its spring—was what might have been expected. At once the people turned from constitutional agitation to secret conspiracy. The society of United Irishmen had already been organized in the North, deeply imbued with French principles, and avowedly aiming at revolutionary objects. It was now joined by the mass of the population, and the rebellion of 1798 became inevitable. Such are the salient points of the narrative which occupies Mr. Froude's two last volumes; and it is his main purpose to show that throughout this protracted struggle the liberal party were, with a single exception, constantly in the wrong, the party of resistance as constantly in the right. The exception was the demand for freedom of trade, which Mr. Froude is obliged to admit was reasonable and just, though he is careful to hint a doubt whether the evil inherent in the policy of concession may not have outweighed the gain that accrued from a just measure. With this exception, however, every step taken by the liberal party, from the first relaxation of the penal code down to the demand for Catholic emancipation and Parliamentary reform, is, either expressly or by implication, condemned by Mr. Froude. I wish now to examine the grounds on which this sweeping condemnation has been pronounced.

They will be found to resolve themselves into two:—first, what seems to be a sort of first principle with Mr. Froude, the assumption that it is an ineradicable attribute of Irish nature not to be satisfied by concession, which, he says, it always interprets as evidence of fear, and to be only kept in a healthy condition by a regimen of compulsion; and, secondly—an argument which runs through his two last volumes—that the liberal policy represented by Grattan and his party led, by logical necessity, to Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform, two measures which would have entailed a Catholic majority in the Irish Parliament, and resulted, Mr. Froude thinks, in a repetition of the attempt made by the Irish Parliament in James II.'s time to upset the Acts of Settlement. Let us consider these two positions.

From his axiom concerning Irish human nature Mr. Froude appears to reason somewhat in this way:—as concession is sure not to satisfy the Irish, any boon asked for by them ought to be refused, since, if conceded, the concession is at once made the occasion for fresh demands, which, if conceded, lead again to further demands, and so on indefinitely, till at length something is demanded that cannot be yielded, when it becomes necessary to have recourse to force. In ruling Ireland, therefore, it is argued, the better course is to disregard altogether the feelings and wishes of the people, and to



compel them into the right path by simple and direct force. If this argument deserves an answer, Mr. Froude may be required to mention a party in English history, or in the history of any other progressive nation, from the Greek and Roman commonwealths down to the present moment,—to mention a party, I say, which, placed under political disabilities, has remained satisfied with any concessions short of full political equality. In a well-known aphorism, suggested by his study of the struggles of English parties, Hallam has said that there is no middle term between the persecution that exterminates and the toleration that satisfies. Mr. Froude, it seems, has not so read history. He considers it an exceptional and portentous thing that the Irish Catholics, having had the most galling of their fetters knocked off, should not have hugged their remaining chains; that having been permitted to take a farm on lease, they should actually have demanded to purchase land out and out; nay, should have gone on to seek for admission to the professions, and even to aspire to political rights. *Oliver Twist* "asking for more" did not do greater violence to Mr. Bumble's sense of propriety, than Mr. Froude's philosophy suffers from the pertinacious demands of the Irish Catholics. The phenomenon, he thinks, can only be explained by something peculiar and abnormal in Irish nature. This reference to "Irish nature," it may be said by the way, plays quite a large part in Mr. Froude's historical elucidations. It serves him as a sort of conjuring phrase by which whatever is strange, extravagant, corrupt, or atrocious in Irish history, is at once and satisfactorily explained. When an act is labelled "Irish," it is thought that all has been said upon the subject that need be said. In this way practices that are perfectly normal in certain stages of human progress, as marauding habits, intertribal warfare, faction fights, &c., are set down as monstrous manifestations of Irish nature, or, if Mr. Froude happens to be in a humorous vein, as examples of "Irish ideas."<sup>1</sup> As regards the use of the argument in the present instance, it needs scarcely be said that the strange thing would have been if the Irish Catholics had been satisfied with partial concessions. Had

\* (1) That Mr. Froude has thus made Irish nature a sort of standing explanation of all that is remarkable in Irish history, does not prevent him from saying something exactly the opposite of this. Thus a little further on we come upon this passage:—"We lay the fault on the intractableness of the race. The modern Irishman is of no race, so blended now is the blood of Celt and Dane, Saxon and Norman, Scot and Frenchman. The Irishman of the last century rose to his natural level whenever he was removed from his own unhappy country. In the Seven Years' War Austria's best generals were Irishmen." . . . "Strike the names of Irishmen out of our own public service, and we lose the heroes of our proudest exploits—we lose the Wellesleys, the Pallisers, the Moores, the Eyres, the Cootes, the Napiers; we lose half the officers and half the privates who conquered India for us, and fought our battles in the Peninsula." . . . "What they can be even at home we know at this present hour, when, under exceptional discipline as police, they are at once the most sorely tempted and the most nobly faithful of all subjects of the British race." (Vol. II., p. 127.)

they been so, this, and not their dissatisfaction, would have proved them to be an exceptional type of mankind: it would have proved, not that the previous concessions had been well bestowed, but quite the contrary, that the recipients were unfit to take their place in the ranks of a free community.

I turn now to Mr. Froude's second ground for condemning the conduct of the Irish liberal party—its inevitable issue, as he thinks, is an attack upon the Acts of Settlement. And here I will freely admit that, the liberal movement once started, no logical halting-ground was possible between the first removal of disabilities, and the two crowning measures demanded by the liberal party—Catholic emancipation and parliamentary reform. I admit also that the passing of these measures would probably have resulted in a Catholic majority in the Irish Parliament, supposing, that is to say, that the Irish Parliament had continued to exist; and further, that, having regard to the terrible condition to which English misrule had brought the country, such a state of political forces would have involved very serious danger to the Acts of Settlement. But conceding all this, I still ask whether, if civil war there was to be, it would not have been better to have taken issue with the Catholics on the question of maintaining the Acts of Settlement than on that of excluding them from political rights, and of resisting the reform of a parliament corrupt to the core. There is, after all, some virtue in a just cause; and an Irish rebellion, breaking out after every substantial grievance had been redressed—every grievance, that is to say, the redress of which was consistent with the maintenance of rights of property recognised for more than a century, and to the defence of which the honour as well as the interest of England was undoubtedly committed—would at least not have been more formidable than the rising of 1798, in which the Irish fought under the exasperation of a cruel disappointment, and for rights, their title to which, even then widely recognised, has since been universally conceded.

It is pertinent, moreover, in replying to Mr. Froude on this point, to remark that what constituted the real danger of the situation, at the crisis in question, was the hard and fast line drawn between the Catholics and the possession of the land; and that the maintenance of this line was not a part of liberal policy, but of that policy which Mr. Froude has defended and eulogised. Mr. Froude's attitude with reference to this question is made clear by a remark which he makes *apropos* of the possibility of considerable quantities of Irish land being thrown upon the market about the year 1773. Such an occurrence, he says, "would, on many accounts, have been of priceless service. Not the least so that, as Catholics were still unable to hold real property in Ireland, it would have recruited the

ranks of the Protestant gentry with new and wholesome elements." (Vol. II., p. 158.) In other words, Mr. Froude would have been in favour of making the severance between the Irish Catholics—three-fourths, be it remembered, of the total population—and the land of the country even more complete than it already was. His position, therefore, is this: he is the defender and eulogist of the policy which created the real danger and difficulty of Irish government; and the danger and difficulty thus created he urges as a reason for permanently excluding the Catholics from political rights. How completely the danger contemplated by Mr. Froude might have been eluded by a liberal policy with regard to the land, may be understood by considering the present state of Ireland. I am no advocate of an Irish Parliament, and I think it probable that, supposing one were ever got to work peaceably, it would indulge in not a few unwise and possibly dangerous freaks of legislation, from which the land would not be exempt; but I do not believe that any one who knows Ireland would have any apprehension that such a Parliament would touch the Acts of Settlement. And why? Simply because the Irish Catholics are now extensively owners of the Irish soil, or of valuable interests in it. Had this result been brought about in the eighteenth century—though I admit the separate existence of an Irish Parliament would still have been a difficulty—at least the particular bug-bear, disturbance of the Acts of Settlement, with which Mr. Froude seeks to frighten his readers into a belief in a retrograde policy, would not have existed. In other words we are brought to this conclusion, that a liberal policy, frankly and prudently applied to the circumstances of Ireland in the latter part of the eighteenth century would, there is every reason to believe, have prevented altogether the sanguinary outbreak of 1798 and the legacy of bitter memories it has left, and would, in all probability, have greatly accelerated the material prosperity and social quiet which the liberal policy of later times is at length, whatever Mr. Froude may say to the contrary, beginning to produce. But supposing it were otherwise, and that such a policy involved all the dangers that Mr. Froude anticipates from it, even so we should have to consider what was the alternative to this policy. According to Mr. Froude, concession necessarily entailed concession, and the path of concession led in the end to civil war: if, then, this issue was to be avoided, the only safe course was to resist concession from the start; to take stand on the penal laws as they existed, say, in 1761, and to frame our policy deliberately with a view to hold the Irish Catholics in permanent bondage; to keep, that is to say, three-fourths of the inhabitants of Ireland as hewers of wood and drawers of water to the remaining fourth; to do this in the midst of the progressive enlightenment of the eighteenth century, under the

influence of the ideas kindled by the French revolution, nay, (for the reasons against concession would be still as strong as ever) to continue this course down to the present time, and while Russian serfs and American negroes were living emancipated, to exhibit to Europe the spectacle of a kindred nation in chains! Was this a policy that England could have adopted? and supposing she were capable of adopting and carrying it into effect, does Mr. Froude imagine that the conscience of Europe would have endured the scandal? Mr. Froude does not in so many words tell us that this is the course that ought to have been pursued, but it is to this result and no other that all his moralising on Irish history, and all his railing at Irish liberal policy, most distinctly tend.

It has already appeared that among Mr. Froude's historical virtues consistency is not the most eminent; but the examples hitherto given of failure in this respect have been comparatively trifling and unimportant. As the reader is aware, he has very strongly approved and justified all the confiscations that have ever taken place in Irish history, from the landing of Strongbow and his followers, down to the civil wars of William III. It has also appeared that, according to him, "the central principle of Irish management" consists in *not* giving the Irish their own way; that conciliation of Irish ideas is a mistake, and that the people ought to be coerced to accept from their master what seems to him good. Having had these doctrines inculcated on us in season and out of season through the greater portion of three volumes, it is somewhat disconcerting towards the end of the third to encounter the following passage:—"The kingdom of Oude is of the same size as Ireland. Seventeen years ago it rose in rebellion, and the entire population was as bitterly hostile to British rule as Ireland in 1641 or 1798. Thirty Englishmen now govern Oude with perfect ease, and administer its affairs in perfect order. . . . *It would have been better and happier by far had England never confiscated the lands of the Irish, had she governed Ireland as she governs India, and never attempted to force upon her a landed gentry of alien blood.*" (Vol. III. pp. 460-462.) So then after all the confiscations were a mistake, and those "true ideas" by which Cromwell sought to govern Ireland—"laws, so far as intellect can discern them, appointed by the Maker of the world," were but a *pis aller*—an inferior alternative to a system of policy exactly the reverse of all that Mr. Froude's work was written to enforce. "Having chosen the second alternative," he continues, making an awkward attempt to save his consistency, "having given the land and the constitution into the hands of men of her own race and creed, principle as well as prudence should have taught her to remember their difficulties," &c. (Vol. III. p. 462.) Still, if there had always been that better way of governing, it seems passing

strange that throughout all the political dissertations with which these volumes abound we should have had no hint of it, till it is unexpectedly flashed upon us at the very close of the work; nor does one see why, because the land of Ireland was confiscated, the maxims of policy which were found to answer in India should have had no application to Ireland. For example, if any one attribute more than another can be predicated of Anglo-Indian rule, it is the marked deference it has invariably shown towards the laws, institutions, and traditions of the people of India. Every custom, not positively criminal, has been respected; the native religions have not only been tolerated, but in many instances endowed; the Hindoo and Mohammedan codes have been incorporated into the jurisprudence administered in our courts; the land settlements are elaborate attempts made, with whatever success, certainly in good faith, to give effect to the ancient traditions and practices of the country. If this method of government has been found efficacious in India, why should it not have been attended with equal benefit to Ireland? Granted that the land was confiscated, was this a reason for disregarding Irish customs, in settling the country under the new owners—for maintaining an established church, which could only be a standing insult and menace to the faith of the majority of the people—for aggravating the material injury by outraging in every direction native sentiment? It will be instructive to compare Mr. Froude's notions of governing Ireland with those of an Indian administrator fresh from India, and steeped in the traditions of Indian statesmanship. A few years ago, when the Irish Land Act was before Parliament, Sir George Campbell happened to be in this country, and took advantage of his leisure to visit Ireland and study the land question. The fruits of his investigation were embodied in a small volume, which he published at the time, and which contained some practical suggestions as to the sort of legislation that was needed. And what was the purport of these suggestions? Why, precisely the reverse of all that Mr. Froude would have us do. Mr. Froude says that no regard should be paid to Irish ideas and practices. Sir George Campbell tells us, on the contrary, to take Irish ideas and practices as the basis of our land legislation. He, in short, proposes to apply to Ireland the same principles which he had seen bearing good fruit in the portion of the empire with which he was familiar. There is a sense, indeed, in which "governing Ireland according to Irish ideas" would mean something very different from what Sir George Campbell advocated. The duty of England to Ireland would not, I imagine, in his view, be fulfilled by simply shutting her eyes to the dictates of expediency and justice, and giving effect to the clamours of the noisiest section of the people. This is one thing; but to take account of the customs and

ideas of the people, and to aim at promoting justice and well-being among them by steadily working in the grooves which these indicate, is quite another. It is in this sense that the principle of governing in conformity with the ideas of the governed has been understood in India; and in advocating a policy the exact opposite of this for Ireland, Mr. Froude has set at defiance not merely Indian experience, but, I do not hesitate to say, the experience of all countries, and of all ages.

Fairly to appreciate Mr. Froude's treatment of the Irish rebellion of 1798, the reader must bear in mind the judgment he has passed on English government in Ireland. This has already appeared to some extent, and will be placed beyond doubt by a few more extracts:—

"The wrongs of which America had to complain were but mosquito bites by the side of the enormous injuries which had been inflicted by English selfishness on the trade and manufactures of Ireland. Why was Ireland to submit when America was winning admiration by resistance? Why, indeed? save that America was in earnest. The Irish were not. America meant to fight. The Irish only meant to clamour and threaten to fight."<sup>1</sup> (Vol. II., p. 83.)

"Lord Carlisle had found, in common with every Viceroy who preceded him, that when he spoke to the cabinet of wrongs done to Ireland, and recommended a measure or measures as tending to remedy them, he had been received either with impudent neglect, or contemptuous refusal. English rule in Ireland had become so shameful a parody of all that is meant by righteous and legitimate authority, that nature herself repudiated it. Ireland could not and would not be governed any longer by English laws. Lord Carlisle thought, and avowed that he thought, that she might be governed well and happily by laws of her own; while, if England refused to consent to an arrangement, he anticipated inevitable convulsions, the end of which no one could foresee." (Vol. II., p. 319.)

"The long era of misgovernment had ripened at last for the harvest. Rarely since the inhabitants of the earth had formed themselves into civilised communities, had any country suffered from such a complication of neglect and ill-usage. The Irish people clamoured against Government, and their real wrong from first to last had been that there was no government over them; that, under changing forms, the universal rule among them for four centuries had been the tyranny of the strong over the weak; that from the catalogue of virtues demanded from those who exercised authority over their fellow-men the word Justice had been blotted out. Anarchy had borne its fruits. The victims of scandalous administration had risen at last to demand redress." (Vol. III., pp. 348, 349.)

"England, for her own purposes, condemned the country to barrenness, and its inhabitants to misery and want. She rejected them when they petitioned to be incorporated in the empire. She extinguished their manufactures and their shipping, and discouraged them long even from cultivating their

(1) Burke could not draw a bill of indictment against a whole people; but Mr. Froude has no scruple in flinging about imputations of cowardice against the Irish race—possibly because he knows that, a few pages on, he will say something which shall imply the possession by the same people of the most heroic valour. Notwithstanding numerous passages like that quoted in the text, he confesses in his narrative of the rebellion that nothing could exceed the courage shown by the Irish peasantry and their leaders.

estates, lest the value of her own land should suffer from the rivalry. . . . If they were politically corrupt England had begun with prostituting their patronage and misappropriating their revenues. If they were discontented and mutinous, never in the history of the world had any subjects more just grounds for complaints." (Vol. III., p. 461.)

I do not think it would be easy to express condemnation of a government in stronger terms than some of those I have quoted; to assert more strongly the responsibility of England for the evils that afflicted Ireland; or to recognise more fully the terrible provocation offered to the Irish people for rising in revolt. And yet within a few pages of some of these extracts Mr. Froude finds it possible to write as follows:—"The Irish Catholics . . . failed to recognise that, alike in 1641 and 1798, *no injury had been done to them, and no hurt had been designed against them*, till they had either taken arms in rebellion, or were preparing for it so openly that the Government were compelled to take their weapons from them. The burglar who kills a policeman is none the less guilty of murder because the policeman began the quarrel by laying his hand upon his shoulder." (Vol. iii. p. 414.) If this had been an isolated passage unsupported by anything further, one might be inclined to suppose some accident—a loose leaf from some other work, perhaps, getting mixed up with Mr. Froude's manuscripts. In truth, however, the illustration of the burglar and the policeman in this passage strikes the key-note of Mr. Froude's account of the rebellion of 1798, and gives us the standpoint from which he has stigmatised with unqualified severity the conduct of the rebels, and, on the other hand, justified in ample measure all the rigours put in force on the Government side. The Irish people who, a few pages before, had been the plundered, impoverished, demoralized victims of scandalous administration rising at last to demand redress, suddenly become burglars wantonly assailing with felonious intent the legitimate authorities placed over them in the order of Providence and only bent on preserving order for the common good—the same authorities whom, but a short time previously we had been told, "nature herself repudiated," but whose cause Mr. Froude now espouses with such intolerant zeal that even the most extreme exercise of their power in crushing the revolt falls short of his desires. I venture to say that so flagrant a contradiction—so radical an inconsistency in the very heart of an historical plot, in the fundamental conception of the crowning catastrophe of a great drama—has rarely been committed by historian before. That catastrophe is presented in one page as the natural and necessary outcome of English misrule: in the next, as the wanton and unprovoked rising of "a treacherous race, whom it was no longer possible to bear with;" and between these two theories—though the latter steadily preponderates—Mr. Froude oscillates to the end.

Still it is from the point of view of the policeman seizing the burglar that the contest is on the whole described and judged; nor is there any attempt to do justice to the contending parties even as thus conceived. The massacres and horrible cruelties committed on the Catholic side, are elaborately described; every detail, fitted to strike the imagination, to shock the feelings or to fire the passions, is carefully picked out and set in full relief in Mr. Froude's pages,<sup>1</sup> while the equally horrible and atrocious acts committed on the Government side in the suppression of the revolt are slurred over in summary sentences, generally with a reminder that the victims merely received the due rewards of their deeds. Considering the opinions that Mr. Froude has put on record respecting the mode in which Ireland was governed by England, one would have expected here from an English historian, if only for the grace of the thing—I do not, of course, speak of generosity—some little allowance for Irish errors and vices—some touch of compunction for the terrible calamities brought by his countrymen, however inevitably, upon the Irish race. But Mr. Froude has no such weaknesses. He is a marvellous adept in that sort of vicarious stoicism that loves

"When others bleed to kiss the rod,  
Resigning to the will of God;"

and not merely does he endorse all the rigours put in force—rigours which revolted and disgusted some of the best of those who were charged with their execution—but actually goes out of his way to suggest that they should have been heavier and bloodier. Referring to the escape of a portion of the rebel army from Vinegar Hill, he remarks that, if the mistake which made that escape possible was intentional, "it was misplaced leniency. Nothing but some decisive and overwhelming evidence of the consequences of a rebellion *carried out in the spirit which had been shown in Wexford*, would ever convince the Irish of the hopelessness of measuring strength with England, or prevent a repetition of the same folly, when opportunity seemed again to offer itself." (Vol. III. pp. 442-3.) There is,

(1) Mr. Froude's desire to be picturesque in his account of these occurrences sometimes carries him into bathos. For example, after describing the night attack on the garrison at Prosperous, where a detachment of the North Cork militia were brutally slaughtered, he writes:—"Those who had been concerned in the night's work had come back expecting to find as complete a sweep of their comrades as they had made themselves of Swayne and the North Cork. Finding the day gone against them, they either dispersed or stole into their quarters unperceived. Esmonde, especially, contrived to reach his room, *to wash, dress, and powder himself, as a dog would do after a midnight orgie among the sheep*, and presented himself in his place in the ranks as if he had never been absent." (Vol. III., p. 363.) We have heard before of Mother Hubbard's dog, who, when his mistress was abroad, used to "dress in his clothes;" but the dog in Mr. Froude's simile, who not only dressed, but washed and powdered himself, quite throws into shade the performances of our old favourite.



perhaps, some doubt as to the exact force of the words which I have italicised; but, taking the passage with its context, there can be no doubt at all that it amounts to a suggestion that it would have been well if the entire army at Vinegar Hill had been put to the sword. It is in this spirit, Mr. Froude thinks, that the Irish Rebellion should have been suppressed.

A few words before I conclude, on a question which has even yet something more than an historic interest—the measures resorted to by the Government previous to the outbreak for the seizure of arms and other purposes of suppression. Amongst these was the practice of torturing by flogging, half-hanging, and what was called pitch-capping—putting caps of boiling pitch upon the head; all which were employed against the peasantry in the hopes of making them disclose the places where arms were concealed. The officer most directly responsible for these proceedings was General Lake, but they appear to have been approved by the Irish Government, and Mr. Froude thus comments on them:—

"The seizures were not effected without severity. . . . Entire villages combined in determined resistance. Individuals, of whose guilty complicity secret information left no shadow of doubt, were compelled to reveal the hiding-places by the whip and the picket. Houses were burnt, and entire families were exposed to serious suffering. Particular officers, it is likely, exceeded their orders. The officers of the yeomanry were taken from the local gentry, whom the murder system had not disposed to feel tenderly towards the accomplices of assassins. In some very few instances the innocent may have been confounded with the criminal. When society is disorganised, and peace can only be preserved by the strong hand, such misfortunes occur inevitably, and the responsibility for them rests with those who have rendered the use of force indispensable." (Vol. III., p. 238.)

This defence has been supplemented by a reviewer of Mr. Froude's in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who puts the case thus:—"Suppose the Indian mutiny could have been prevented by flogging a certain number of Sepoy conspirators till they gave the information necessary to enable the Government to prevent the outbreak; ought English authorities to have hesitated to flog at the expense of causing all that followed? And if so, on what ground?" This is no doubt a very convenient, though perhaps a somewhat cool, way of begging the question. Is it not equally open to me to put the case in this fashion?—Suppose the flogging of a certain number of Sepoy conspirators would have had no appreciable effect on the issue of the Indian mutiny, but would have very greatly exasperated the passions of the people, and increased the horrors of the struggle, ought English authorities to have flogged? and if so, on what grounds? Hypothesis for hypothesis, one way of putting the argument seems as good as the other; but the question is, which coincides most nearly with the facts of the Irish case. Now I maintain that mine does; nor need I go beyond Mr. Froude's pages to demonstrate this. From that

narrative it very clearly appears that the break-down of the Irish rebellion was mainly due to two causes:—to the collapse of the conspiracy in the North at a critical moment, upon the Northern Protestants discovering that the war was assuming a religious character in the South; and secondly, to the failure of the French to send their contingent in time. Mr. Froude admits that in the early part of June, there was nothing to prevent Father John Murphy, the leader of the insurrectionary forces in Wexford, from marching by way of Arklow and the coast line to Bray, from which he could have threatened Dublin, where the masses could only be kept from rising by the presence of a considerable garrison. Camden, he tells us, was, now for the first time, really alarmed. The reports from the North were less favourable, and Walpole's defeat might decisively turn the scale.

" 'The salvation of Ireland,' the Lord-Lieutenant wrote in a letter to the Duke of Portland, 'on which Great Britain as an empire eventually depends, requires that this rebellion should be instantly suppressed. No event but instant extinction can prevent it from becoming general, as it is notorious that the whole country is organized. The Chancellor, the Speaker, all the friends of his Majesty's Government, whom I am in the habit of consulting, have this day given it as their solemn opinion, and have required me to state it as such, that the salvation of Ireland depends on immediate and very considerable succours. A few regiments will perhaps only be sent to laughter or to loss. This opinion is perfectly well founded. General Lake agrees. I make this appeal to your Grace in the most solemn manner.' " "It was quite certain," Mr. Froude adds, "that at this particular moment Father John could, if he had pleased, have reached Dublin with ease. He had 20,000 men with him at Ballymore. He would have doubled his numbers before he had arrived at Bray, and at Bray he would have been but a day's march from the city." (Vol. III., pp. 404, 405.)

But at this crisis of the struggle, the Northern Protestants took alarm, and the Northern contingent, which had been regarded by the Government as the most formidable element of the rebel army, never came to the front, and disappeared with a flash in the pan. At the same time the French failed to make their appearance, and only arrived when the movement had been already crushed. The Government had thus time to receive reinforcements, and having only to do with the Southern outbreak, had little difficulty in suppressing it. In spite, therefore, of all the barbarities practised in the abortive attempt at suppression—in spite of the pitch-cappings, floggings, and dragonnades throughout the country—it remains quite clear that the rebellion would, at all events for a time, have succeeded, if the Government had not been saved in the very crisis of its fate by causes for which it had to thank its good luck. The cruelties which disgraced its conduct were without appreciable effect on the issue of the struggle. Unhappily they were only too effective in exasperating the passions of the combatants, and in imprinting bitter memories which time has not yet effaced, and which this unhappy narrative will prolong.

J. E. CAIRNES.

## IMAGINARY GEOMETRY AND THE TRUTH OF AXIOMS.<sup>1</sup>

IN a previous chapter (Problems, Vol. I., p. 384) Axioms were disclosed to be experiential in origin and in range. They also, therefore, must be accepted, like all other truths, as equations, the terms of which are Facts and Feelings. To a similar result tend the speculations of those ingenious geometers who have constructed an Imaginary Geometry, which would be rigorously true for an *imaginary* space, although not true of *real* space: true, if their postulates are granted, and our postulates and intuitions are disregarded.

Disregard of Intuition and Sensible Experience renders all speculations imaginary; but although these particular geometric speculations have no more real validity than the fictions of Laputa, they have a speculative value, especially in reinforcing the experiential doctrine; for, as M. Houël, the translator of Lobatschewsky, remarks, "they throw into the region of chimeras the hope still entertained by many that it is possible to demonstrate the axiom of Euclid respecting parallels otherwise than through Experience"<sup>2</sup>—a result devoutly to be wished, when we find the desire for *à priori* demonstration carried so far as it is by those who object that Euclid does not *prove* that a straight line can be drawn.

It must assuredly shake the confidence of the *à priori* school to find a thinker so illustrious as Helmholtz, arguing that the Axioms of Geometry are not universally true, not necessarily true, not in any sense to be taken as absolute; to find geometers like Gauss, Lobatschewsky, Beltrami, and others, constructing parallels which *must* meet when produced; to find geometers like Sylvester and Clifford suggesting a geometry of four dimensions; and to read grave propositions asserting that the three angles of a right-angled triangle are not necessarily equal to two right angles. Such a complete upsetting of the foundations by men so eminent, cannot be doffed aside as idle paradoxes of perverse ingenuity. They demand a careful scrutiny, which may perhaps greatly enlighten us as to the principles of Certitude in Mathematics, and elsewhere.

In a remarkable essay<sup>3</sup> Helmholtz argued that, however applicable to the only Space known to us, the Axioms would be superseded by others in a Space of two or a Space of four dimensions. He admits that our geometry is true for all beings living in a Space of three dimensions. But this truth is purely relative to such Space.

(1) A chapter from the forthcoming volume of *Problems of Life and Mind*.

(2) Lobatschewsky:—"Études Géométriques sur la Théorie des Parallèles." Paris, 1868.

(3) "Academy," vol. i. p. 128.

We must not universalise it, and assume it to be equally applicable to all Space whatever ; for we can conceive conditions under which it would *not* be true. That is to say, unless we undertake to affirm that Space must *necessarily* be of three dimensions, and only three—and who can affirm this ? We can conceive that in other universes there may be intelligent beings living in a Space of two or more dimensions. If, says Helmholtz, these beings lived in a Space of two dimensions, and lived *in* the surface of a sphere, or pseudo-spherical saddle-shaped surface, many of our Axioms would not be true. These beings would legitimately deny much of our Geometry. They would deny all theorems based on the Axiom that two shortest lines cannot intersect in more than one point. *They could indeed entertain no such notion as that of parallel lines*, since all the shortest lines of the Space known to them would intersect when produced. With them the angles of a triangle would always, more or less, exceed two rights.

There is some ambiguity in his language which does not, I feel sure, extend to his meaning. When he says that beings living in a Space of constant curvature would deny Euclid's Geometry to be true ; he means, I think, that there those theorems would not be *applicable*, because the requisite intuitions were not given ; but, on the contrary, the intuitions would be different because the Space was different. Obviously if we assume the existence of a Space unlike that to which our Geometry applies, we must assume intuitions unlike those which our Geometry formulates. It is indisputable that propositions which are true under one set of conditions, must be false under another set of conditions. But note here the common fallacy of supposing that a truth which formulates given conditions can be rendered doubtful by admitting the possibility of the conditions being *elsewhere* different. The new truth formulating different conditions, cannot invalidate the truth formulating similar conditions. The truths of plane Geometry are not affected by the truths of spherical Geometry ; nor would the Geometry of three dimensions be a whit less true if we constructed a Geometry of *n* dimensions. The fallacy here combated is the same as that which throws doubt on the absolute certainty of relative Truth, and proclaims that nothing can be certainly known, because all things cannot be known.

The question raised by Helmholtz may profitably induce the student not only to reconsider the logical foundation of mathematical truths, but also to meditate on the speculation advanced by Reid in the ninth section of chapter six of his *Inquiry*—a speculation which has been so entirely disregarded, that his editor, Hamilton, passes it over without a note. It is called the "Geometry of Visibles," and endeavours to show what would be the consequences of dealing with visible figure, unassisted by tangible figure were the eye placed in

the centre of a sphere. The assumption is quite as permissible as the assumption of a saddle-shaped space; and the consequences are rigorously deduced. The fiction which suppresses our real intuitions, and substitutes for them what *would be* the intuitions possible under unlike conditions, generates an Imaginary Geometry. Every great circle of the sphere in which the eye is a centre will have the appearance of a straight line; for the curvature of the circle, being turned directly toward the eye, is not perceived by it. For the same reason any line drawn in the plane of a great circle of the sphere, will appear straight, whether it be in reality straight or curved.

I cannot, as I should wish, quote the whole of Reid's exposition, to which, since it is easily accessible, the reader can turn for himself. I will here only note, that he mathematically deduces the conclusions, that the visible angle comprehended under two visible right lines is equal to the spherical angle comprehended under the two great circles which are the representatives of these visible lines—in a word, that a plane triangle is the same in every respect as a spherical triangle—that any two right lines being produced, will meet in two points and bisect each other, and that if two lines be parallel, that is, everywhere equally distant from each other, they cannot both be straight.

The resemblance of these results to those propounded by Helmholtz is apparent. The fallacy seems to me to lurk in the substitution of terms. Reid supposes that any line drawn in the plane of a great circle will *appear* straight to the eye, whether it *be* straight or curved. But Geometry is concerned with its own constructions, not with what the elements of such constructions may be elsewhere. Either the geometer of this imaginary space has, or has not, the constructions of a right-lined, and a spherical triangle. If he has such figures, they are not identical, and his intuitions of them are never the same. If he cannot see what to us is a *curve*, otherwise than as a straight line, he cannot construct a triangle otherwise than by straight lines. Because a tower appears cylindrical to one spectator, and square to another, the *geometric properties* of the cylinder and the square are not supposed to be the same; nor will any rectification which shows that each of these forms is relative, and that neither represents what the tower is in *other* relations, affect the geometrical question. But Reid, while placing his geometer in an imaginary position, supposes at the same time that the geometer has the conceptions impossible under such conditions, and already knows the difference between plane and spherical triangles. Let this be so; let the imaginary geometer be able to draw straight lines, and curves, he will then see the differences between a spherical and a plane triangle, although under some positions the spherical may to his eye be indistinguishable from the

plane. Whether in any particular case a tangible body which appears rightlined is *really* curved, *i.e.*, is curved to other eyes or in other positions, is not a question of Geometry at all.

Professor Jevons, eminent both as mathematician and logician, published a reply to Helmholtz's essay,<sup>1</sup> and undertook to show that even in a spherical Space wherein the *figures* of plane Geometry could not exist, the *principles* of plane Geometry might be developed by human intellects; precisely as human intellects have been able in our Space of three dimensions to develop the principles of a Geometry of four dimensions. "Euclid's elements would be neither more nor less true in one such world than another; they would only be more or less applicable." A further development of this position was given by Mr. J. L. Tupper, in the same periodical (vol. v. p. 202). Helmholtz replied to Professor Jevons,<sup>2</sup> and, while agreeing in the proposition that beings living in a Space of two dimensions might, if they studied infinitely small figures, apply to them the same theorems which Euclid has laid down for figures of every magnitude, proposed the following answer:—

"In the first place it is evident that it is not the same thing whether Euclid's theorems be true only under very limited conditions, or for all Space without exception. The Geometry of infinitely small figures would be of great importance in discovering a system identical in form with that of Euclid, but truths, applicable to figures of infinitely small dimensions only, could not be considered as necessary truths, or axioms of Geometry in general. But as we living (at least as far as we know) in Space fulfilling the postulates of Euclidian Geometry, can develop analytically the system of pseudo-spherical Geometry of any number of dimensions, so beings living in a pseudo-spherical Space could *invent analytically* the system of Euclidean Geometry as relating to an imaginary Space not accessible to their experience; and perhaps they would find that the calculation of the geometrical quantities of their own Space would become more simple, or more symmetrical, by introducing the system of variables belonging to a Space of more dimensions, as we sometimes introduce a fourth co-ordinate into the equations of lines and surfaces in order to get homogeneous expressions, which we even differentiate with respect to this superadded variable. Our mathematicians, moreover, speak of imaginary lines and points of intersection (of two ellipsoids for instance) and their imaginary co-ordinates, as if such imaginary dimensions really existed; and they do this to preserve analogy and homogeneity in the analytical expressions. But for all this, no mathematician ever came to the conclusion that a fourth dimension of Space exists, even though he finds it convenient to write his equations as if it existed. And I cannot see why the mathematical intellects of a spherical world should come to another conclusion, even if they should discover the simplification of their analytical Geometry which they could devise from the introduction of the co-ordinates of a Space of more dimensions. Points and lines in such a Space would have no more meaning to them than length in the direction of the fourth co-ordinate can have for us, although we introduce such a co-ordinate into our calculation."

The reader's attention is called to two considerations, which I have endeavoured to make clear in previous parts of this work. First,

(1) "Nature," vol. iv. p. 481.

(2) "Academy," vol. iii. p. 52.

that no truth can be extended beyond its formulated terms; and in this sense every truth is limited to the specified conditions, and can be universal only on the universalization of such conditions; also that in this sense every truth is necessary. Secondly, that it is a grave error to suppose Geometry, or any other science, is simply deductive, and can be developed from axioms and definitions without regard to intuitions; whence it follows that unless we have sensible intuitions of the *figures*, there can be no rational *principles* reached; and any attempt to develop geometrical principles without intuitions, can only be operations on symbols wanting assignable values. I shall have occasion presently to recur to these two points, and may now proceed with the examination of the debate between Helmholtz and Jevons.

The ground of their difference seems to lie in the ambiguity of the word Truth. Professor Jevons argues that the plane Geometry of beings in a spherical space would be true, though inapplicable. Helmholtz argues that it would not be true, because not in accordance with the realities of their experience. Professor Jevons maintains that "we are in exactly the same difficulty as the inhabitants of a spherical world. There is not one of the propositions of Euclid which we can verify empirically in this universe." I do not accept this statement, since I have shown that ideal constructions *are* verifiable by reduction of abstractions to their concretes, the symbols to the feelings symbolized, and inferences to sensations; and that since Euclid's propositions may be exhibited as equations of their terms, they are empirically verifiable. However exquisitely polished a real surface may be, we know that it is not an exact plane, and that the microscope would show us the irregularities; yet geometrical constructions of perfect accuracy can be made on such a surface; that is to say, they shall be accurate to Perception, which *sees* no imperfections on the surface, and accurate to conception, which *admits* of no imperfections in its abstract surface. Professor Jevons continues, "I do not think that the geometers of the spherical world would be under any greater difficulties than our mathematicians are in developing a science of mechanics, which is generally true only of infinitesimals. Similarly in all the other supposed universes, plane geometry would be approximately true in fact, and exactly true in theory, which is all we can say of this universe. Where parallel lines could not exist of finite magnitude, they would be conceived as of infinitesimal magnitude; and the conception is no more abstruse than the direction of a continuous curve, which is never the same for any finite distance." He concludes that Helmholtz is guilty of an *ignoratio elenchi*, because while pointing out the possible existence of worlds where the Axioms of our Geometry would not apply, he appears to confuse this conclusion with the falsity of the axioms. Wherever lines are parallel, the axiom concerning parallel lines will

be true; but if there be no parallel lines in existence, there is nothing of which the truth or falsity of the axiom can come in question.

Here we see how Truth has reference to the *import of terms*. If parallel lines are *supposed* to exist, the axiom will be true under those fictitious conditions; it will be an ideal truth; if they *really* exist, the axiom will be true in real application to them; but if, as in a space of constant curvature, there are *no* parallel lines, the axiom cannot be true of that space. Helmholtz replied that Mr. Jevons did "not sufficiently distinguish between the truth which corresponds to reality, and analytical truth, which is derived from a hypothetical basis by a logical process consistent in itself, and leading to no contradiction. For us the Euclidean Geometry is true in reality: a theorem of the spherical or pseudo-spherical Geometry could be called true in the second sense when consistent with the whole system of such a Geometry. For the intellects of a pseudo-spherical world, on the contrary, the Euclidean Geometry would be fictitious, and that of Lobatschewsky real." I should express the distinction thus: Truth is the equation of its terms; and when the terms have intuitions for their import, and objective reals as their basis, the equation expresses a *real truth*; when the terms are symbols, the import of which has no assignable intuitions, the equation expresses a *symbolical truth*, which can be rendered applicable, real, only by assigning real values. The *consistency* is absence of internal contradiction; and this consistency belongs to the Imaginary Geometry. This is what logicians call Formal Truth. But what is commonly understood as Truth is something more than this; it is the absence of external contradiction—*i.e.*, the equivalence of the signs and the things signified, of feelings and facts, *i.e.*, of particular feelings and feelings registered as general.

The identification of Truth with Consistency is only permissible on the understanding that the consistency lies in the import of the terms, and the equivalence of the sign and the thing signified. Symbols may be operated on to any extent, but unless they are symbols having intuitions for their import, they can lead only to symbolical results, analytical truths—never to *real* results, *real* truths. Lobatschewsky would have doubtless admitted this, for he somewhere says, "J'ai taché de prouver que rien n'autorise *si ce ne sont les observations directes* de supposer dans un triangle rectiligne la somme des angles égale à deux droits, et que la géométrie n'en peut pas moins subsister, *sinon dans la nature du moins dans l'analyse*, lorsque l'on admet l'hypothèse de la somme des angles moindre que la demi-circonférence du cercle."<sup>1</sup> In the purely analytical region, Consistency will be the equivalent of Truth in the region of Fact. Our sole care must be not to confound the two. But although I admit that the non-Euclidean Geometry may be thoroughly consistent, and ideally true—*i.e.*, within the sphere of its assumptions—I can neither

(1) This passage I find quoted by Delbœuf, probably from Lobatschewsky's paper in *Crelle's Journal*. It is not in the work translated by Houël.



admit the legitimacy of extending any of its conclusions beyond that sphere, nor the suggestion of Gauss and Helmholtz, that because we can conceive a Space in which its axioms would not be truths, the Euclidean Geometry is not *rigorous*,<sup>1</sup> not necessarily true. I maintain that every truth which is an equation of its terms is rigorous, whether those terms be interpretable as signs of sensations—(i.e., having objective reality) or as arbitrary symbols having merely a subjective value. The terms of Euclidean Geometry are interpretable as signs of sensations, and are intuitions of sensible experience; any equation of such terms must therefore be rigorously true, though limited to the import of such terms; nor will any substitution of other terms, or other import, affect the absolute truth of such equations,—it will simply be the substitution of one proposition for another.

When I say that the terms are signs of sensible experiences, this must not be misunderstood as implying that Euclidean constructions are other than ideal representations of reality. Every one admits that all our constructions are approximations. No real circle absolutely corresponds with our definition. No real line is perfectly straight; no real surface is perfectly plane. When, therefore, modern geometers suggest that the sum of the three angles of a rectilinear triangle on a vastly magnified scale might not be exactly equal to two right angles, this is intelligible on two suppositions: first, the homaloidal Space with which Geometry deals is in fact a curved Space, the curvature becoming sensible when very distant points are taken: in this case, although any triangle we have occasion to measure may be exactly equal to two rights, yet it is quite true that on an immensely larger scale there would be a sensible inequality, just as the more a curve is magnified the straighter it appears; but only to our unmagnified senses, for if our vision increases *pari passu* with the increase of the curve, no approach to straightness can result. In answer to this supposition, I should say that it is only made plausible through a silent substitution of one term for another; the Space which these geometers have in view is *not* the Space which common Geometry deals with. Respecting the second intelligible supposition, on which the three angles of a triangle may not be exactly equal to two rights, I can only conceive it to be the familiar truth that our constructions are but approximative as representations of reals. In the region of Abstraction, with which alone Geometry is concerned when formu-

(1) "La Géométrie non-Euclidienne," says Gauss, in his letter to Schumacher, "ne renferme en elle rien de contradictoire, quoique, à première vue, beaucoup de ses résultats aient l'air de paradoxes. Ces contradictions apparentes doivent être regardées comme l'effet d'une illusion, due à l'habitude que nous avons prise de bonne heure de considérer la géométrie Euclidienne comme rigoureuse," p. 40. That is to say, we have been in the habit of considering the Space we know as the real Space; the new Geometry considers a Space different from that of Euclid.

lating abstract equations, *the triangle is of any size*. That the angles of a quadrilateral are equal to four right angles is an identical proposition. That the quadrilateral, when divided by a diagonal, equals two triangles, and that the three angles of each of these triangles must be equal to two right angles, the half of four being two, are also identical propositions. In this ideal region no variation is admissible. Magnify the triangles as you please, the equation remains unaffected. Whereas in the region of concrete triangles there must always be some difference between the figure and our conception.

The Geometry founded on Intuition, and the Imaginary Geometry which is founded on Definition without regard to Intuition, may profitably be considered here. The immense extension of our resources which has resulted from the introduction of new symbols in the case of Analytical Geometry, may probably have produced the illusion that, by means of symbols, something more than increased facility in calculation may be reached—in fact, that new symbols would give us a new space. When Descartes substituted algebraic symbols for geometric figures, and demonstrated geometric theorems by formulas of the co-ordinates  $x, y, z$ , these formulas constituted a new definition of Space, but did not give us a new Space. The co-ordinates were symbols, interpretable into sensations, and only because they were so interpretable could they be applied *in lieu* of the geometric figures. They were simply a new and more available mode of Notation, not a new thing noted. Whether we establish the properties of Space through intuitions of figures, as in Geometry, or through calculations of symbols which represent those intuitions, as in Analytic Geometry, the conception thus differently represented remains unaffected.

Attempts have been made of late to demonstrate a fourth dimension in Space; the wiser heads refuse to accept the fourth dimension as a reality, content to use it as an artifice of calculation. In this sense, taking it purely as an *auxiliary hypothesis*, it should be welcomed, directly it has been shown to fulfil the demands of such auxiliaries. And this appears to have been the case: Prof. Sylvester, Dr. Salmon, and Prof. Clifford have thus legitimized it.<sup>1</sup> We have only to bear in mind that it is an artifice, and that the fourth dimension cannot be seen, nor touched, nor felt as movement—in a word, cannot be interpretable by Feeling. There will then be no equivocal. The caution is, however, greatly needed. The fact that something which is not geometrically possible, not even *imaginable*, —e.g., an unlimited homogeneous surface—is analytically *conceivable* (i.e., expressible in symbols), and the fact that Analysis is a potent instrument extending the range of Geometry as Conception extends the range of Perception—such facts have led to the belief that opera-

(1) See *Nature*, vol. i. p. 238.

tions on symbols, even in disregard of intuitions, will conduct us to knowledge inaccessible to Feeling; and this is the analogue of Metempirics, which accepts conceptions destitute of sensible bases. No one denies that by means of analytical formulæ we are led to the discovery of new facts. The point here insisted on is that they require verification by Sense and Intuition before they can disclose the *existence* of new facts. The chemist may so manipulate chemical symbols as to be led to the discovery of hitherto unsuspected substances; but he has to verify the validity of his operation—he has to *find* the substances. Metaphysicians, when they suppose that if the mind of man can frame a conception there must exist some corresponding reality, would do well to ponder this distinction between operating on symbols and verifying the result of the operation.<sup>1</sup>

It has been argued that since we can imagine a Space of two dimensions, although this is unwarranted by Experience, we can also imagine a Space of four. This seems to me doubly fallacious. I deny that we can *imagine* (though we can *conceive*) a space of two dimensions; and even were such a Space imaginable, there would be an infinite distinction between it and the Space of four dimensions. To say that possibly there may be sentient beings for whom a third dimension does not exist, is very different from saying that we can imagine, *i.e.*, form an image of their space. By no effort can we *divest* ourselves of our intuitions, and form a mental picture of what the universe is to different intuitions. We can indeed symbolically construct a space of two divisions, simply by employing only the symbols of two, and dropping that of the third; as we can construct a geometric figure without attending to its solidity or its colour. By such artifices we can conceive, and reason about, the world of the blind; but we cannot picture it. Waiving this point, however, let us note how widely different is the case with a Space of four dimensions. It is obviously impossible to imagine this fourth, which, never having been present to Sense, cannot be revived in Imagination. The comparatively easy resource of dropping one part of our sensible experience, and attending only to the other two, is altogether different from the task of *adding* an entirely new sensible basis. A fourth dimension, then, must always remain an artifice, which cannot be interpreted in terms of sensible experience. We cannot imagine it, we cannot believe in it as a reality. To accept it on the faith of analytical operations, and to suppose that a manipulation of symbols without regard to sensible experience can lead to anything *more* than symbolical results, is like supposing that the imaginary creations of poets have a real existence in the sensible world. Genii compressible into bottles, and expansible into giants, can be written about and pictured, but they are not possible realities, which any fisherman may pull up in his net.

GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

(1) See this point more fully developed in Problem III. chap. vi.

## THE YEAR OF THE ROSE.

From the depths of the green garden-closes  
Where the summer in darkness dozes  
Till autumn pluck from his hand  
An hour-glass that holds not a sand,—  
From the maze that a flower-belt encloses  
To the stones and sea-grass on the strand,  
How red was the reign of the roses  
Over the rose-crowned land !

The year of the rose is brief ;  
From the first blade blown to the sheaf,  
From the thin green leaf to the gold,  
It has time to be sweet and grow old,  
To triumph and leave not a leaf  
For witness in winter's sight  
How lovers once in the light  
Would mix their breath with its breath,  
And its spirit was quenched not of night,  
As love is subdued not of death.

In the red-rose land not a mile  
Of the meadows from stile to stile,  
Of the valleys from stream to stream,  
But the air was a long sweet dream  
And the earth was a sweet wide smile  
Red-mouthed of a goddess, returned  
From the sea which had borne her and burned,  
That with one swift smile of her mouth  
Looked full on the north as it yearned,  
And the north was more than the south.

For the north, when winter was long,  
In his heart had made him a song,  
And clothed it with wings of desire,  
And shod it with shoon as of fire,  
To carry the tale of his wrong  
To the south-west wind by the sea,  
That who might bear it but he  
To the cars of the goddess unknown  
That waits till her time shall be  
To take the world for a throne ?

In the earth beneath, and above  
In the heaven where her name is love,  
She warms with light from her eyes  
The seasons of life as they rise,  
And her eyes are as eyes of a dove,  
But the wings that light her and bear  
As an eagle's, and all her hair  
As fire by the wind's breath curled,  
And her passage is song through the air,  
And her presence is spring through the world.

So turned she northward and came,  
And the white-thorn land was aflame  
With the fires that were shed from her feet,  
That the north, by her love made sweet,  
Should be called by a rose-red name ;  
And a murmur was heard as of doves,  
And a music beginning of loves  
In the light that the roses made,  
Such light as the music loves,  
The music of man with maid.

But the days drop one upon one,  
And a chill soft wind is begun

In the heart of the rose-red maze  
That weeps for the rose-leaf days  
And the reign of the rose undone  
That ruled so long in the light,  
And by spirit, and not by sight,  
Through the darkness thrilled with its breath,  
Still ruled in the viewless night,  
As love might rule over death.

The time of lovers is brief ;  
From the fair first joy to the grief  
That tells when love is grown old,  
From the warm wild kiss to the cold,  
From the red to the white rose leaf,  
They have but a season to seem  
As rose-leaves lost on a stream  
That part not and pass not apart  
As a spirit from dream to dream,  
As a sorrow from heart to heart.

From the bloom and the gloom that encloses  
The death-bed of love where he dozes  
Till a relic be left not of sand  
To the hour-glass that breaks in his hand,—  
From the change in the grey garden-closes  
To the last stray grass of the strand,  
A rain and ruin of roses  
Over the red-rose land.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## FEDERALISM AND HOME RULE.

THE debate on Home Rule in the House of Commons is not yet a month old; still, as Mr. Butt's proposal never had any chance of being carried, and as the question has been followed by two more exciting ecclesiastical questions in England and in Scotland, it is probably by this time pretty well forgotten. Yet the same question will doubtless be stirred again, and, even should it never be stirred again, it suggests some thoughts which are not without interest to the student of political history. Into the practical question itself I am not going to enter. To me, as to most people in Great Britain, the Home Rule scheme, as set forth by its supporters in the present Parliament, seems altogether wild and impracticable. It seems to be grounded on a thorough misconception of the experience of the past, and to offer no kind of chance for any better state of things in the future. Yet I must protest against speaking of the whole line of feeling out of which the proposal springs as something in itself absurd and unreasonable. The relations of Ireland to the rest of the United Kingdom are a fact. It is plain to all eyes, apart from any theories, that the three countries which make up the island of Great Britain, England, Scotland, and Wales, are really as well as formally united. Ireland is only formally united and not really. No one in England, Scotland, or Wales wishes the tie which binds the three countries together to be snapped asunder or loosened. Scotchmen and Welshmen now and then have their grievances, but their grievances are not so great as to make any of them ask for Repeal or for Home Rule. With Ireland, as we all see, the case is different. Here a large party really wishes the existing relations between Great Britain and Ireland to be different from what they are. The fact is plain; the historical and geographical causes out of which the fact springs are plain also. How we ought to deal with the fact is less plain. But on that question I do not now mean to enter. I wish to look at the new constitution, for so we may fairly call it, which Mr. Butt and his followers propose for what is now the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, simply as a specimen of constitution-making, to be compared with other constitutions present or past.

It must be borne in mind that Ireland was for many ages a dependency, first a dependency of England and, after the Union of England and Scotland, a dependency of Great Britain. That is to say, it was neither an independent state nor yet an integral part of the kingdom to which it was attached. For more than two centuries and a half before the Union with Great Britain, Ireland had been

called a kingdom, but it was a dependent kingdom. Whoever was King of England was necessarily King of Ireland. This was something wholly different from the position of two independent kingdoms which happen, either by agreement or by the accidents of hereditary succession, to have the same king. The difference came out most strongly at the Revolution of 1688. England deposed James and elected William and Mary. It is not clear what would have happened if Scotland had stuck to James; possibly much the same as happened when Scotland stuck to Charles the Second after the execution of Charles the First. But, as a matter of fact, no one held that the choice of England in any way bound Scotland. William and Mary were elected in Scotland by a distinct and perfectly independent act of the Scottish Estates; but no one in England or Scotland thought that the Irish Parliament had any voice in the matter.\* It was held that the Crown of Ireland followed the Crown of England—that, when England deposed James, he ceased to be King of Ireland also—that, when England chose William and Mary, they became sovereigns of Ireland also. Ireland too had a Parliament whose constitution exactly reproduced the constitution of the Parliament of England. But, while no one in Scotland or England ever doubted that the Estates of Scotland could legislate as independently for Scotland as the Parliament of England could legislate for England, the Parliament of Ireland had no power of independent legislation at all. The Parliament of Ireland could at most say Yea or Nay to measures sent over from England<sup>1</sup>, while the Parliament of England, and its successor the Parliament of Great Britain, always asserted the right to pass laws which were binding in Ireland. Up to 1782 Ireland was a dependency, as Man and the Channel Islands are still, with this difference that Man and the Channel Islands have a much larger share of freedom in their internal affairs than Ireland had.

Now we will for a moment set aside the peculiar internal circumstances of Ireland, the religious and national differences which had so long divided it, and the consequent fact that the Parliament of Ireland in no way represented more than a small minority of the people of Ireland. The most corrupt English Parliament of unreformed times did still, in a rough way, represent on many points the real feelings and wishes of the English nation. At all events neither House was wholly made up of members of a caste alien to the mass of the people in blood, faith, and national feeling. But this last was the case with the most patriotic of Irish Parliaments. And the causes which led to this state of things form part of the history—in truth they form the history—of the general relations between

(1) This is not affected by the practice, which came in in the later days of the Irish Parliament, of first discussing measures, the heads of which were sent to England for approval, and then sent back again to be voted on by the Irish Parliament.



England and Ireland. But for my present purpose they are points on which we need not enter. I wish to look at the matter in hand purely as a question of the strictly constitutional relations between the two countries. It is certain that in 1782 and in 1800 neither Great Britain nor Ireland was fairly represented in its own Parliament. But this is a distinct question from the relations between the two Parliaments. There might be relations which, from an international point of view, might be perfectly just between two Parliaments neither of which was any fair representation of the nation which it professed to represent. And it is still plainer that there might be an English Parliament fairly representing England and an Irish Parliament fairly representing Ireland, and yet that the international relations between the two might be most unjust. It is from the purely international point of view that I wish now to look at the matter, leaving out of sight the faults or merits of each Parliament as a representative of its own people, as being a matter, not of international concern but of purely internal reform. I wish to look upon the matter as one might in past days have looked on a question of purely Federal law between democratic Schwyz and oligarchic Bern.

From this point of view then, putting aside all questions as to the internal misgovernment of Ireland, we can have no doubt in pronouncing the international relations between Great Britain and Ireland, as they stood at the beginning of 1782, to have been unjust. They were unjust, both as regards the dominant Protestant caste in Ireland and as regards the excluded Roman Catholic caste. They were unjust to Ireland simply as a country, without regard to any internal questions among its inhabitants. I am far from holding that the dependent relation is always an unjust one. There are times and places for which it seems exactly suited. A small country, an island for instance, may not have physical strength enough to maintain complete independence, and may still have, from its geographical position and its past history, too much of distinct life to be wholly merged in a larger country. In such a case it often flourishes most by becoming a dependency, by keeping its perfect internal self-government, but submitting, in all its external relations, to the rule of a greater power. A small country so placed often goes far to unite the advantages of a small commonwealth with the advantages of a great kingdom. That insular part of the Duchy of Normandy which escaped French annexation certainly has no wish to throw off its connexion with England; it certainly has no wish to make that connexion closer than it now is<sup>1</sup>. But, setting aside the fact that Guernsey and Jersey have had no wrongs to complain of at the hands of England, while Ireland has had to complain of the bitterest wrongs, the relation which is fitted for an island of the size of Guernsey or Jersey is in itself unfitted

(1) See *History of the Norman Conquest*, vol. i. p. 186.

for an island of the size of Ireland. It becomes yet more unfitted when that island has once been mocked with the title of a kingdom. The geographical position of Ireland is one of the chief difficulties of the endless Irish question. England, Scotland, Wales, are parts of the same island. Nature has always suggested their union, and, in the teeth of a good many difficulties, nature has carried her point. But Ireland, lying by the side of Britain, is too large to be a mere dependency of Britain, too small to be absolutely equal with Britain. It is too far off for the same perfect incorporation which unites the three parts of Britain; yet it is so near that, while human nature stays as it is, we may be perfectly certain that Britain will never submit to see it absolutely distinct, and therefore possibly hostile. Here then are physical difficulties, independent of the difficulties which arise out of the past history of Ireland. The ways in which attempts have been made to meet these difficulties have been many. The first way, up to 1782, was to keep Ireland in the dependent relation. This was in itself unjust—unjust, first to the native Irish, and afterwards to the English colony, the army of occupation as it has been called. Then came a state of things which lasted from 1782 to 1800, when the doctrine was that Great Britain and Ireland were to be united for ever under a single King, but with distinct and independent Parliaments. There were many special reasons in the internal circumstances of Ireland which made such a system as this hopeless to work, but there were causes independent of any such special reasons which made it no less hopeless. Great Britain and Ireland could not be united on equal terms. In theory they might, but they could not in practice. In theory the foreign relations of the country are wholly in the hands of the Crown. In theory the King can make war and peace with whom he pleases without consulting Parliament about the matter. In point of fact no war and no peace can be made of which Parliament really disapproves. Parliament has in its hands the simplest, the rudest, but the most effectual remedy, that of stopping the supplies. And if, in the present state of things, this simple and rude remedy is not likely to be resorted to, it is only because the indirect power of Parliament has grown to such a pitch that no King is likely to engage in any war for which Parliament would not be ready to grant him supplies. Now it was quite certain that, as long as Great Britain and Ireland were united by a common King but had separate Parliaments, though the Parliament of Ireland might be as independent as that of Great Britain in matters of internal legislation, it never could exercise the same influence as the Parliament of Great Britain over the external relations entered into by the common sovereign. It was absolutely certain that, if the Parliaments of Great Britain and Ireland differed on any point, the King would be guided by the

wishes of the Parliament of Great Britain, not by the wishes of the Parliament of Ireland. If the Parliament of Great Britain was willing to grant supplies, it did not greatly matter if the Parliament of Ireland refused them. In short, to take the outward and visible sign as the expression of the reality which lay beneath it, the kingdom in which the King was habitually represented by a deputy could never be really the equal of the kingdom in which the King was habitually present. It is clear that a good deal of what has just been said applies also to the relations between England and Scotland from 1603 to 1707. There were many differences between the two cases on which it is not needful to dwell here; but there are the two great facts that, when England was thoroughly in earnest under a great leader, England was able to overcome the resistance of Scotland as well as that of Ireland, and that afterwards, when England deposed the common King of England and Scotland and chose another in his place, Scotland found it her best wisdom to follow the same course as England. Theoretically then Great Britain and Ireland stood, from 1782 to 1800, in the same relation in which England and Scotland had stood from 1603 to 1707. Practically, for several reasons, the real dependence of Ireland was much greater.<sup>1</sup>

Dependence and independence had both been tried, and both had failed; the next experiment was that of complete incorporation. Great Britain and Ireland were not only to have a common King, but they were to become, as England and Scotland had already become, a single kingdom with a single Parliament. In this relation they remain still. England, Scotland, and Ireland form one political whole. Each indeed for some purposes retains a measure of distinctness; the union is not quite the same as the union between the several counties of each former kingdom; we still have to speak, even in legal language, of "that part of the United Kingdom called England," "Scotland," or "Ireland." But it is perfectly plain that Great Britain and Ireland are not united in the same sense in which England and Scotland are. Not only is the union in feeling far from being equally close in the two cases; there are formal badges which show that the formal union between Great Britain and Ireland is less perfect than the union between England and Scotland. Scotland has her own system of law, administered by her own judges, a system of law which grew up quite independently of the law of England, and which in many points is quite different from it. Ireland too has her own judges, but she can hardly be said to have her own laws in the same sense in which Scotland has. The legal system of Ireland closely follows that of England, and a

- (1) The practical dependence of Ireland upon Great Britain between 1782 and 1800 is shown at length by Sir George Lewis in his *Essay on the Government of Dependencies*, Appendix, note L.

good deal of what is law in Ireland is actually of English making. Yet, notwithstanding all this, there is one Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, and there is a separate Lord High Chancellor of Ireland. But, far more important than this, there is a Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and there is no Lord Lieutenant of Scotland. The union between England and Scotland has been so complete that, since the union of the kingdoms, it has never been thought necessary to give the common King a personal representative in Scotland. A Lord Lieutenant or Lord High Commissioner sitting at Edinburgh<sup>1</sup> is as much out of date as a Lord President of the North sitting at York. One might almost say that he is as much out of date as an Earl of the Northumbrians. Now it has been gravely doubted whether the office of Lord Lieutenant is, as things are now, at all needed; but there can be no doubt that it was needed for a long time after the Union of 1800. Mere geographical separation, to speak of nothing else, made it needful when communication between London and Dublin was not so easy as it is now. But a Lord Lieutenant, like any other kind of Viceroys, Governor, Pasha, Satrap, or Proconsul, is a sign that union is not perfect; he is a sign that the district over which he is sent to rule is not an integral part of the country from which he is sent, but still has something of the nature of a dependency about it. We do not send Governors to the counties of the United Kingdom;<sup>2</sup> we do send them to our foreign dominions and our unemancipated colonies. So long as we send a Governor to Ireland, we treat Ireland as a foreign dominion or an unemancipated colony; we treat it, in short, as a province. Yet when it was proposed to abolish the office of Lord Lieutenant, the proposal was unpopular in Ireland. That is to say, Ireland, or a large part of its inhabitants, had so little feeling of real union with Great Britain that the outward badge of dependence was turned into a kind of badge of independence. The position of a province was more acceptable than the position of an integral part of the kingdom. We in England would be well pleased if Cork could be as much part of ourselves as York, Carlisle as Marlow, Kells as Wells. But the Irish themselves will not let it be so.

Dependence then has been tried and has failed. Independence, so far as separate Parliaments with a common King can be called inde-

(1) I speak of course of the Lord High Commissioner to the Scottish Estates, him who used to sit on the throne and touch the acts of the Estates with the sceptre. In one sense there still is, at certain times, a Lord High Commissioner sitting at Edinburgh; but he is commissioned, not to the Estates of the Kingdom, but to the General Assembly of the Church. It is not usual to deal in the same way with an English Convocation, but precedents might be found when Thomas Cromwell was Vicegerent under Henry the Eighth. It is said that the visits of the Lord High Commissioner are liked, as giving the Scottish capital some faint shadow of a court. For those who like courts this may be a gain; but the matter is of no political importance.

(2) The Lord Lieutenant of a county bears the same title as the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, but the two offices have nothing in common.

pendence, has been tried, and has failed also. Incorporation, as thorough as it could be made, has also been tried, and it too has also so far failed that a large part of those who are immediately concerned wish to have something else in its stead. We do not now hear a cry for utter separation; we do not hear the cry for "Repeal" which we so often heard in our youth; the cry that we now hear is for "Home Rule." The effect of "Repeal"—that is, repeal of the Union of 1800—would, it may be supposed, have been to bring back the state of things which lasted from 1782 to 1800. Home Rule means something different. What it means we may learn from the speeches of the supporters of Home Rule in the late debate on the subject in the House of Commons. Perhaps, even after reading that debate, our ideas of Home Rule are not so clear as we could wish them to be; still we get some general notion of what is meant. Its principle seems to be that there should be an Imperial Parliament for the settlement of Imperial business—that is, we may suppose, business in which England, Scotland, and Ireland are all interested—and a specially Irish Parliament for purely Irish affairs, in which England and Scotland are not interested. Now there is an objection to this arrangement at the first blush which does seem to have presented itself to the supporters of Home Rule, but with which they certainly grapple but feebly. If Irish affairs are to be reserved for a specially Irish Parliament, what is to become of those affairs which are specially English or specially Scottish, or of those which concern the whole of Great Britain but have no reference to Ireland? Take for instance the two ecclesiastical measures which have directly followed the debate on Home Rule. The Public Worship Bill concerns nobody out of England; the Church Patronage Bill concerns nobody out of Scotland. Hitherto English, Scottish, and Irish members have all freely voted on such matters. The business of all parts of the kingdom has been done by the Parliament which represents the whole kingdom. If there is to be a common Parliament for affairs common to the whole kingdom, and a separate Parliament for that part of the kingdom called Ireland, are there also to be separate Parliaments for those parts of the kingdom called England and Scotland? If not, if English and Scottish business is still to be settled by the common Parliament, while specially Irish business is to be settled by the specially Irish Parliament, it follows that Irish members will be able to vote on English and Scottish business, while English and Scottish members will not be able to vote on Irish business. Now this would hardly be fair. It would be giving the Irish members too great an advantage; it would be too much like a step towards making England and Scotland dependencies of Ireland. Perhaps it may be said that, as England so long bore rule over Ireland, it is only fair that Ireland should in its turn bear rule over England. But it would be hard to make Englishmen accept such a doctrine as this. Mr.

Butt, in his opening speech, just touched on this difficulty, but he did not give so clear an answer to it as one might have wished for. Mr. Butt's words were thus reported in the *Times* :—

"Now he might be asked what he called Irish business; and also, whether if Irish members were to have a Parliament of their own they were to be permitted to have the privilege of voting on English questions? He would answer the second question by saying emphatically 'No;' for he was of opinion that the voting of Irish members on English questions had been a great damage to themselves, to the character of Parliament, and to English legislation."

Does this mean that when specially English or Scottish matters, or matters which concern the whole of Great Britain but do not concern Ireland, come before the House, the Irish members are to walk out? Now it would not be enough for them to walk out of their own free will, through a feeling of delicacy; we cannot afford to have England and Scotland made dependencies of Ireland, trusting only to the right feeling of Irish members that our dependent condition shall not be very harshly enforced. If there is to be a separate Parliament for Ireland and no separate Parliaments for England and Scotland, we must have it ordained by law that, on purely English and Scottish measures, Irish members shall have no votes. It is a lesser objection to say that it was very hard to define what is English, Scottish, and Irish business; we practically know the three classes of business when we see them, but it would be very hard to draw up an Act of Parliament which should set forth in legal terms which is which. The real objection lies deeper. At present all members of the House of Commons, in whatever part of the United Kingdom they may have been elected, are now equal, with an equal voice in all matters. So in the House of Lords, as a branch of the Legislature<sup>1</sup>, all its members, hereditary, official, or representative, are equal, with equal votes in all matters. It is something strange, and surely something not to be desired, to make two classes of members in either House, one of which shall have votes in all matters, and another only in some particular classes of matters. Mr Butt's proposal, if it means anything at all, means that, while English and Scottish members shall have votes on all matters which come before the common Parliament, Irish members shall not have votes on all matters. This would be distinctly to put Irish members in a state of inferiority to English and Scottish members. To the Irish nation as a whole the balance might be redressed by the separate Parliament at Dublin: but the Irish members at Westminster would be, then and there, the inferiors of the English

(1) I make this limitation to save the question as to the right of the spiritual peers to vote in certain judicial cases not likely now to happen. But the doctrine that the spiritual peers could not vote in matters of life and death was not so much a disqualification as an exemption. The temporal peers did not shut them out, but they claimed the right, in obedience to the rules of their own order, to stay away. I need hardly say that the rule which has of late confined the hearing of appeals to those Lords who are lawyers by profession is purely conventional.

and Scottish members; they would be imperfect members, having votes only sometimes, while the others would have votes always. This is a state of things which would surely not be good in itself, and it would supply excellent materials for getting up a new Irish grievance. It would hardly fail to be irksome to the members themselves, and it could easily be turned into a better cry than almost any that has been yet found. Surely nothing could be better suited to wound Irish sensibility than that there should be times when it would be necessary to clear the House of Irish members.

On the second day of the debate the question was brought more distinctly within the range of political science. Mr. M'Carthy argued on behalf of the Home Rule proposal as example of the principle of Federalism. I should naturally be the last man to join in the silly cry which people who do not know the meaning of the word, and who know nothing of the history of the thing, are apt to raise whenever they hear the words Federal government or Federal principle. But the Federal system, like most other systems, is suited for some times and places, and not suited for others. Mr. M'Carthy did me the honour to quote me as saying—I will give my own exact words rather than the quotation as it appears in the *Times*—

“The Federal connexion is in its place wherever the several members to be united are fitted for that species of union and for no other. It requires a sufficient degree of community in origin or feeling or interest to allow the several members to work together up to a certain point. It requires that there should not be that perfect degree of community, or rather identity, which allows the several members to be fused together for all purposes.”

But Mr. M'Carthy does not mention that all the instances which I refer to are instances where Federation appeared, not as a proposal to put a laxer tie instead of a closer one, but to put a closer tie instead of a laxer one or no tie at all. And in the next page I distinctly say that Federalism is “out of place if it attempts either to break asunder what is already more closely united, or to unite what is wholly incapable of union.” In short I have always held that a Federal system is the right thing when it is a step in advance, but that it is a wrong thing when it is a step backwards. The different degrees of connexion in a Federal State may be endless; the tie may be very close or it may be very lax; but, in the case of every successful Federation, the Federal system has appeared as a principle of union, whereas Mr. M'Carthy now preaches it as a principle of disunion. Sir Michael Hicks-Beach saw this in his answer when he said,—

“He would call the hon. and learned gentleman's attention to a point which he seemed to have entirely overlooked, but which was of the greatest importance in discussing this question. With the exception of Austria and Hungary, no case could be mentioned in which the Federal system had not been adopted as a step towards a closer union.”

But it was a pity when he went on to argue that the Federal system had failed in the United States, because the Federal Government had gained power through the late war. If either the United States or the Swiss Confederation should ever give up the Federal system altogether, and become perfectly consolidated states, such a change would not prove that the Federal system had failed, but rather that it had succeeded. The Federal relation would have acted as an intermediate stage, enabling the several members gradually to reach a degree of union which they certainly could not have reached all at once at the time when they were first united by a Federal tie. The example of Switzerland distinctly shows that the tendency of a number of confederate states is to draw closer together. Each change strengthens the central power at the expense of the several members. That is to say, states which were once utterly divided learn, by the habit of acting together for some purposes, to act together for more purposes, in a way which they never could have done if a closer union had been forced upon them at first. When the Swiss Cantons were forced together by France into the indivisible Helvetic Republic, the violent and unnatural union did not answer. But the successive steps in the direction of closer union which the Confederation itself has taken since its revival have all answered thoroughly. In a word, the business of a Federal union is to bind together and not to part asunder.

Though Sir Michael Hicks-Beach certainly made a successful answer to Mr. M'Carthy on this point, I was sorry to mark the tone of his opening sentences, more especially in one on whom I had, now a good many years ago, the pleasure of helping to bestow most well-deserved honours at Oxford, and whose career, though on what I think the wrong side, I have ever since watched with some interest. It was a pity to begin by "regretting that so much of the debate had been taken up with historical reminiscences," and adding that those of Mr. M'Carthy "extended back two thousand years." This was of course met with a laugh, the laugh which a speaker can always command in any assembly by an appeal to the ignorance of his hearers. The question is not how old Mr. M'Carthy's "historical reminiscences" are, but whether they are to the purpose. An example two thousand years old may be thoroughly to the purpose, and an example of yesterday may not be to the purpose at all. I object to Mr. M'Carthy's examples, not because they are two thousand years old—though, at least in the *Times* report, Mr. M'Carthy does not quote any example two thousand years old—but because, old or new, they are not to the purpose. The voice of history for more than two thousand years, from the first glimpses of Greek Federalism to the changes made this year in the Swiss Federal Constitution, teaches one unvaried lesson, and that lesson is not



Mr. M'Carthy's lesson. I have said what that lesson is; namely that the Federal relation is in its place when it tries to unite and not when it tries to disunite. Moreover it is only in a very secondary and imperfect sense that such a relation as Mr. M'Carthy wishes to be set up can be called a Federal relation. One is tempted to ask whether there can be a confederation of two; whether, as three members are needed to make a college, three are not needed to make a confederation. But this may pass. I do not deny that the relation between the Kingdoms of England and Scotland from 1603 to 1707, between the Kingdoms of Great Britain and Ireland from 1782 to 1800, between the Kingdoms of Sweden and Norway since 1815, and between the Kingdom of Hungary and the Archduchy of Austria since 1866, may, in a wide and not very accurate sense, be called a Federal relation. All of them are approaches to the Federal relation, inasmuch as the states concerned are united for some purposes and remain distinct for others. But so far as they are to be reckoned as confederations, they do not help Mr. M'Carthy's case, any more than the truer confederations of Achaia, Switzerland, and America. In the cases of England and Scotland and of Sweden and Norway, two countries which before were wholly distinct were brought into a *quasi*-federal relation towards one another.<sup>1</sup> That is to say, here also the Federal relation appeared in the form of union, not of disunion. In the case of England and Scotland, this *quasi*-federal union proved the stepping-stone to a closer union. In the case of Great Britain and Ireland, a dependency, like Vaud or Ticino, was promoted to the rank of a confederate. Such a process has surely more right to be called union than disunion. The relation between Hungary and Austria since 1866 is simply a return to a lawful state of things after a season of lawlessness. In none of these cases have two nations already more closely united gone back to a laxer union. And in none of them do we see the singular state of things which the Home Rulers propose. Sweden and Norway have a common King and distinct Parliaments, each settling the affairs of its own people. No one in those parts has hit on the device of a separate Parliament for purely Norwegian affairs and a common Parliament for affairs which concern both Sweden and Norway. Norway has successfully maintained her own rights; she has refused to be either incorporated with Sweden or made dependent on Sweden. But no

(1) The union between Sweden and Norway, like that between Great Britain and Ireland from 1782 to 1800, is a nearer approach to a Federal relation than the union between England and Scotland from 1603 to 1707. For England and Scotland were united only by the fact that the accidents of hereditary succession had given both crowns to the same person. Had the descendants of James and Margaret become extinct, the crowns would again have been separated, just as England and Hanover were in 1837. But between Sweden and Norway it is matter of treaty that the two kingdoms shall always have the same King, and means are provided for the two to unite in a joint choice, in case the present royal family should become extinct.

one has proposed to make Sweden a dependency of Norway, as the Home Rulers, most likely without knowing it, practically propose to make Britain a dependency of Ireland.

To my mind then the scheme of the Home Rulers seems impracticable, and the analogies, past and present, by which they try to support it seem to me to be wholly off the question. I am indeed inclined to think that total separation would be a less evil than such a scheme of Federation, or whatever it is to be called, as is now proposed. But I do not therefore look on the matter as at all one to be pooh-poohed. We cannot safely put aside the fact that a great part of the Irish people do wish things to be otherwise than as they are. We may think their complaints unreasonable, but the fact that they do complain remains all the same. It is perhaps a pity that Irishmen should dwell so much upon "historical reminiscences." It would be better if the national memory were shorter, if it dwelled less on old wrongs, and more on late attempts to do justice. Yet it is not wonderful that it is otherwise, and we must make the best of facts as we find them. Nor should we for one moment join in the silly fashion of laughing at grievances because they are "sentimental." A "sentimental grievance" means a grievance which does not touch a man's belly or his pocket, but which does touch the higher part of him. Men who mock at the "sentimental grievances" of Irishmen, are quite ready to talk big about such purely sentimental matters as "prestige" and "honour," whenever they fancy that they\* touch themselves. It is only a sentimental grievance that, now, after Disestablishment, the church which bears the name most revered among Irishmen, standing in the most Irish and most Roman Catholic quarter of the Irish capital, is still in possession of the stranger, and applied to the worship of the stranger. An Irishman of the old blood and faith, who sees St. Patrick's cathedral in the hands of English Protestants, must feel exactly as I should feel if I saw Wells cathedral in the hands of Irish Papists. I can judge of one sentimental grievance by the other. As long as that wrong and other wrongs of the same kind are not taken away, the badge of conquest is there still, and we must expect Irishmen to be discontented. In all these matters we are paying the penalty for the evil deeds of our forefathers. To us this seems unreasonable, but it is only the common law of human affairs. We have only to see that we do not ourselves add to the tale of misdeeds. What is the right course to follow is a question much easier to ask than to answer; but, as I am quite sure that the right course is not to be found in a policy of mere insult and coercion, so I am sure it is not to be found in such an impossible scheme as that which the House of Commons has rejected by so vast a majority.

EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

## THE REVOLUTION OF SEPTEMBER, 1870.<sup>1</sup>

Le propre des hommes politiques qui écrivent leurs souvenirs est de ne se rappeler que ce qu'ils veulent. Mais ces souvenirs ont généralement cet avantage, qu'ils en éveillent d'autres chez ceux qui lisent le livre, et que de témoignages en rectifications on arrive à une moyenne de vérité dont l'histoire profite.

Faire du volume que M. Jules Simon, ancien Ministre de l'Instruction Publique, vient de publier sous ce titre, "Souvenirs du 4 Septembre," une appréciation purement bibliographique serait sinon au dessus, au moins en dehors de mes facultés. J'ai été au plus fort de cette mêlée d'événements qu'il raconte. J'ai assisté à la plupart des scènes qu'il décrit, et que les ridicules commissions d'enquête, nommées par la non moins ridicule Assemblée de Versailles, ont systématiquement dénaturées. J'avais pris la plume avec l'intention de faire un article de critique littéraire, je prévois d'avance que les lignes qui vont suivre ne seront autre chose qu'une déposition.

Une grande partie de l'ouvrage de M. Jules Simon est malheureusement encombrée par le récit, mille fois rassasié, de l'attentat du 2 Décembre. Son livre étant destiné à combattre la propagande Bonapartiste qui s'étale si effrontément à cette heure, il a cru devoir remettre en lumière les détails qui donnent à l'horreur du crime une physionomie spéciale. Il résulte de cette agglomération de faits, qui depuis longtemps déjà appartiennent à l'historien, que tout en intitulant son volume "Souvenirs du 4 Septembre," M. Jules Simon en a consacré à peine le quart à cette révolution la plus inévitable et la moins connue de toutes, puisqu'elle s'est faite, pour ainsi dire, en famille, entre le peuple de Paris et ses députés, dans un moment où la marche des Prussiens sur la capitale et son investissement prochain l'isolaient du reste de la France, qui ignorait et ne sait pas encore actuellement ce qui se passait alors dans cette enceinte fortifiée.

Et savez-vous pourquoi l'auteur parle du 4 Septembre avec ce laconisme ? C'est qu'en réalité il lui est très-difficile d'en parler. Il n'y a aucun doute que le gouvernement dont j'ai fait partie ne soit une usurpation, non pas, bien entendu, comme l'entendent les Bonapartistes, une usurpation contre les droits que leur odieux maître n'avait jamais légitimement possédés sur nous, et qu'en tout cas sa fuite et sa couardise lui auraient fait perdre, mais contre la souveraineté de la nation qui n'a incontestablement pas été consultée, et dont l'enthousiasme résultant de la chute d'une dynastie exécrée a été sinon exploité, tout au moins surpris.

(1) *Souvenirs de la Révolution du 4 Septembre.* Par M. Jules Simon. Paris : Michel Lévy 1874.

Gambetta, Eugène Pelletan et moi l'avons compris et déclaré dès la première heure, nous n'avions de raison d'être que comme pouvoir administratif chargé de procéder le plus rapidement possible à l'élection d'une Assemblée Nationale, entre les mains de qui nous aurions remis intégralement et sans en conserver la moindre parcelle notre dictature d'un jour.

Ce sentiment était tellement celui d'une partie d'entre nous, que le lendemain, 5 Septembre, à la séance du conseil, M. Jules Favre nous ayant lu une circulaire signifiant aux puissances étrangères l'établissement de la République, et dans laquelle se trouvaient ces mots :

"Le gouvernement dont les membres ont été nommés par acclamation, . . . ."

Je ne pus m'empêcher de l'interrompre pour lui dire gaîment—

"C'est par 'proclamation,' qu'il faudrait écrire."

Et j'ajoutai ces mots de mauvais goût, je le reconnais—

"Quelques-uns d'entre nous n'ont même été nommés que par exclamation."

Ce qui fit beaucoup rire le Général Trochu.

Pendant les trois premiers jours de notre installation cette question d'élections générales à bref délai fut continuellement sur le tapis. M. Jules Simon pourrait noter ce fait dans un nouveau volume qu'il intitulerait ses "Oublis." Les élections municipales, qui n'avaient pas encore pris le titre de "la Commune," étaient réclamées et devaient accompagner les autres. J'insistais de toutes mes forces pour obtenir ce double résultat. Plusieurs bataillons de la Garde Nationale étaient venus nous avertir du vœu de la population Parisienne, qui aime à déléguer son omnipotence, à condition qu'on ne la retiendra pas longtemps.

Eh bien ! je vois encore le mouvement de M. Jules Favre jetant avec violence son porte-feuille sur la table du conseil et s'écriant à la suite de nos observations—

"Si cela est, j'aime mieux donner ma démission. Jamais je ne consentirai à partager avec ces gens-là la responsabilité des événements qui vont s'accomplir."

M. Jules Simon, ami et ministre de M. Thiers, fait naturellement de lui la Pythonisse infaillible qui a prédit heure par heure la marche de nos désastres. Je ne nierai certainement pas l'extrême perspicacité de M. Thiers qui ne pêche que par trop de finesse et d'arrière-pensée. Certainement si M. Thiers, Président de la République, avait simplifié sa politique au lieu de la mettre continuellement sous l'invocation de Talleyrand son premier maître, il ne subirait pas aujourd'hui le déboire de voir le Maréchal MacMahon, ce type de l'ignorance et de l'imbécillité, lui couper le pouvoir sous le pied.

Au lieu de combattre la campagne de la dissolution entreprise, il y a dix-huit mois, par Gambetta, il n'avait qu'à l'appuyer et la faire

tourner à son profit. Il serait aujourd'hui Président, sinon incontesté au moins inébranlable, d'une république progressiste à laquelle, malgré ses fautes que quelques-uns appellent des crimes, il aurait eu l'immortel honneur d'attacher son nom.

Mais conseillé par M. Dufaure, ce fléau de tous les gouvernements qu'il assiste, M. Thiers a arrêté dans sa fleur le pétitionnement pour la dissolution de l'Assemblée, redoutant le triomphe du radicalisme, et pourquoi ne pas le dire ?—la nécessité où il se fut trouvé de laisser son héritage à Gambetta. Les trente-six printemps du dictateur de Tours ont décontenancé ses soixante-seize années, et il a mieux aimé remettre tout en question par sa démission intempestive que de nous donner la seule satisfaction que nous attendions de lui, et l'unique occasion qui se présentait pour sa mémoire de faire oublier les massacres de Mai. C'est ainsi que M. Thiers, avec son incomparable habileté, a été toute sa vie joué et victimé par des êtres inférieurs, qui, au lieu de prendre comme lui des chemins de traverse, marchaient droit à leur but. En 1848, quand il rêvait à peine la réforme électorale, il a été surpris et démonté par l'avènement de la République.

Après avoir soutenu de toute son influence la candidature de Louis Napoléon, il est devenu au 2 Décembre le premier otage du Coup-d'État.

Il a cru en 1871, après la signature de la paix, accomplir l'œuvre d'un profond politique en galvanisant une Assemblée déshonorée ; et cette même Assemblée, qui lui devait tout, l'a culbuté sans scrupule pour donner son fauteuil à une de ces incapacités militaires et politiques dont la nullité est telle qu'elle finit par devenir une force.

M. Jules Simon, passant sous silence ces défaites douloureuses, se contente d'écrire cette phrase d'ailleurs pleine de vérité à propos de la déclaration de guerre avec l'Allemagne, " M. Thiers lisait dans l'avenir comme dans un livre ouvert."

Ce livre, que M. Jules Simon me permette de le lui rappeler, n'était pas seulement ouvert pour l'ancien chef du cabinet du roi Louis-Philippe. Le parti avancé avec qui, quoique prisonnier à Sainte-Pélagie, j'étais en relation constante, s'était soulevé tout entier contre la boucherie stupide et les défaites outrageantes qui se préparaient pour nous.

Je rédigeais alors en chef *La Marseillaise*, c'est-à-dire la feuille la plus impitoyablement hostile que l'Empire ait jamais eue à ses troupes. Or le lendemain du jour où l'insipide De Grammont annonça en termes d'une fanfaronnade écœurante que la guerre était décidée, voici ce que le journal le plus révolutionnaire de France disait en tête de sa première colonne—

" Nous sommes des hommes de fraternité et de progrès, et non des greffiers de la Morgue, chargés de compter les cadavres que vont accumuler autour de nous deux despotes aussi méprisables l'un que l'autre.

“ L’hymne de Rouget de l’Isle, à qui nous avons emprunté notre titre, est aujourd’hui un chant policier et Bonapartiste. A partir de demain nous supprimons notre journal, qui reparaitra quand la *Marseillaise* sera redevenue séditieuse et républicaine.”

La pénétration de M. Thiers était donc en grande partie un reflet de l’opinion générale relative à l’incapacité de nos généraux, dont la paresse et l’outrecuidant égoïsme étaient déjà légendaires. Personnellement j’avais, dès le début de la guerre, une si douloureuse certitude des désastres qui nous menaçaient, et de l’invasion prochaine, je me voyais dans un temps très-court mêlé à des événements si terribles, qu’afin de conserver tout mon sang-froid avec toute la liberté de mes mouvements, je fis partir pour Jersey mes enfants dont la présence à Paris m’aurait inquiété et paralysé.

M. Jules Simon raconte d’une façon très-claire et particulièrement saisissante les derniers jours de l’Empire. Mais on sent, au ton dégagé qu’il se donne à l’égard des chefs de la démocratie avancée, qu’une insurrection a eu lieu, et qu’elle a été écrasée. J’ignore si l’auteur des mémoires que nous venons de lire y met quelque affectation, mais il voit des “ meneurs ” partout. Delescluze est un meneur ; Raspail est un meneur ; je suis un meneur. Le défaut des hommes d’opinions moyennes est de considérer comme poussés par une influence occulte tous ceux qui voient plus loin qu’eux, et qui marchent plus vite. Ils prennent l’expression de l’opinion publique pour le résultat du travail des sectaires. Ils s’imaginent que le peuple, celui qui descend dans la rue, et les jours de révolution envahit les assemblées délibérantes, obéit à un mot d’ordre distribué la veille, et siffle ou applaudit comme les claqueurs d’un théâtre sur le signe d’un chef qui les surveille, caché au milieu d’eux.

C’est, en effet, un système facile et consolant à adopter. Quand la popularité se retire d’un homme, il lui reste cette ressource de croire et de répandre au dehors que Catilina est à sa porte. Il y a là une erreur peut-être un peu volontaire que je ne puis m’empêcher de signaler. La vérité est que la somnolence de l’opposition avait, dans les derniers temps de l’Empire, fait passer en d’autres mains la direction des esprits en France. Le peuple n’est pas ennemi de la modération, mais il veut être certain de la fermeté et de la persévérance de ses mandataires. Ceux que M. Simon persiste à qualifier de meneurs n’étaient que les porte-paroles d’une génération nouvelle, résolue à en finir avec le régime impérial que la lutte timide continuée pendant douze ans par la gauche, sans une bataille décisive, servait plutôt à consolider.

Me présenter comme un meneur porté par l’Internationale contre M. Jules Favre aux élections de 1869, est une plaisanterie de mauvaise foi. Lorsqu’en quittant *Le Figaro*, que mes attaques contre l’Empire avaient mis en péril, je fondai *La Lanterne*, je ne connaissais pas un seul de ceux que la candeur publique appelle les chefs du

mouvement, et je suis arrivé à la Chambre sans les connaître. Quand l'auteur raconte comme un fait avéré, que les partisans de Delescluze, unis à ceux de Blanqui et à l'Internationale, ont posé ma candidature dans la septième circonscription de Paris en vue de faire échec à M. Jules Favre, il se trompe de la façon la moins compréhensible. Tous ceux qui connaissent tant soit peu l'histoire des élections de 1869 savent que j'étais depuis longtemps candidat à côté de M. Cantagrel, quand M. Favre se décida à se placer en face de nous deux. Se croyant sûr d'être élu en province, où il sollicitait sa nomination simultanément dans huit collèges, l'ancien député de Lyon avait repoussé toute candidature à Paris. C'est seulement quand les nouvelles des Départements lui firent pressentir une série d'échecs qu'il songea à cette planche de salut d'une élection dans la Seine.

Il est donc absolument faux de prétendre que les "meneurs," irrités contre les concessions que M. Favre croyait devoir faire à l'autocratie impériale, m'avaient poussé contre lui. Jamais, quelque peu sérieuse et efficace que me parût son opposition, je n'aurais osé me présenter en concurrence avec lui, s'il avait seulement posé sa candidature dans la septième circonscription en même temps que j'y posais la mienne. Mais c'est à peine huit jours avant le vote que son nom surgit tout-à-coup, et à ce moment j'étais trop engagé avec les comités électoraux pour me croire le droit de lui laisser la place.

Je demande la permission de citer un fait qui prouve combien peu je mettais d'animosité contre celui qui s'était inopinément fait mon concurrent. Je reçus, étant à Bruxelles, d'un des organisateurs de ma candidature, une lettre avec pièces à l'appui, où la déplorable affaire Laluyé était dévoilée dans tous ses détails.

Je répondis poste pour poste que non seulement je refusais d'assurer ma nomination à l'aide des pièces en question, mais que si malgré ma volonté formelle quelqu'un avait la malencontreuse idée de révéler leur contenu à la tribune, je retirerais immédiatement ma candidature.

Il faut avouer que je me conduisais singulièrement pour un meneur, car grâce au silence que j'ai gardé, M. Jules Favre a été élu contre moi, et a pu garder un an encore la réputation d'honorabilité privée, à laquelle il n'avait pas droit.

Delescluze qui a mieux aimé se faire tuer sur une barricade que de retomber dans les mains de la réaction dont il connaissait trop la clémence, Delescluze était "meneur" à peu près comme je l'étais moi-même. Il a été l'expression honnête et courageuse d'une opinion à laquelle MM. Jules Simon et ses amis n'accordaient pas assez d'importance, mais il est resté toute sa vie en dehors de tout groupe et libre de tout engagement.

Soutenir que l'Internationale a la responsabilité de l'élection de Raspail est non moins dérisoire. Depuis 1848, c'est-à-dire longtemps avant que l'Internationale fut venue au monde, le nom de Raspail

était gravé au plus profond du cœur de l'homme du peuple. Il a été élu à Lyon contre M. Jules Favre à une majorité formidable, et aucune coterie ne pouvait préparer ou empêcher ce résultat.

Dira-t-on aussi que c'est l'Internationale ou le jacobinisme pur qui a donné plus de deux cent mille voix à Victor Hugo aux élections du 8 Février, tandis que M. Ernest Picard en obtenait, je crois, deux mille ?

Ce sont là des enfantillages, qui n'ont d'ailleurs d'autre inconvénient que de se retourner contre celui qui les propage. M. Jules Simon voit un meneur en Delescluze. M. de Franclieu voit un meneur en M. Jules Simon. Tout homme dont les idées trouvent crédit auprès de dix personnes est considéré par d'autres comme un meneur. Seulement il serait digne de M. Jules Simon de laisser ces théories aux naïfs de la droite.

La peinture que développe l'auteur des "Souvenirs du 4 Septembre" de l'arrivée du gouvernement à l'Hôtel de Ville semble vouloir faire supposer que cette révolution, la plus spontanée qu'ait jamais eu à enregistrer l'histoire des peuples, n'a été que le résultat d'un vaste complot.

"M. Millière," dit-il, "revenu en hâte du Corps Législatif, était là avec ses hommes. M. Delescluze n'arriva que plus tard. Aucun témoin que je sache ne signale la présence de M. Blanqui et de M. Félix Pyat. Ils y étaient pourtant, soit en personne soit par leurs affidés."

Et il ajoute cette réflexion plus que comique :

"Peut-être se tenaient-ils dans un café voisin qui, en toutes les occasions semblables, leur a servi de première étape et de poste d'observation."

Il y avait à ce moment cinq cent mille Parisiens dans les rues. Quelle nécessité pour Blanqui ou Félix Pyat de se trouver dans un café voisin, pour y attendre le dénouement d'un mouvement général qui s'opérait au grand jour et réunissait toute une population dans une pensée commune—la proclamation de la République ? Ce qui a légitimisé cette journée, c'est précisément que ceux qui l'ont faite n'ont obéi à aucun mot d'ordre, et que sans aucun concert préalable tout le monde s'est trouvé en conformité d'idée sur le terrain de la haine et du mépris qu'inspirait l'Empire.

Ce qui précède peut avoir été dicté par une hallucination sincère : ce qui suit est plus grave, car j'y trouve les tâtonnements d'un écrivain qui tient à ne pas tout dire, tout en essayant de laisser croire qu'il n'a rien dissimulé. "Les auteurs de ce plébiscite," continue-t-il, en parlant de Blanqui, Delescluze, Pyat et Flourens, "avaient, sans perdre de temps, envoyé des délégués pour ouvrir les prisons, et pour ramener de Sainte-Pélagie M. Rochefort, qu'on voulait proclamer maire de Paris."

M. Jules Simon reconnaît d'abord que ce ne sont ni M. Jules



Favre ni M. Ernest Picard, ni lui, c'est-à-dire mes anciens collègues au Corps Législatif, dont j'avais été arraché en violation directe du suffrage universel, qui eurent la pensée de me rendre à mes électeurs, mais bien ceux qu'il qualifie sur tout le parcours de son livre de sectaires et de meneurs. Cet aveu prouverait que les sectaires peuvent être bons à faire respecter les institutions du pays que la gauche oubliait totalement.

L'auteur ajoute qu'on voulait me proclamer maire de Paris. Qui ça on ? Est-ce le peuple ? Sont-ce les meneurs ? Si c'est le peuple, personne n'avait besoin de l'envoyer me délivrer à Sainte-Pélagie, où il me savait depuis sept mois. Si ce sont les meneurs, il faut dire que ce n'est pas on, mais bien eux qui voulaient me proclamer maire de Paris.

La vérité c'est qu'aucune délégation spéciale n'a été chargée de me tirer de prison, et que les portes ont été enfoncées par les habitants du quartier, renforcés de quelques-uns de mes amis personnels et de mes anciens compagnons de captivité. Jamais, en outre, il n'a été un instant question de moi comme maire de Paris, puisque dès le premier bruit de la déchéance la place avait été prise par Étienne Arago.

Mais mon ancien collègue (malgré lui) n'a pas trouvé d'autre explication pour justifier ce que je prends la liberté de raconter, et ce que l'auteur du livre passe scrupuleusement sous silence.

Quand MM. Jules Favre, Picard et leurs amis furent arrivés à l'Hôtel de Ville, ils se hâtèrent de confectionner la liste du gouvernement provisoire, où ils inscrivirent les noms des députés de Paris sauf un, le mien. Copiée immédiatement à des centaines d'exemplaires, cette liste fut lancée par la fenêtre à l'immense foule qui encombra la place. Des citoyens montés sur des chaises lisaient les noms, qui étaient accueillis par les auditeurs avec plus ou moins d'enthousiasme.

Quand le peuple s'aperçut que je ne faisais pas partie du gouvernement, il réclama à grands cris mon adjonction. Les membres déjà installés à l'Hôtel de Ville firent quelque temps la sourde oreille, et c'est au milieu d'une clameur grossissante que je débouchai sur la place, arrivant de Sainte-Pélagie, et suivi par un nombre formidable de citoyens. Il fallut bien se rendre à la pression extérieure qui devenait menaçante, et de nouvelles listes, portant mon nom cette fois, vinrent détruire l'impression qu'avaient produite les premières.

Or ceux qui ne m'ont vu qu'à contre-cœur assis au milieu d'eux éprouvent un certain embarras à convenir qu'ils ont obéi, en m'accueillant, à la crainte de voir leur déchéance proclamée par la même foule qui venait d'applaudir à celle de l'Empire. Ah ! je prie mes lecteurs de croire qu'à ce moment je n'étais pas un sectaire : j'étais, moi aussi, un petit paratonnerre à l'abri duquel on se pressait à qui mieux mieux, qu'à le mettre en morceaux dès qu'on se considérait comme hors de péril.

Les mêmes hommes qui ne tarissaient pas sur mon abnégation et

mon patriotisme, m'ont, après les événements de la Commune, traité de voleur, et promené deux heures durant, les fers aux mains, dans les avenues de Versailles, à travers le camp des fuyards de Paris et de cette abjecte population Versaillaise qui avait ouvert avec enthousiasme ses maisons à l'armée Prussienne.

L'inconséquence de cette conduite sauterait aux yeux des plus aveugles, si l'auteur n'avait pas pris soin de la dérober adroitement aux yeux de son public. Le lecteur le plus désintéressé des choses de ce bas monde pourrait en effet lui tenir ce raisonnement :

"Comment! voilà un homme que vous deviez quelques mois plus tard, vous, M. Jules Favre et M. Picard, faire arrêter, lier de chaînes, et condamner à la déportation perpétuelle dans une enceinte fortifiée, comme coupable de tous les crimes connus et inconnus, depuis le pillage des propriétés privées jusqu'à celui des caisses publiques; et vous lui avez fait au 4 Septembre une place à côté de vous dans le gouvernement de la défense nationale; et vous vous êtes extasiés pendant tout le siège sur son désintéressement !

"Vous manquez donc absolument de coup d'œil que quelque chose ne vous a pas averti que, pendant tout le temps de son séjour au milieu de vous, ce personnage pervers n'a pas eu d'autre idée que de vous prendre vos montres.

"Si au contraire vous aviez deviné ses instincts, comment avez-vous consenti à l'accepter pour collègue? Il fallait déclarer à la population égarée par les faux semblants de loyauté de ce misérable que vous quitteriez le pouvoir plutôt que d'entrer avec lui dans un conseil de gouvernement. Pourquoi n'avez-vous pas adopté cette résolution que la pudeur la plus vulgaire vous dictait? Vous teniez donc plus à votre porte-feuille qu'à votre honneur?

"Si maintenant la bonne opinion que vous affectiez d'exprimer à son égard était sincère, vous êtes donc bien esclaves des passions de la foule pour avoir donné gain de cause aux accusations dégoûtantes que les Bonapartistes faisaient pleuvoir sur lui, et l'avoir envoyé croupir à perpétuité dans la vermine des prisons Françaises, après l'avoir trainé tout un jour sous le sabre à jamais déshonoré de Galliffet?"

"M. Rochefort, député de Paris, devenait d'emblée membre du gouvernement," insiste M. Jules Simon; "mais dangereux au dehors, on pensa qu'il serait inoffensif au dedans, et la suite prouva qu'on avait bien jugé."

Ce "d'emblée" est une trouvaille après les péripéties de mon installation à l'Hôtel de Ville. Quant à la suite elle n'a prouvé qu'une chose : c'est qu'après avoir trouvé bon de me serrer sur leurs cœurs en 1870, pour garder leur situation, mes collègues de la défense nationale étaient absolument résolus à m'assassiner, s'il le fallait, pour conserver leurs ministères.

Presque tous les hommes politiques auraient fait de même. Ce qui m'étonne c'est que pas un ne consente à le reconnaître.

"Tous nous acceptâmes le fardeau avec une profonde douleur, quelques-uns avec désespoir," dit plus loin l'écrivain. Il y avait un moyen élémentaire de changer cette douleur en une joie profonde ; c'était, comme plusieurs d'entre nous le conseillaient, de déposer dès le début ce fardeau entre les mains d'une Assemblée élue, qui eût présidé à l'organisation de la défense, destitué les généraux incapables, et dégagé M. Jules Favre des responsabilités qu'il aurait bien dû, pour lui et pour nous, ne pas assumer à lui seul, puisqu'elles lui semblaient si douloureuses.

Depuis quatre ans bientôt les Bonaparte dépossédés ne cessent de crier et de faire crier, "A la trahison !" C'est encore la prétention des pouvoirs qui sombrent, de n'avoir pas été culbutés, mais trahis. Des politiciens qui se donnent la satisfaction de recomposer les parties perdues, en se demandant comment elles auraient pu être gagnées, ont prétendu que sans le manque de parole du Général Trochu la révolution du 4 Septembre pouvait être évitée. Il faut n'avoir pas seulement mis la tête à la fenêtre, ce jour-là, pour soutenir sérieusement une pareille assertion. L'effondrement de l'Empire a été appelé par quelqu'un "la Révolution du dégoût," et c'est en effet la seule expression qui convienne à ce dénouement d'ailleurs prévu. On ne peut pas dire que l'Empire a été renversé ; il a été expectoré par la nation toute entière.

Je ne suis pas suspect de sympathie pour ce comédien politique et militaire qui a nom Trochu, mais je suis obligé de me ranger à son opinion quand il écrit dans son livre, "LA POLITIQUE ET LE SIÈGE DE PARIS" :

"Ma conviction profonde est que l'événement du 4 Septembre est dû à un de ces mouvements d'opinion qui sont absolument inévitables et absolument irrésistibles. Il a été l'effet d'un naturel et très-explicable entraînement des esprits, motivé par la succession des désastres de Wissembourg, Reichshoffen, Forbach, et finalement de Sedan. Si la démagogie avait été préparée, c'est elle qui aurait eu le gouvernement de Paris pendant la défense, car rien ne pouvait l'empêcher de le saisir."

Croit-on d'ailleurs que les créatures de l'Empire, gâtées et soudoyées comme elles l'étaient, n'auraient pas défendu leur poule aux œufs d'or jusqu'à la dernière plume, si elle avait été défendable ? Une révolution populaire, c'était la ruine, le déshonneur, et peut-être pis pour les coupeurs de bourse qui avaient dévalisé la patrie vingt années durant. Admettra-t-on un instant que l'innombrable armée des créatures de tout ordre nées à la ménagerie impériale se soient laissées emporter par le tourbillon sans un semblant de résistance, si la lutte n'avait pas été matériellement impraticable ?

Tout homme attaché par un lien quelconque à une dynastie attend

pour l'abandonner que sa chute soit définitive. La révolution de Juillet 1830, celle de Février 1848, ont duré trois jours. La révolution du 4 Septembre a duré une heure, et l'enterrement de l'Empire a été dès la première minute si parfaitement irrévocable, que dès le soir du 4 Septembre les fonctionnaires les plus dévoués à ce gouvernement, si sûr de lui un mois auparavant, venaient à l'Hôtel de Ville nous offrir leurs services.

Ce nouveau pouvoir s'était constitué à quatre heures du soir. A cinq heures et demie M. Valentin, qui a été nommé général et Préfet de Police pendant le sac de Paris, et qui était alors colonel de la Garde Municipale, bonapartiste aussi avéré et aussi compromis que possible, vint avec toutes sortes de respects et de marques de dévouement nous offrir son épée. Or au moment de la déclaration de guerre, le soir même du jour où M. Thiers avait prononcé son retentissant discours, ce même Colonel Valentin, en compagnie du célèbre agent de police Lagrange, qui me l'a raconté, était allé trouver l'Empereur aux Tuileries pour lui proposer de faire enlever M. Thiers dans son hôtel.

Il s'était élevé contre le futur président de la République à une violence telle que l'Empereur avait dû calmer son délire. Ce garde-du-corps, à peine la révolution accomplie, se mettait à notre disposition et brûlait ses vaisseaux. Ce fait ne prouve certainement pas en faveur de l'homme, mais il démontre à quel point le mouvement a été général et spontané.

Cette unanimité a même produit un résultat fatal, et auquel il était difficile de remédier. Elle a empêché le peuple de se précautionner contre la réaction, dont personne alors ne prévoyait le retour. Lorsque Gambetta, trois mois plus tard, signa le décret qui interdisait aux anciens candidats officiels de l'Empire de se présenter aux élections, on cria à l'arbitraire. M. Thiers répéta partout :

“ C'est de la politique de fou furieux ! ”

Car personne à ce moment ne soupçonnait le danger. Il existait pourtant, et c'est probablement à cette confiance exagérée dans l'universalité du mouvement de Septembre, qu'il faut attribuer la composition funeste de la majorité Versaillaise.

M. Jules Simon, dont le livre n'est qu'un long plaidoyer *pro domo sua*, me paraît donc aller contre son but quand il se vante d'avoir arrêté Gambetta dans ses tendances dictatoriales. Révolution et République sont deux états distincts, et il faut savoir accepter l'une pour arriver à l'autre.

Si M. Simon s'élève contre Gambetta interdisant la lice électorale aux anciens candidats officiels, il devra tendre la main à MacMahon qui les protège. J'ignore si les décrets de Gambetta perdaient la République : hélas ! nous voyons que ceux de M. Jules Simon ne l'ont pas sauvée.

HENRI ROCHFORT.

## ON COMPROMISE.

### CHAPTER V.

#### *Realisation of Opinion.*

A PERSON who takes the trouble to form his own opinions and beliefs, will feel that he owes no responsibility to the majority for his conclusions. If he is a genuine lover of truth, if he is inspired by the divine passion for seeing things as they are, and a divine abhorrence of holding ideas which do not conform to the facts, he will be wholly independent of the approval or assent of the persons around him. When he proceeds to apply his beliefs in the practical conduct of life, the position is different. There are now good reasons why his attitude should be in some ways less inflexible. The society in which he is placed is a very ancient and composite growth. The people from whom he dissents have not come by their opinions, customs, and institutions by a process of mere haphazard. These opinions and customs all had their origin in a certain real or supposed fitness. They have a certain depth of root in the lives of a proportion of the existing generation. Their fitness for satisfying human needs may have vanished, and their congruity with one another may have come to an end. That is only one side of the truth. The most zealous propagandism cannot penetrate to them. The quality of bearing to be transplanted from one kind of soil and climate to another is not very common, and it is far from being inexhaustible even where it exists.

In common language we speak of a generation as something possessed of a kind of exact unity, with all its parts and members one and homogeneous. Yet very plainly it is not this. It is a whole, but a whole in a state of constant flux. Its factors and elements are eternally shifting. It is not one, but many generations. Each of the seven ages of man is neighbour to all the rest, from the 'infant mewling and puking in the nurse's arms' down to 'second childishness and mere oblivion.' The column of the veterans is already staggering over into the last abyss, while the column of the newest recruits forms, with nameless and uncounted hopes. To each its tradition, its tendency, its possibilities. Only a proportion of these in one society can have nerve enough to grasp the banner of a new truth, and endurance enough to bear it along rugged and untrodden ways.

And then, as we have said, one must remember the stuff of which life is made—what an overwhelming preponderance of the most tenacious energies and most concentrated interests of a society must be absorbed between material cares and the solicitude of the affec-

tions. It is obviously unreasonable to lose patience and quarrel with one's time, because it is tardy in throwing off its institutions and beliefs, and slow to achieve the transformation which is the problem in front of it. Men and women have to live their lives. The task for most of them is arduous enough to make them well pleased with even such imperfect shelter as they find in the use and wont of daily existence. To insist on a whole community being made at once to submit to the reign of new practices and new ideas, which have just begun to commend themselves to the most advanced speculative intelligence of the time,—this, even if it were a possible process, would do much to make life impracticable, and to bring about social dissolution.

"It cannot be too emphatically asserted," as has been said by one of the most influential of modern thinkers, "that this policy of compromise, alike in institutions, in actions, and in beliefs, which especially characterizes English life, is a policy essential to a society going through the transitions caused by continued growth and development. Ideas and institutions proper to a past social state, but incongruous with the new social state that has grown out of it, surviving into this new social state they have made possible, and disappearing only as this new social state establishes its own ideas and institutions, are necessarily, during their survival, in conflict with these new ideas and institutions—necessarily furnish elements of contradiction in men's thoughts and deeds. And yet, as for the carrying on of social life, the old must continue so long as the new is not ready, this perpetual compromise is an indispensable accompaniment of a normal development."<sup>1</sup>

Yet we must not press this argument and the state of feeling that belongs to it, further than they may be fairly made to go. The danger in most natures lies on this side, for on this side our love of ease and our prejudices work. The writer in the passage we have just quoted is describing compromise as a natural state of things, the resultant of divergent forces. He is not professing to define its conditions or limits as a practical duty. Nor is there anything in his words, or in the doctrine of social evolution of which he is the most elaborate and systematic expounder,\* to favour that deliberate sacrifice of truth, either in search or in expression, against which our two previous chapters were meant to protest.<sup>2</sup> When Mr. Spencer talks of a new social state establishing its own ideas, of course he means, and can only mean, that men and women establish their own

(1) *The History of Sociology*, p. 396.

(2) No one, for instance, has given more forcible or emphatic expression than Mr. Spencer has done to the duty of not passively accepting the current theology. See his *First Principles*, pt. i. ch. vi. § 34; paragraph beginning—"Whoever hesitates to utter that which he thinks the highest truth, lest it should be too much in advance of the time, may reassure himself by looking at his acts from an impersonal point of view," etc.

ideas, and to do that it is obvious that they must at one time or another have conceived them without any special friendliness of reference to the old ideas which they were in the fulness of time to supersede. Still less, of course, can a new social state ever establish its ideas, unless the persons who hold them, openly confess them and give to them an honest and effective adherence.

Every discussion of the more fundamental principles of conduct must contain expressly or by implication some general theory of the nature and constitution of the social union. Let us state in a few words that which seems to command the greatest amount of direct and analogical evidence in our time. It is perhaps all the more important to discuss our subject with direct and express reference to this theory, because it has become in some minds a plea for a kind of philosophic indifference towards any policy of Thorough, as well as an excuse for systematic abstention from vigorous and downright courses of action.

A progressive society is now constantly and justly compared to a growing organism. Its vitality, in this aspect, consists of a series of changes in ideas and institutions. These changes arise spontaneously from the operation of the whole body of social conditions, external and internal. The understanding and the affections and desires are acting on the domestic, political, and economic ordering, on the religious sentiment, on relations with societies outside. They are in turn constantly being acted on by all these elements, and in a society progressing in a normal and uninterrupted course, this play and interaction is the sign and essence of life. It is, as we are so often told, a long process of new adaptations and re-adaptations; of the modification of tradition and usage by truer ideas and improved institutions. There may be, and there are, epochs of rest, when this modification in its active and demonstrative shape slackens, and ceases to be visible. But even then the modifying forces are only latent. Further progress depends on their revival and the renewal of their energy, before there has been time for the social structure to become ossified and inelastic. The history of civilisation is the history of the displacement of old conceptions by new ones more conformable to the facts, and the removal of old institutions and ways of living in favour of others of greater convenience and ampler capacity, at once multiplying and satisfying human requirements.

Now compromise, in view of the foregoing theory of social advance, may be of two kinds, and of these two kinds one is legitimate and the other not. It may stand for two distinct attitudes of mind, one of them obstructive, and the other not. It may mean the deliberate suppression or mutilation of an idea in order to make it congruous with the traditional idea or the current prejudice on the subject, whatever that may be. Or else it may mean a rational

acquiescence in the fact that the bulk of your contemporaries are not yet prepared either to embrace the new idea, or to change their ways of living in conformity to it. In the one case, the compromiser rejects the highest truth, or dissembles his own acceptance of it. In the other, he holds it courageously for his ensign and device, but neither forces nor expects the whole world straightway to follow. The first prolongs the duration of the empire of prejudice, and retards the arrival of improvement. The second does his best to abbreviate the one and to hasten and make definite the other, while still he does not insist on hurrying on changes which to be effective would require the active support of numbers of persons not yet ripe for them. It is legitimate compromise to say:—"I do not expect you to execute this improvement, or surrender that prejudice, in my time. But at any rate it shall not be my fault if the improvement remains unknown or rejected; there shall be one man at least who has surrendered the prejudice, and who does not hide the fact." It is illegitimate compromise to say:—"I cannot persuade you to accept my truth; therefore I will pretend to accept your falsehood."

That this distinction is as sound on the evolutionary theory of society as on any other, is quite evident. It would be odd if the theory which makes progress depend on modification, forbade us to attempt to modify. When it is said that the various successive changes in thought and institution present and consummate themselves spontaneously, no one means by spontaneity that they come to pass independently of human effort and volition. On the contrary, this energy of the members of the society is one of the spontaneous elements. It is quite as indispensable as any other of them, if indeed it be not more so. Progress depends upon tendencies and forces in a community, but of these tendencies and forces the organs and representatives must plainly be found among the men and women of the community, and cannot possibly be found anywhere else. Progress is not automatic, in the sense that if we were all to be cast into a deep slumber for the space of a generation, we should arouse to find ourselves in a greatly improved social state. The world only grows better—so far as it does grow better—because people wish that it should, and take the right steps to make it better. Evolution is not a force, but a process; not a cause, but a law. It explains the source and marks the immovable limitations of social energy. But neither evolution nor anything else, short of a supernatural and incessantly active providence, can supersede social energy.

The reproach of being impracticable and artificial attaches by rights not to those who insist on resolute, persistent, and uncompromising efforts to remove abuses, but to a very different class—to those, namely, who are credulous enough to suppose that abuses, and bad customs, and wasteful ways of doing things, will remove them-



selves. This credulity, which is a cloak for indolence, or ignorance, or stupidity, overlooks the fact that there are bodies of men, more or less numerous, attached by every selfish interest they have to the maintenance of these abusive customs. "A plan," says Bentham, "may be said to be too good to be practicable, where, without adequate inducement in the shape of personal interest, it requires for its accomplishment that some individual or class of individuals shall have made a sacrifice of his or their personal interest to the interest of the whole. When it is on the part of a body of men or a multitude of individuals taken at random that any such sacrifice is reckoned upon, then it is that in speaking of the plan the term *Utopian* may without impropriety be applied." And this is the very kind of sacrifice which must be anticipated by those who so misunderstand the doctrine of evolution as to believe that the world is improved by some mystic and self-acting social discipline, which dispenses with the necessity of pertinacious attack upon institutions that have outlived their time.

We are thus brought to the position—to which, indeed, bare observation of actual occurrences might well bring us, if it were not for the clouding disturbances of selfishness, or of a true philosophy of society wrongly conceived—that a society can only pursue its normal course by means of a certain progression of changes, and that these changes can only be initiated by individuals, or very small groups of individuals. The progressive tendency can only be a tendency, it can only work its way through the inevitable obstructions around it, by means of persons who are possessed by the given progressive idea. Such ideas do not spring up uncaused and unconditioned in vacant space. They have had a definite origin, and ordered antecedents. They are in direct relation with the past. They present themselves to one person, or little group of persons, rather than to another, because circumstances, or the accident of a superior faculty of penetration, have placed the person or group in the way of such ideas. In matters of social improvement, the most common reason why one hits upon a point of progress and not another, is that the one happens to be more directly touched than the other by the unimproved practice. Or he is one of those rare intelligences, active, alert, inventive, which, by constitution or training, find their chief happiness in thinking in a disciplined and serious manner how things can be better done. In all cases the possession of a new idea, whether practical or speculative, only raises into definite speech what others have needed without being able to make their need articulate. This is the principle on which experience shows us that fame and popularity are distributed. A man does not become celebrated in proportion to his general capacity, but because he does or says something which happened to need doing or saying at the moment.

This brings us directly to our immediate subject. For such a man is the holder of a trust. It is upon him, and those like him, that the advance of a community depends. If he is silent, then repair is checked, and the hurtful elements of worn-out beliefs and waste institutions remain to enfeeble the society, just as the retention of waste products enfeebles or poisons the body. If in a spirit of modesty which is often genuine, though it is often only a veil for love of ease he asks why he rather than another should speak, why he before others should refuse compliance and abstain from conformity, the answer is, that though the many are ultimately moved, it is always one who is first to leave the old encampment. If the maxim of the compromiser were sound, it ought to be capable of universal application. Nobody has a right to make an apology for himself in this matter, which he will not allow to be valid for others. If one has a right to conceal his true opinions, and to practise equivocal conformities, then all have a right. One plea for exemption is in this case as good as another, and no better. That he has married a wife, that he has bought a yoke of oxen and must prove them, that he has bidden guests to a feast—one excuse lies on the same level as the rest, and all are equally worthless as answers to the generous solicitation of enlightened conscience. Suppose, then, that each man on whom in turn the new ideas dawned, were to borrow the compromiser's plea and imitate his example. We know what would happen. The exploit in which no one will consent to go first, remains unachieved. You wait until there are persons enough agreeing with you to form an effective party? But how are the members of the band to know one another, if all are to keep their dissent from the old, and their adherence to the new, rigorously private? And how many members constitute the innovating band an effective force? When one-half of the attendants at a church are unbelievers, will that warrant us in ceasing to attend, or shall we tarry until the hypocrites number two-thirds? Conceive the additions which your caution has made to the moral integrity of the community in the meantime. Measure the enormous hindrances that will have been placed in the way of truth and improvement, when the day at last arrives on which you and your two-thirds take heart to say that falsehood and abuse have now reached their final term, and must at length be swept away into the outer darkness. Consider how much more terrible the shock of change will be when it does come, and how much less able men will be to meet it, and to emerge successfully from it.

Perhaps the compromiser shrinks, not because he fears to march alone, but because he thinks that the time has not yet come for the progressive idea which he has made his own, and for whose triumph one day he confidently hopes. This plea may mean two wholly dif-

ferent states of the case. The time has not yet come for what? For making those positive changes in life or institution which the change in idea must ultimately involve? That is one thing. Or for propagating, elaborating, enforcing the new idea, and strenuously doing all one can to bring as many people as possible to a state of theory which will at last permit the requisite change in practice to be made with safety and success? This is another and entirely different thing. The time may not have come for the first of these two courses. The season may not be advanced enough for us to push on to active conquest. But the time has always come, and the season is always ripe, for the announcement of the fruitful idea. More than that, in so far as it can be done by one man without harming his neighbours, the time has always come for the realisation of an idea. When the change in way of living or in institution is one which requires the assent and co-operation of numbers of people, it may clearly be a matter for question whether men enough are ready to yield assent and co-operation. But the expression of the necessity of the change and the grounds of it—though it may not always be appropriate,—can never be premature, and for these reasons. The fact of a new idea having come to one man is a sign that it is in the air. As we have said, it ~~does~~ not spring up uncaused and by miracle. If it has come to him, there must be others to whom it has only just missed coming. If he has found his way to the light, there must be others groping after it very close in his neighbourhood. His discovery is their goal. They are prepared to receive the new truth which they were not prepared to find for themselves. The fact that the mass are not yet ready to receive, any more than to find, is no reason why the possessor of the new truth should run to hide under a bushel the candle which has been lighted for him. If the time has not come for them, at least it has come for him. No man can ever know whether his neighbours are ready for change or not. He has all these certainties, at least:—that he himself is ready for the change; that he believes it would be a good and beneficent one; that unless some one begins the work of preparation, assuredly there will be no consummation; and that if he declines to take a part in the matter, there can be no reason why every one else in turn should not decline in like manner, and so the work remain for ever unperformed. The compromiser who blinds himself to all these points, and acts just as if the truth were not in him, does for ideas with which he agrees, the very thing which the acute persecutor does for ideas which he dislikes—he extinguishes beginnings and kills the germs.

The consideration on which so many persons rely, that an existing institution, though destined to be replaced by a better, performs useful functions provisionally, is really not to the point. It is an

excellent reason why the institution should not be removed or fundamentally modified, until public opinion is ripe for the given piece of improvement. But it is no reason at all why those who are anxious for the improvement, should speak and act just as they would do if they thought the change perfectly needless and undesirable. It is no reason why those who allow the provisional utility of a belief or an institution or a custom of living, should think solely of the utility, and forget the equally important element of its provisionality. For the fact of its being provisional is the very ground why every one who perceives this element, should set himself to act accordingly. Should set himself, in other words, to draw opinion in every way open to him—by speech, by voting, by manner of life and conduct—in the direction of new truth and the better practice. Let us not, because we deem a thing to be useful for the hour, act as if it were to be useful for ever. The people who selfishly seek to enjoy as much comfort and ease as they can in an existing state of things, with the desperate maxim of ‘After us, the deluge,’ are no worse than those who cherish present comfort and ease, and take the world as it comes, in the fatuous and self-deluding hope of ‘After us, the millennium.’ Those who make no sacrifice to avert the deluge, and those who make none to hasten their millennium, are on the same moral level. And the former have at least the quality of being no worse than their avowed principle, while the latter nullify their pretended hopes by conformities which are only proper either to profound social contentment or to profound social despair. Nay, they seem to think that there is some merit in this merely speculative hopefulness, and that to be very sanguine about the general improvement of mankind is a virtue that relieves them from taking trouble about any improvement in particular.

If those who defend a given institution are doing their work well, that furnishes the better reason why those who disapprove of it and disbelieve in its enduring efficacy, should do their work well also. Take the Christian churches, for instance. Assume, if you will, that they are serving a variety of useful functions. If that were all, it would be a reason for conforming. But we are speaking of those for whom the matter does not end here. If we are convinced that the dogma is not true; that a steadily increasing number of persons are becoming aware that it is not true; that its efficacy as a basis of spiritual life is being lowered in the same degree as its credibility; that both dogma and church must be slowly replaced by higher forms of faith and more effective organizations; then, all who hold such views as these have as distinctly a function in the community, as the ministers and upholders of the churches, and the zeal of the latter is the most monstrously untenable apology that could be invented for dereliction of duty by the former.

If the orthodox to some extent satisfy certain of the necessities of the present, there are other necessities of the future which can only be satisfied by those who now pass for heretical. The plea which we are examining, if it is good for the purpose for which it is urged, would have to be expressed in this way:—The institution is working as perfectly as it can be made to do, or as any other in its place would be likely to do, and therefore I will do nothing by word or deed towards meddling with it. If a man takes up any position short of this, his conformity, acquiescence, and inertia at once become inconsistent and culpable. For unless the institution or belief is entirely adequate, it must be the duty of all who have satisfied themselves that it is not so, to recognise its deficiencies, and at least to call attention to them, even if they lack opportunity or capacity to suggest remedies. Now we are dealing with persons who, from the hypothesis, do not admit that this or that factor in an existing social state secures all the advantages which might be secured, if instead of that factor there were some other. We are speaking of all the various kinds of dissidents, who think that the current theology, or an established church, or a monarchy, or an oligarchic republic, is a bad thing and a lower form, even at the moment while they attribute provisional merit to them. What do they mean by classing each of these as bad things, except that they either bring with them certain serious drawbacks, or exclude certain valuable advantages? The fact that they perform their functions well, such as they are, leaves the fundamental vice or defect of these functions just where it was. If any one really thinks that the current theology involves depraved notions of the supreme impersonation of good, restricts and narrows the intelligence, misdirects the religious imagination, and has become powerless to guide conduct, then how does the circumstance that it happens not to be wholly and unredemptedly bad in its influence, relieve our dissident from all care or anxiety as to the points in which, as we have seen, he does count it inadequate and mischievous? Even if he thinks it does more good than harm—a position which must be very difficult for one who believes the common supernatural conception of it to be entirely false—even then, how is he discharged from the duty of stigmatizing the harm which he admits that it does?

Again, take the case of the English monarchy. Grant, if you will, that this institution has certain functions, and that by the present chief magistrate this function is respectably performed. Yet if we are of those who believe that in the stage of civilisation which England has reached in other matters, the monarchy must be either obstructive and injurious, or else merely decorative; and that a merely decorative monarchy tends in divers ways to engender habits of abasement, to sustain lower social ideals, to lessen a high civil self-

respect in the community; then it must surely be our duty not to lose any opportunity of pressing these convictions. To do this is not necessarily to act as if one were anxious for the immediate removal of the throne and the crown into the museum of political antiquities. We may have no urgent practical solicitude in this direction, on the intelligible principle that a people always gets as good a kind of government as it deserves. Our conviction is not, on the present hypothesis, that monarchy ought to be swept away in England, but that monarchy produces certain mischievous consequences to the public spirit of the community. And so what we are bound to do is to take care not to conceal this conviction; to abstain scrupulously from all kinds of action and observance, public or private, which tend ever so remotely to foster the degrading elements that exist in a court and spread from it outwards; and to use all the influence we have, however slight it may be, in leading public opinion to a right attitude of contempt and dislike for these elements and the conduct engendered by them. A policy like this does not interfere with the advantages of the monarchy, such as they are asserted to be, and it has the effect of making what are supposed to be its disadvantages as little noxious as possible. The question whether we can get others to agree with us is not relevant. If we were eager for instant overthrow, it would be the most relevant of all questions. But we are in the preliminary stage, the stage for acting on opinion. The fact that others do not yet share our opinions is the very reason for our action. We can only bring them to agree with us, if it be possible on any terms, by persistency in our principles. This persistency in all but either very timid or very vulgar natures always has been and always will be independent of external assent or co-operation. 'The history of success,' as we can never too often repeat to ourselves, 'is the history of minorities.' And what is more, it is for the most part the history of insurrection against what the worldly spirits of the time, whenever it may have been, deemed mere trifles and accidents, with which sensible men should on no account dream of taking the trouble to quarrel.

"Halifax," says Macaulay, "was in speculation a strong republican and did not conceal it. He often made hereditary monarchy and aristocracy the subjects of his keen pleasantries, while he was fighting the battles of the court and obtaining for himself step after step in the peerage." We are perfectly familiar with this type, both in men who have, and men who have not, such brilliant parts as Halifax. Such men profess to nourish high ideals of life, of character, of social institutions; yet they never happen to think of those ideals when they are deciding what is practically attainable. One would like to ask them what purpose is served by an ideal, if it is not to make a guide for practice, and a landmark in dealing with the

real. A man's loftiest and most ideal notions must be of a singularly ethereal and, shall we not say, senseless kind, if he can never see how to take a single step that may tend in the slightest degree towards making them real. If an ideal has no point of contact with what exists, it is probably not much more than the vapid outcome of intellectual or spiritual self-indulgence. If it has such a point of contact, there is sure to be something which a man can do towards the fulfilment of his hopes. He cannot transform a monarchy into a republic, but he can make sure that one citizen at least shall aim at republican virtues and abstain from the ignoble complaisance of the crowd. He cannot substitute a new national religion for the old, but he can at least do something to prevent people from supposing that the adherents of the old are more numerous than they really are, and something to show them that good ideas are not all exhausted by the ancient forms.

"It is a very great mistake," said Burke, many years before the French Revolution is alleged, and most absurdly alleged, to have alienated him from liberalism: "it is a very great mistake to imagine that mankind follow up practically any speculative principle, either of government or of freedom, as far as it will go in argument and logical illation. All government, indeed every human benefit and enjoyment, every virtue, and every prudent act, is founded on compromise and barter. We balance inconveniences; we give and take;—we remit some rights that we may enjoy others. . . . Man acts from motives relative to his interests; and not on metaphysical speculations."<sup>1</sup> These are the words of wisdom and truth, if we can be sure that men will interpret them in all the fulness of their meaning, and not be content to take only that part of the meaning which falls in with the dictates of their own love of ease. In France such words ought to be printed in capitals on the front of every newspaper, and written up in letters of burnished gold over each faction of the Assembly, and on the door of every bureau in the Administration. In England they need a commentary, which shall bring out the very simple truth that compromise and barter do not mean the undisputed triumph of one set of principles. Nor do they mean the mutilation of both sets of principles, with a view to producing a *tertium quid* that shall involve the disadvantages of each without securing the advantages of either. What Burke means is that we ought never to press our ideas up to their remotest logical issues, without reference to the conditions in which we are applying them. In politics we have an art, and success in politics, as in every other art, obviously before all else implies both knowledge of the material with which we have to deal, and also such concession as is necessary to its qualities. Above all, in politics we have an art in

(1) *Speech on Conciliation with America.*

which development depends upon small modifications. That is the true side of the conservative theory. To hurry on after logical perfection is to show one's self ignorant of the material of that social structure with which the politician has to deal. To disdain anything short of an organic change in thought or institution is infatuation. To be willing to make such changes too frequently, even when they are possible, is fool-hardiness. That fatal French saying about small reforms being the worst enemies of great reforms, is a formula of social ruin.

On the other hand let us not forget that there is a sense in which this very saying is profoundly true. A small and temporary improvement may really be the worst enemy of a great and permanent improvement, unless the first is made on the lines and in the direction of the second. And so it may, if it be successfully palmed off upon a society as actually being the second. In such a case as this, and our legislation presents instances of the kind, the small reform if it is not made with reference to some large progressive principle and with a view to further extension of its scope, makes it all the more difficult to return to the right line and direction, when improvement is again demanded. To take an example which is now very familiar to us all. The Elementary Education Act of 1870 was a very small reform. No one pretends that it is anything approaching to a final solution of a complex problem, but Mr. Forster and the government insisted, whether rightly or wrongly, that their Act was as large a measure as public opinion was at the moment ready to support. At the same time it was clearly agreed among the government and the whole of the party at their backs, that at some time or other, near or remote, if public instruction was to be made genuinely effective, the private, voluntary, or denominational system would have to be replaced by a national system. To prepare for this ultimate replacement was one of the points to be most steadily borne in mind, however slowly and tentatively the process might be conducted. Instead of that, the author of the Act deliberately introduced provisions for extending and strengthening the very system which will have eventually to be superseded. He thus, by his small reform, made the future great reform the more difficult of achievement. Assuredly this is not the compromise and barter, the give and take, which Burke intended. What Burke means by compromise, and what every true statesman understands by it, is that it may be most inexpedient to meddle with an institution because it does not harmonize with "argument and logical illation." This is a very different thing from giving new comfort and strength with one hand, to an institution whose death-warrant you pretend to be signing with the other.

In a different way, the second possible evil of a small reform may



be equally mischievous—where the small reform is represented as settling the question. The mischief here is not that it takes us out of the progressive course, as in the case we have just been considering, but that it sets men's minds in a posture of contentment which is not justified by the amount of what has been done, and which makes it all the harder to arouse them to new effort when the inevitable time arrives.

In these ways, then, compromise may mean not acquiescence in an instalment, on the ground that the time is not ripe to yield us more than an instalment, but either the acceptance of the instalment as final, followed by the virtual abandonment of hope and effort, or else a mistaken reversal of direction, which augments the distance that has ultimately to be traversed. In either of these senses, the small reform may become the enemy of the great one. But a right conception of political method, based on a rightly interpreted experience of the conditions on which societies unite progress with order, leads the wise conservative to accept the small change lest a worse thing befall him, and the wise innovator to seize the chance of a small improvement, while incessantly working in the direction of great ones. The important thing is that throughout the process neither of them should lose sight of his ultimate ideal, nor fail to look at the detail from the point of view of the whole, nor allow the near particular to bulk so unduly big as to obscure the general and distant.

If the process seems intolerably slow, we may correct our impatience by looking back upon the past. People seldom realise the enormous period of time which each change in men's ideas requires for its full accomplishment. We speak of these changes with a peremptory kind of definiteness, as if they had covered no more than the space of a few years. Thus we talk of the time of the Reformation, as we might talk of the Reform Bill or the Repeal of the Corn Duties. Yet the Reformation is the name for a movement of the mind of northern Europe which went on for three centuries. Then if we turn to that much more momentous set of events, the rise and establishment of Christianity, one might suppose from current speech that we could fix that within a space of half a century or so. Yet it was at least four hundred years before all the foundations of that great superstructure of doctrine and organization were completely laid. Again, to descend to less imposing occurrences, the transition in the Eastern Empire from the old Roman system of national organization to that other system to which we give the specific name of Byzantine,—this transition, so infinitely less important as it was than either of the two other movements, yet occupied no less than a couple of hundred years. The conditions of speech make it indispensable for us to use definite and compen-

dious names for movements that were both tardy and complex. We are forced to name a long series of events as if they were a single event. But we lose the reality of history, we fail to recognise one of the most striking aspects of human affairs, and above all we miss that most invaluable practical lesson, the lesson of patience, unless we remember that the great changes of history took up long periods of time which, when measured by the little life of a man, are almost colossal like the vast changes of geology. We know how long it takes before a species of plant or animal disappears in face of a better adapted species. Ideas and customs, beliefs and institutions, have always lingered just as long in face of their successors, and the competition is not less keen nor less prolonged, because it is for one or other inevitably destined to be hopeless. History, like geology, demands the use of the imagination, and in proportion as the exercise of the historic imagination is vigorously performed in thinking of the past, will be the breadth of our conception of the changes which the future has in store for us, as well as of the length of time and the magnitude of effort required for their perfect achievement.

This much, concerning moderation in political practice. No such considerations present themselves in the matters which concern the shaping of our own lives, or the publication of our social opinions. In this region we are not imposing changes upon others, either by law or otherwise. We therefore owe nothing to the prejudices or habits of others. If any one sets serious value upon the point of difference between his own ideal and that which is current, if he thinks that his 'experiment in living' has promise of real worth, and that if more persons could be induced to imitate it, some portion of mankind would be thus put in possession of a better kind of happiness, then it is selling a birth-right for a mess of pottage to abandon hopes so rich and generous, merely in order to avoid the passing and casual penalties of social disapproval. And there is a double evil in this kind of flinching from obedience to the voice of our better selves, whether it takes the form of absolute suppression, or only of timorous and mutilated presentation. We lose not only the possible advantage of the given change, but also the certain advantage of maintaining or increasing the amount of conscientiousness in the world. And everybody can perceive the loss incurred in a society where diminution of the latter sort takes place. The advance of the community depends not merely on the improvement and elevation of its moral maxims, but also on the quickening of moral sensibility. The latter work has mostly been effected, when it has been effected on a large scale, by teachers of a certain singular personal quality. They do nothing to improve the theory of conduct, but they have the art of stimulating men to a

more enthusiastic willingness to rise in daily practice to the requirements of the theory they accept. The love of virtue, of duty, of holiness, or by whatever name we call this powerful sentiment, exists in the majority of men, where it exists at all, independently of argument. It is a matter of affection, sympathy, association, aspiration. Hence, while in quality sense of duty is a stationary factor, it is constantly changing in quantity. The amount of conscience in different communities, or in the same community at different times, varies infinitely. The immediate cause of the decline of a society in the order of morals is a decline in the quantity of its conscience, a deadening of its moral sensitiveness, and not a depravation of its theoretical ethics. The Greeks became corrupt and enfeebled, not for lack of ethical science, but through the decay in the numbers of those who were actually alive to the reality and force of ethical obligations. Mahometans triumphed over Christians in the East and in Spain—if we may for a moment isolate moral conditions from the rest of the total circumstances—not because their scheme of duty was more elevated or comprehensive, but because their respect for duty was more strenuous and fervid.

The great importance of leaving this priceless element in a community as free, as keen, and as active as possible, is overlooked by the thinkers who uphold coercion against liberty as a saving social principle. Every act of coercion directed against an opinion or a way of living is in so far calculated to lessen the quantity of conscience in the society where such acts are practised. Of course, where ways of living interfere with the lawful rights of others, where they are not strictly self-regarding in all their details, it is necessary to force the dissidents, however strong their conscientious sentiment. The evil of attenuating that sentiment is smaller than the evil of allowing one set of persons to realise their own notions of happiness at the expense of all the rest of the world. But where these notions can be realised without unlawful interference of this kind, then the forcible hindrance of such realisation is a direct weakening of the force and amount of conscience on which the community may count.

This consideration brings us to a new side of the discussion. If the heretic ought to be uncompromising in expressing his opinions and acting upon them, in the fulness of his conviction that they are right, why should not the orthodox be equally uncompromising in his resolution to stamp out the heretical notions and unusual ways of living, in the fulness of his conviction that they are thoroughly wrong? To this question the answer is that the hollow kinds of compromise are as bad in the orthodox as in the heretical. But the issue between the partisans of the two opposed schools turns upon the sense

which we design to give to the term 'stamping out.' Those who cling to the tenets of liberty limit the action of the majority, as of the minority, strictly to persuasion. Those who dislike liberty, insist that earnestness of conviction justifies either a majority or a minority in using not persuasion only, but force. Now I do not propose here to enter into the great question which Mr. Mill pressed anew upon the minds of this generation. His arguments are familiar to every reader, and the conclusion at which he arrived is almost taken for a postulate in the present essay. The object of these chapters is to reiterate the importance of self-assertion, tenacity, and positiveness of principle. The partisan of coercion will argue that this thesis is on one side of it a justification of persecution, and other modes of interfering with new opinions and new ways of living, by force and the strong arm of the law and whatever other energetic means of repression may be at command. If the minority are to be uncompromising alike in seeking and realising what they take for truth, why not the majority? This implies two propositions. It is the same as to say, first, that earnestness of conviction is not to be distinguished from a belief in our own infallibility; second that faith in our own infallibility is necessarily bound up with intolerance.

Neither of these propositions is true. Let us take them in turn. Earnestness of conviction is perfectly compatible with a sense of liability to error. This has been so excellently put by a former writer that we need not attempt to better his exposition. "Every-one must, of course, think his own opinions right; for if he thought them wrong they would no longer be his opinions: but there is a wide difference between regarding ourselves as infallible, and being firmly convinced of the truth of our creed. When a man reflects on any particular doctrine, he may be impressed with a thorough conviction of the improbability or even impossibility of its being false: and so he may feel with regard to all his other opinions, when he makes them objects of separate contemplation. And yet, when he views them in the aggregate, when he reflects that not a single being on the earth holds collectively the same, when he looks at the past history and present state of mankind, and observes the various creeds of different ages and nations, the peculiar modes of thinking of sects and bodies and individuals, the notions once firmly held, which have been exploded, the prejudices once universally prevalent, which have been removed, and the endless controversies which have distracted those who have made it the business of their lives to arrive at the truth; and when he further dwells on the consideration that many of these, his fellow-creatures, have had a conviction of the justness of their respective sentiments equal to his own, he cannot help the obvious inference, that in his own opinion it is next to impossible that there is not an admixture of error; that

there is an infinitely greater probability of his being wrong in some than right in all."<sup>1</sup> Of course this is not an account of the actual frame of mind of ordinary men. They never do think of their opinions in the aggregate in comparison with the collective opinions of others, nor draw the conclusions which such reflections would suggest. But such a frame of mind is perfectly attainable, and has often been attained, by persons of far lower than first-rate capacity. And if this is so, there is no reason why it should not be held up for the admiration and imitation of all those classes of society which profess to have opinions. It would thus become an established element in the temper of the age. Nor need we fear that the result of this would be any flaccidity of conviction, or lethargy in act. A man would still be penetrated with the rightness of his own opinion on a given issue, and would still do all that he could to make it prevail in practice. But among the things which he would no longer permit himself to do, would be the forcible repression in others of any opinions, however hostile to his own, nor of any kind of conduct, however widely it diverged from his own, provided that it concerned themselves only. This widening of his tolerance would be the natural result of a rational and realised consciousness of his own general fallibility.

Next, even belief in one's own infallibility does not necessarily lead to intolerance. For it may be said that though no man in his senses would claim to be incapable of error, yet in every given case he is quite sure that he is not in error, and therefore this assurance in particular is tantamount by process of cumulation to a sense of infallibility in general. Now even if this were so, it would not of necessity either produce or justify intolerance. The certainty of the truth of your own opinions is independent of any special idea as to the means by which others may best be brought to share them. The question between persuasion and force remains apart—unless, indeed, we may say that in societies where habits of free discussion have once begun to take root, those who are least really sure about their opinions are often most unwilling to trust to persuasion to bring them converts, and most disposed to grasp the rude implements of coercion, whether legal or merely social. The cry, 'Be my brother, or I slay thee,' was the sign of a very weak, though very fiery, faith in the worth of fraternity. He whose faith is most assured has the best reason for relying on persuasion, and the strongest motive to thrust from him all temptations to use angry force. The substitution of force for persuasion, among its other disadvantages, which have been so cogently urged by Mr. Mill, has this further drawback from our present point of view, that it lessens the con-

(1) Mr. Samuel Bailey's *Essays on the Formation and Publication of Opinions, &c.*, p. 138. (1826.)

science of a society and breeds hypocrisy. You have not converted a man, because you have silenced him. Opinion and force belong to different elements. To think that you are able by social disapproval or other coercive means to crush a man's opinion, is as one who should fire a blunderbuss to put out a star. The acquiescence in current notions which is secured by law or by petulant social disapproval, is as worthless and as essentially hypocritical, as the conversion of an Irish pauper to Protestantism by means of soup-tickets, or that of a savage to Christianity by the gift of a string of beads. Here is the radical fallacy of those who urge that people must use promises and threats in order to encourage opinions, thoughts, and feelings which they think good, and to prevent others which they think bad. Promises and threats can influence acts. Opinions and thoughts on morals, politics, and the rest, after they have once grown in a man's mind, can no more be influenced by promises and threats, than can my knowledge that snow is white or that ice is cold. You may impose penalties on me by statute for saying that snow is white or acting as if I thought ice cold, and the penalties may affect my conduct. They will not, because they cannot, modify my beliefs in the matter by a single iota. One result therefore of intolerance is to make hypocrites, and on this, as on the rest of the grounds which vindicate the doctrine of liberty, a man who thought himself infallible either in particular or in general, from the Pope of Rome down to the editor of the daily paper, might still be inclined to abstain from any form of compulsion. The only reason to the contrary is that a man who is so silly as to think himself incapable of going wrong, is very likely to be too silly to perceive that coercion may be one way of going wrong.

The currency of the notion that earnest sincerity about one's opinions and ideals of conduct is inseparably connected with intolerance, is indirectly due to the predominance of legal or juristic analogies in social discussion. For one thing, the lawyer has to deal mainly with acts, and to deal with them by way of repression. His attention is primarily fixed on the deed, and only secondarily on the mind of the doer. And so a habit of thought is created, which treats opinion as something equally in the sphere of coercion with actions, and at the same time favours coercive ways of affecting opinion. Then, what is still more important, the jurist's conception of society has its root in the relation between sovereign and subject, between law-maker and those whom law restrains. The exertion of power on one hand, and the yielding of obedience on the other—this is his type of the conditions of the social union. The fertility and advance of discussion on social issues depends on the substitution of the evolutionary for the legal conception. The lawyer's type of proposition is absolute. It is also, for various reasons which need not be

given here, inspired by involuntary reference to the lower rather than to the more highly developed social states. In the lower states law, penalties, coercion, compulsion, the strong hand, a sternly repressive public opinion, were the conditions on which the community was united and held together. But the line of thought which these analogies suggest becomes less and less generally appropriate in social discussion, in proportion as the community becomes more complex, more various in resource, more special in its organization, in a word, more elaborately civilized. The evolutionist's idea of society concedes to law its historic place and its actual part. But then this idea leads directly to a way of looking at society which makes the replacement of law by liberty a condition of reaching the higher stages of social development.

The doctrine of liberty belongs to the subject of this chapter, because it is only another way of expressing the want of connection between earnestness in realising our opinions, and anything like coercion in their favour. If it were true that aversion from compromise in carrying out our ideas implied the rightfulness of using all the means in our power to hinder others from carrying out ideas hostile to ours, then we should have been preaching in a spirit unfavourable to the principle of liberty. Our main text has been that men should refuse to sacrifice their opinions and ways of living (in the self-regarding sphere) out of regard to the *status quo*, or the prejudices of others. And this, as a matter of course, excludes the right of forcing or wishing any one else to make such a sacrifice to us. Well, the first foundation-stone for the doctrine of liberty is to be sought in the conception of society as a growing and developing organism. This is its true base, apart from the numerous minor expediences which may be adduced to complete the argumentative structure. It is well that in societies that have reached our degree of complex and intricate organization, unfettered liberty should be conceded to ideas, and within the self-regarding sphere to conduct also, for reasons of some such kind as the following. New ideas and new 'experiments in living' would not arise if there were not a certain inadequateness in existing ideas and ways of living. They may not point to the right mode of meeting this inadequateness, but they do point to the existence and consciousness of it. They originate in the social capability of growth. Society can only develop itself on condition that all such novelties (within the limit laid down, for good and valid reasons, at self-regarding conduct) are allowed to present themselves. First, because neither the legislator nor any one else can ever know for certain what novelties will prove of enduring value. Second, because even if we did know for certain that given novelties were pathological growths and not normal developments, and that they never would be of any value, still the repression neces-

sary to extirpate them would involve too serious a risk both of keeping back social growth at some other point, and of giving the direction of that growth an irreparable warp. And, let us repeat once more, in proportion as a community grows more complex in its classes, divisions and subdivisions, more intricate in its productive, commercial, or material arrangements, so does this risk very obviously wax more grave. In the sense in which we are speaking of it, liberty is not a positive force, any more than the smoothness of a railroad is a positive force. It is a condition. As a force, there is a sense in which it is true to call it a negation. As a condition, though it may still be a negation, yet it may be indispensable for the production of certain positive results. The vacuity of an exhausted receiver is not a force, but it is the indispensable condition of certain positive operations. Liberty as a force may be as impotent as its opponents allege; this does not affect its value as a preliminary or accompanying condition. The absence of a strait-waistcoat is a negation; but it is a useful condition for the activity of sane men. No doubt there must be a definite limit to this absence of external interference with conduct, and that limit will be fixed at various points by different thinkers. We are now only urging that it cannot be wisely fixed for the more complex societies by any one who has not grasped this fundamental preconception, that liberty, or the absence of coercion, or the leaving people to think, speak, and act as they please, is in itself a good thing; that it is the object of a favourable presumption; and that the burden of proving it inexpedient always lies, and wholly lies, on those who wish to abridge it by direct or indirect coercion.

The reason why this truth is so reluctantly admitted, is men's irrational lack of faith in the self-protective quality of a highly developed community. They do not easily bring themselves to realise that the power of an opinion or a way of living lies in its conforming to the fitness of things. If a new idea or a new fashion of living is worthless or mischievous, they cannot believe that it will die out of itself by its own intrinsic want of fitness. And so, in another way, compromisers and timid persons hold to timid and compromising courses from a fear of carrying the world at too rapid a rate, and imposing on it ideas for which it is not ripe. Their apprehensions are as superfluous as those of the advocate of compulsion. They fear to use their liberty for the same reason that makes the other fearful of permitting liberty; the want, namely, of a sensible confidence that in a free western community which has reached our stage of development, religious, moral, and social novelties—provided they are tainted by no element of compulsion or interference with the just rights of others—may be trusted to find their own level.



Most stable societies are amply furnished with force enough to resist all effort in a destructive direction. There is seldom much fear, and in our own country there is no fear at all, of hasty reformers making too much way against the spontaneous conservatism which belongs to a healthy and well-organized community. If dissolvent ideas do make their way, it is because the society was already ripe for dissolution. New ideas, however ardently preached, will dissolve no society which was not already in a condition of profound disorganization. We may be allowed just to point to two memorable instances, by way of illustration, though a long and elaborate discussion would be needed to bring out their full force. It has been often thought since, as it was thought by timorous reactionaries at the time, that Christianity in various ways sapped the strength of the Roman Empire, and opened the way for the barbarians. In truth, the most careful and competent students know now that the Empire slowly fell to pieces, partly because the political arrangements were vicious and inadequate, but mainly because the fiscal and economic system impoverished and depopulated one district of the vast empire after another. It is a mistake of the same kind to suppose that the destructive criticism of the French philosophers a hundred years ago was the great operative cause of the break-up of the old social régime. If Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau, had never lived, or if their works had all been suppressed as soon as they were printed, their absence would have given no new life to agriculture, would not have stimulated trade, nor replenished the bankrupt fisc, nor incorporated the privileged classes with the bulk of the nation, nor done anything else to repair an organization of which every single part had become incompetent for its proper function. The philosophers did no more than give expression to certain tendencies in thought which were in a wholly different sphere from the field where the practical mischief lay. We have a corroboration of the truth of this in Prussia. The leaders of opinion in the kingdom of Frederick the Great were imbued with precisely the same opinions as those which are alleged to have led to the French Revolution. Yet from that day to this there has been no serious internal peril to the integrity of the social organization in Prussia.

Nor is there any instance in history of mere opinion making a breach in the essential constitution of a community where the political conditions were stable, and the economic or nutritive conditions sound. If some absolute monarch were to be seized by a philanthropic resolution to transform the ordering of the society which seemed to be at his disposal, he might possibly, by the perseverance of a lifetime, succeed, in throwing the community into permanent confusion. Joseph II. perhaps did as much as a modern sovereign

can do in this direction; yet little came of his efforts, either for good or harm. But a man without the whole political machinery in his power need hardly labour under any apprehension that he may, by the mere force of speculative opinion, involuntarily work a corresponding mischief. If it is true that the most fervent apostles of progress usually do very little of the good on which they congratulate themselves, they ought on the same ground to be acquitted of much of the harm for which they are sometimes reviled. A new idea, even if it be a good and useful one, nearly always contains some set-off to its utility; and, on the other hand, in a country of unchecked and abundant discussion, a new idea is not at all likely to make much way against the objection of its novelty, unless it is really commended by some quality of temporary or permanent value. So far therefore as the mere publication of new principles is concerned, and so far also as merely self-regarding action goes, one who has the keenest sense of social responsibility, and is most scrupulously afraid of doing anything to slacken or perturb the process of social growth, may still consistently give to the world whatever ideas he has elaborated and gravely embraced. He may safely trust, if the society be in a normal condition, to its justice of assimilation and rejection. There are a few individuals for whom newness is a recommendation. But what are they among the many, to whom newness is a stumbling-block? Old ideas may survive merely because they are old. A new one will not gain any acceptance worth speaking of, among a considerable body of men in a healthy social state, merely because it is new.

The recognition of the self-protecting quality of society is something more than a point of speculative importance. It has a direct practical influence. For it would add to the courage and intrepidity of the men who are most attached to the reigning order of things. If such men could only divest themselves of a futile and nervous apprehension that things as they are have no root in their essential fitness, and that order consequently is ever hanging on a trembling and doubtful balance, they would not only gain by the self-respect which would be added to them and the rest of the community, but all discussion would become more robust and real. If they had a larger faith in the stability for which they profess so great an anxiety, they would be more free alike in understanding and temper to deal generously, honestly, and effectively with those whom they count imprudent innovators. There is nothing more amusing than to turn to the debates in Parliament or the Press upon some innovating proposal, after an interval since the proposal was accepted by the legislature. The flaming hopes of its friends, the wild and desperate prophecies of its antagonists, are found to be each as ill founded as the other. The measure which was to do such vast good according

to the one, such portentous evil according to the other, has done only a part of the promised good, and has done none of the threatened evil. The true lesson from this is one of perseverance and thoroughness for the improver, and one of faith in the self-protectiveness of a healthy society for the conservative. The master error of the latter is to suppose that men are moved mainly by their passions rather than their interests, that all their passions are presumably selfish and destructive, and that their interests can seldom be adequately understood by the persons most directly concerned. How many fallacies are involved in this group of propositions, the reader may well be left to judge for himself.

We have in this chapter considered some of the limitations which are set by the conditions of society to the duty of trying to realise our principles in action. The general conclusion is in perfect harmony with that of the previous chapters. A principle, if it be sound, represents one of the larger expediencies. To abandon that for the sake of some seeming expediency of the hour, is to sacrifice the greater good for the less, on no more creditable ground than that the less is nearer. It is better to wait, and to defer the realisation of our ideas until we can realise them fully, than to defraud the future by truncating them, in order to secure a partial triumph for them in the immediate present. It is better to bear the burden of impracticableness, than to stifle conviction and to pare away principle until it becomes mere hollowness and triviality. What is the sense, and what is the morality, of postponing the wider utility to the narrower? Nothing is so sure to impoverish an epoch, to deprive conduct of nobleness, and character of elevation. And this reference to the narrower utility of a matter is the essence of compromise.

EDITOR.

## BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.

### CHAPTER I.

#### THE CHAMPION OF HIS COUNTRY.

WHEN young Nevil Beauchamp was throwing off his midshipman's jacket for a holiday in the garb of peace, we had across Channel a host of dreadful military officers flashing swords at us for some critical observations of ours upon their sovereign, threatening Afric's fires and savagery. We were unarmed, and the spectacle was distressing. We had done nothing except to speak our minds according to the habit of the free, and such an explosion appeared as irrational and excessive as that of a powder-magazine in reply to the gleam of candid sparks. Not very long before, a valorous General of the Algerian wars had proposed to make a clean march to the capital of the British empire at the head of ten thousand men; which seems a small quantity to think much about, but they wore wide red breeches blown out by Fame, big as her cheeks, and a ten thousand of that sort would never think of retreating. Their spectral advance on quaking London through Kentish hop-gardens, Sussex corn-fields, or by the pleasant hills of Surrey, after a gymnastic leap over the riband of salt water, haunted many pillows. And now those horrid shouts of the legions of Cæsar, crying to the inheritor of an invading name to lead them against us, as the origin of his title had led the army of Gaul of old gloriously, scared sweet sleep. We saw them in imagination lining the opposite shore; eagle and standard-bearers, and *gallifers*, brandishing their fowls and their banners in a manner to frighten the decorum of the universe. Where were our men?

The returns of the census of our population were oppressively satisfactory, and so was the condition of our youth. We could row and ride and fish and shoot, and breed largely: we were athletes with a fine history and a full purse: we had first-rate sporting guns, unrivalled park-hacks and hunters, promising babies to carry on the renown of England to the next generation, and a wonderful Press, and a Constitution the highest reach of practical human sagacity. But where were our armed men? where our great artillery? where our proved captains, to resist a sudden sharp trial of the national mettle? Where was the first line of England's defence, her Navy? These were questions, and ministers were called upon to answer them. The Press answered them boldly, with the appalling statement that we had no Navy and no Army. At the

most we could muster a few old ships, a couple of experimental vessels of war, and twenty-five thousand soldiers indifferently weaponed. We were in fact as naked to the imperial foe as the shereely painted Britons.

This being apprehended, by the aid of our own shortness of figures and the agitated images of the red-breeched only waiting the signal to jump and be at us, there ensued a curious exhibition that would be termed, in simple language, writing to the newspapers, for it took the outward form of letters: in reality, it was the deliberate saddling of our ancient nightmare of Invasion, putting the postillion on her, and trotting her along the high-road with a winding horn to rouse old Panic. Panic we will, for the sake of convenience, assume to be of the feminine gender and a spinster, though properly she should be classed with the large mixed race of mental and moral neuters which are the bulk of comfortable nations. She turned in her bed at first like the sluggard of the venerable hymnist: but once fairly awakened, she directed a stare towards the terrific foreign contortionists, and became in an instant all stormy nightcap and fingers starving for the bell-rope. Forthwith she burst into a series of shrieks, howls, and high piercing notes that caused even the parliamentary Opposition, in the heat of an assault on a parsimonious Government, to abandon its temporary advantage and be still awhile. Yet she likewise performed her part with a certain deliberation and method, as if aware that it was a part she had to play in the composition of a singular people. She did a little mischief by dropping on the stock-markets; in other respects she was harmless, and, inasmuch as she established a subject for conversation, useful.

Then, lest she should have been taken too seriously, the Press, which had kindled, proceeded to extinguish her with the formidable engines called leading articles, which fling fire or water, as the occasion may require. It turned out that we had ships ready for launching, and certain regiments coming home from India; hedges we had, and a spirited body of yeomanry; and we had pluck and patriotism, the father and mother of volunteers innumerable. Things were not so bad.

Panic, however, sent up a plaintive whine. What country had anything like our treasures to defend?—countless riches, beautiful women, an inviolate soil! True, and it must be done. Ministers were authoritatively summoned to set to work immediately. They replied that they had been at work all the time, and were at work now. They could assure the country that, though they flourished no trumpets, they positively guaranteed the safety of our virgins and coffers.

Then the people, rather ashamed, abused the Press for unreasonably disturbing them. The Press attacked old Panic and stripped her

naked. Panic, with a desolate scream, arraigned the parliamentary Opposition for having inflated her to serve base party purposes. The Opposition challenged the allegations of Government, pointed to the trimness of Army and Navy during its term of office, and proclaimed itself watch-dog of the country, which is at all events an office of a kind. Hereupon the ambassador of yonder ireful soldiery let fall a word, saying, by the faith of his Master, there was no necessity for watch-dogs to bark; an ardent and a reverent army had but fancied its beloved chosen Chief insulted; the Chief and chosen held them in; he, despite obloquy, discerned our merits and esteemed us.

So, then, Panic, or what remained of her, was put to bed again. The Opposition retired into its kennel growling. The People coughed like a man of two minds, doubting whether he has been divinely inspired or has cut a ridiculous figure. The Press interpreted the cough as a warning to Government; and Government launched a big ship with hurrahs, and ordered the recruiting-sergeant to be seen conspicuously.

And thus we obtained a moderate reinforcement of our arms.

It was not arrived at by connivance all round, though there was a look of it. Certainly it did not come of accident, though there was a look of that as well. Nor do we explain much of the secret by attributing it to the working of a complex machinery. The housewife's remedy of a good shaking for the invalid who will not arise and dance away his gout, partly illustrates the action of the Press upon the country: and perhaps the country shaken may suffer a comparison with the family chariot of the last century, built in a previous one, commodious, furnished agreeably, being all that the inside occupants could require of a conveyance, until the report of horsemen crossing the heath at a gallop sets it dishonourably creaking and complaining in rapid motion, and the squire curses his miserly purse that would not hire a guard, and his dame says, I told you so!—Foolhardy man, to suppose, because we have constables in the streets of big cities, we have dismissed the highwayman to limbo. And here he is, and he will cost you fifty times the sum you would have laid out to keep him at a mile's respectful distance! But see, the wretch is bowing: he smiles at our carriage, and tells the coachman that he remembers he has been our guest and really thinks we need not go so fast. He leaves word for you, sir, on your peril to denounce him on another occasion from the magisterial Bench, for that albeit he is a gentleman of the road, he has a mission to right society, and succeeds legitimately to that bold Good Robin Hood who fed the poor.—Fresh from this polite encounter, the squire vows money for his personal protection: and he determines to speak his opinion of Sherwood's latest captain as loudly as

ever. That he will, I do not say. It might involve a large sum per annum.

Similes are very well in their way. None can be sufficient in this case without levelling a finger at the taxpayer—nay, directly mentioning him. He is the key of our ingenuity. He pays his dues; he will not pay the additional penny or two wanted of him, that we may be a step or two ahead of the day we live in, unless he is frightened. But scarcely anything less than the wild alarm of a tocsin will frighten him. Consequently the tocsin has to be sounded; and the effect is woeful past measure: his hugging of his Army, his kneeling on the shore to his Navy, his implorations of his yeomanry and his hedges, are sad to note. His bursts of pot-valiancy (the male side of the maiden Panic within his bosom) are awful to his friends. Particular care must be taken after he has begun to cool and calculate his chances of security, that he do not gather to him a curtain of volunteers and go to sleep again behind them; for they cost little in proportion to the much they pretend to be to him. Patriotic taxpayers doubtless exist: prophetic ones, provident ones, do not. At least we show that we are wanting in them. The taxpayer of a free land taxes himself, and his disinclination towards the bitter task, save under circumstances of screaming urgency—as when the night-gear and bed-linen of old convulsed Panic are like the churned Channel sea in the track of two hundred hostile steamboats, let me say—is of the kind the gentle schoolboy feels when death or an expedition has relieved him of his tyrant, and he is entreated notwithstanding to go to his books.

Will you not own that the working of the system for scaring him and bleeding is very ingenious? But whether the ingenuity comes of native sagacity, as it is averred by some, or whether it shows an instinct labouring to supply the deficiencies of stupidity, according to others, I cannot express an opinion. I give you the position of the country undisturbed by any moralisings of mine. The youth I introduce to you will rarely let us escape from it; for the reason that he was born with so extreme and passionate a love for his country, that he thought all things else of mean importance in comparison: and our union is one in which, following the counsel of a sage and seer, I must try to paint for you what is, not that which I imagine. This day, this hour, this life, and even politics, the centre and throbbing heart of it (enough, when unburlesqued, to blow the down off the gossamer-stump of fiction at a single breath, I have heard tell), must be treated of: men, and the ideas of men, which are—it is policy to be emphatic upon truisms—are actually the motives of men in a greater degree than their appetites: these are my theme; and may it be my fortune to keep them at blood-heat, and myself calm as a statue of Memnon in prostrate Egypt! He

sits there waiting for the sunlight; I here, and readier to be musical than you think. I can at any rate be impartial; and do but fix your eyes on the sunlight striking him and swallowing the day in rounding him, and you have an image of the passive receptivity of shine and shade I hold it good to aim at, if at the same time I may keep my characters at blood-heat. I shoot my arrows at a mark that is pretty certain to return them to me. And as to perfect success, I should be like the panic-stricken shopkeepers in my alarm at it; for I should believe that genii of the air fly above our tree-tops between us and the incognisable spheres, catching those ambitious shafts they deem it a promise of fun to play pranks with.

Young Mr. Beauchamp at that period of the panic had not the slightest feeling for the taxpayer. He was therefore unable to penetrate the mystery of our roundabout way of enlivening him. He pored over the journals in perplexity, and talked of his indignation nightly to his pretty partners at balls, who knew not they were lesser Andromedas of his dear Andromeda country, but danced and chatted and were gay, and said they were sure he would defend them. The men he addressed were civil. They listened to him, sometimes with smiles and sometimes with laughter, but approvingly, liking the lad's quick spirit. They were accustomed to the machinery employed to give our land a shudder and to soothe it, and generally remarked that it meant nothing. His uncle Everard and his uncle's friend, Stukely Culbrett, expounded the nature of Frenchmen to him, saying that they were uneasy when not periodically thrashed; it would be cruel to deny them their crow beforehand; and so the pair of gentlemen pooh-poohed the affair; agreeing with him, however, that we had no great reason to be proud of our appearance, and the grounds they assigned for this were the activity and the prevalence of the ignoble doctrines of Manchester—a power whose very existence was unknown to Mr. Beauchamp. He would by no means allow the burden of our national disgrace to be cast on one part of the nation. We were insulted, and all in a poultry-flutter, yet no one seemed to feel it but himself! Outside the Press and Parliament, which must necessarily be the face we show to the foreigner, absolute indifference reigned. Navy men and redcoats were willing to join him or anybody in sneers at a clipping and paring miserly Government, but they were insensible to the insult, the panic, the startled-poultry show, the shame of our exhibition of ourselves in Europe. It looked as if the blustering French Guard were to have it all their own way. And what would they, what could they but, think of us! He sat down to write them a challenge.

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• • He is not the only Englishman who has been impelled by a



youthful chivalry to do that. He is perhaps the youngest who ever did it, and consequently there were various difficulties to be overcome. As regards his qualifications for addressing Frenchmen, a year of his præ-neptunal time had been spent in their capital city for the purpose of acquiring French of Paris, its latest refinements of pronunciation and polish, and the art of conversing. He had read the French tragic poets and Molière; he could even relish the Gallic-classic—"Qu'il mourut!" and he spoke French passably, being quite beyond the Bullish treatment of the tongue. Writing a letter in French was a different undertaking. The one he projected bore no resemblance to an ordinary letter. The briefer the better, of course; but a tone of dignity was imperative, and the tone must be individual, distinctive, Nevil Beauchamp's, though not in his native language. First he tried his letter in French, and lost sight of himself completely. "Messieurs de la Garde Française," was a good beginning: the remainder gave him a false air of a masquerader, most uncomfortable to see; it was Nevil Beauchamp in moustache and imperial, and bag-brecches badly fitting. He tried English, which was really himself, and all that heart could desire supposing he addressed a body of midshipmen just a little loftily. But the English, when translated, was bald and blunt to the verge of offensiveness.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE FRENCH GUARD,

"I take up the glove you have tossed us. I am an Englishman. That will do for a reason."

This might possibly pass with the gentlemen of the English Guard. But read:—

"MESSIEURS DE LA GARDE FRANÇAISE,

"J'accepte votre gant. Je suis Anglais. La raison est suffisante."

And imagine French Guardsmen reading it!

Mr. Beauchamp knew the virtue of punctiliousness in epithets and phrases of courtesy towards a formal people, and as the officers of the French Guard were gentlemen of birth, he would have them to perceive in him their equal at a glance. On the other hand, a bare excess of phrasing distorted him to a likeness of Mascarille playing Marquis. How to be English and think French! The business was as laborious as if he had started on the rough sea of the Channel to get at them in an open boat.

The lady governing his uncle Everard's house, Mrs. Rosamund Culling, entered his room and found him writing with knitted

brows. She was young, that is, she was not in her middle-age; and they were the dearest of friends; each had given the other proof of it. Nevil looked up and beheld her lifted finger.

"You are composing a love-letter, Nevil!" The accusation sounded like irony.

"No," said he, puffing; "I wish I were."

"What can it be, then?"

He thrust pen and paper a hand's length on the table, and gazed at her.

"My dear Nevil, is it really anything serious?" said she.

"I am writing French, ma'am."

"Then I may help you. It must be very absorbing, for you did not hear my knock at your door."

Now, could he trust her? The widow of a British officer killed nobly fighting for his country in India, was a person to be relied on for active and burning sympathy in a matter that touched the country's honour. She was a woman, and a woman of spirit. Men had not pleased him of late. Something might be hoped from a woman.

He stated his occupation, saying that if she would assist him in his French she would oblige him; the letter must be written and must go. This was uttered so positively that she bowed her head, amused by the funny semi-tone of defiance of the person to whom he confided the secret. She had humour, and was ravished by his English boyishness, with the novel blush of the heroical-nonsensical in it.

Mrs. Culling promised him demurely that she would listen, objecting nothing to his plan, only to his French.

"Messieurs de la Garde Française!" he commenced.

Her criticism followed swiftly.

"I think you are writing to the Garde Impériale."

He admitted his error, and thanked her warmly.

"Messieurs de la Garde Impériale!"

"Does not that," she said, "include the non-commissioned officers, the privates, and the cooks, of all the regiments?"

He could scarcely think that, but thought it provoking the French had no distinctive working title corresponding to gentlemen, and suggested "Messieurs les Officiers:" which might, Mrs. Culling assured him, comprise the barbers. He frowned, and she prescribed his writing, "Messieurs les Colonels de la Garde Impériale." This he set down. The point was that a stand must be made against the flood of sarcasms and bullyings to which the country was exposed in increasing degrees, under a belief that we would fight neither in the mass nor individually. Possibly, if it became known that the colonels refused to meet a midshipman, the gentlemen of our Household troops would advance a step.

Mrs. Culling's adroit efforts to weary him out of his project were unsuccessful. He was too much on fire to know the taste of absurdity.

Nevil repeated what he had written in French, and next the English of what he intended to say.

The lady conscientiously did her utmost to reconcile the two languages. She softened his downrightness, passed with approval his compliments to France and the ancient high reputation of her army, and, seeing that a loophole was left for them to apologize, asked how many French colonels he wanted to fight.

"I do not *want*, ma'am," said Nevil.

He had simply taken up the glove they had again flung at our feet: and he had done it to stop the incessant revilings, little short of positive contempt, which we in our indolence exposed ourselves to from the foreigners, particularly from Frenchmen, whom he liked; and precisely because he liked them he insisted on forcing them to respect us. Let his challenge be accepted, and he would find backers. He knew the stuff of Englishmen: they only required an example.

"French officers are skilful swordsmen," said Mrs. Culling. "My husband has told me they will spend hours of the day thrusting and parrying. They are used to duelling."

"We," Nevil answered, "don't get apprenticed to the shambles to learn our duty on the field. Duelling is, I know, sickening felly. We go too far in pretending to despise every insult pitched at us. A man may do for his country what he wouldn't do for himself."

Mrs. Culling gravely said she hoped that bloodshed would be avoided, and Mr. Beauchamp nodded.

She left him hard at work.

He was a popular boy, a favourite of women, and therefore full of engagements to balls and dinners. And he was a modest boy, though his uncle encouraged him to deliver his opinions freely and argue with men. The little drummer attached to wheeling columns thinks not more of himself because his short legs perform the same strides as the grenadiers; he is happy to be able to keep the step; and so was Nevil; and if ever he contradicted a senior, it was in the interests of the country. Veneration of heroes, living and dead, kept down his conceit. He worshipped devotedly. From an early age he exacted of his flattering ladies that they must love his hero. Not to love his hero was to be strangely in error, to be in need of conversion, and he proselytized with the ardour of the Moslem. His uncle Everard was proud of his good looks, fire, and nonsense, during the boy's extreme youth. He traced him by cousinships back to the great Earl Beauchamp of Froissart, and would have it so; and he

would have spoilt him had not the young fellow's mind been possessed by his reverence for men of deeds. How could he think of himself who had done nothing, accomplished nothing, so long as he brooded on the images of signal Englishmen whose names were historic for daring, and the strong arm, and artfulness, all given to the service of the country?—men of a magnanimity overcast with simplicity, which Nevil held to be pure insular English; our type of splendid manhood, not discoverable elsewhere. A method of enraging him was to distinguish one or other of them as Irish, Scotch, or Cambrian. He considered it a dismemberment of the country. And notwithstanding the pleasure he had in uniting in his person the strong red blood of the chivalrous Lord Beauchamp with the hard and tenacious Romfrey blood, he hated the title of Norman. We are English—British, he said. A family resting its pride on mere ancestry provoked his contempt, if it did not show him one of his men. He had also a disposition to esteem lightly the family which, having produced a man, settled down after that effort for generations to enjoy the country's pay. Boys are unjust; but Nevil thought of the country mainly, arguing that we should not accept the country's money for what we do not ourselves perform. These traits of his were regarded as characteristics hopeful rather than the reverse; none of his friends and relatives foresaw danger in them. He was a capital boy for his elders to trot out and banter.

Mrs. Rosamund Culling usually went to his room to see him and doat on him before he started on his rounds of an evening. She suspected that his necessary attention to his toilet would barely have allowed him time to finish his copy of the letter. Certain phrases had bothered him. The thrice recurrence of "*ma patrie*" jarred on his ear. "*Sentiments*" afflicted his acute sense of the declamatory twice. "*C'est avec les sentiments du plus profond regret :*" and again, "*Je suis bien sûr que vous comprendrez mes sentiments, et m'accorderez l'honneur que je réclame au nom de ma patrie outragée.*" The word "*patrie*" was broadcast over the letter, and "*honneur*" appeared four times, and a more delicate word to harp on than the others!

"Not to Frenchmen," said his friend Rosamund. "I would put '*Je suis convaincu :*' it is not so familiar."

"But I have written out the fair copy, ma'am, and that alteration seems a trifle."

"I would copy it again and again, Nevil, to get it right."

"No: I'd rather see it off than have it right," said Nevil, and he folded the letter.

How the deuce to address it, and what direction to write on it, were further difficulties. He had half a mind to remain at home to conquer them by excogitation.

Rosamund urged him not to break his engagement to dine at the Halkett's, where perhaps from his friend Colonel Halkett, who would never imagine the reason for the inquiry, he might learn how a letter to a crack French regiment should be addressed and directed.

This proved persuasive, and as the hour was late Nevil had to act on her advice in a hurry.

His uncle Everard enjoyed a perusal of the manuscript in his absence.

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## CHAPTER II.

### UNCLE, NEPHEW, AND ANOTHER.

THE Honourable Everard Romfrey came of a race of fighting earls, toughest of men, whose high, stout, western castle had weathered our cyclone periods of history without changing hands more than once, and then but for a short year or two, as if to teach the original possessors the wisdom of inclining to the stronger side. They had a queen's chamber in it, and a king's; and they stood well up against the charge of having dealt darkly with the king. He died among them—how has not been told. We will not discuss the conjectures here. A savour of North Sea foam and ballad pirates hangs about the early chronicles of the family. Indications of an ancestry that had lived between the wave and the cloud were discernible in their notions of right and wrong. But a settlement on solid earth has its influences. They were chivalrous knights bannerets, and leaders in the tented field, paying and taking fair ransom for captures; and they were good landlords, good masters blithely followed to the wars. Sing an old battle of Normandy, Picardy, Gascony, and you celebrate deeds of theirs. At home they were vexatious neighbours to a town of burghers claiming privileges: nor was it unreasonable that the earl should flout the pretensions of the town to read things for themselves, documents, titleships, rights, and the rest. As well might the flat plain boast of seeing as far as the pillar. Earl and town fought the fight of Barons and Commons in epitome. The Earl gave way; the Barons gave way. Mighty men may thrash numbers for a time; in the end the numbers will be thrashed into the art of beating their teachers. It is bad policy to fight the odds inch by inch. Those primitive schoolmasters of the million liked it, and took their pleasure in that way. The Romfreys did not breed warriors for a parade at Court; wars, though frequent, were not constant, and they wanted occupation: they may even have felt that they were bound in no common degree to the pursuit of an answer to what may be called the parent question of humanity: Am I thy

master, or thou mine? They put it to lords of other castles, to town corporations, and sometimes brother to brother: and notwithstanding that the answer often unseated, and once discastled, them, they swam back to their places, as born warriors, urged by a passion for land, are almost sure to do; are indeed quite sure, so long as they multiply sturdily, and will never take No from Fortune. A family passion for land, that survives a generation, is as effective as genius in producing the object it conceives; and through marriages and conflicts, the seizure of lands, and brides bearing land, these sharp-feeding, eagle-eyed Earls of Romfrey spied few spots within their top tower's wide circle of the heavens not their own. It is therefore manifest that they had the root qualities, the prime active elements, of men in perfection, and notably that appetite to flourish at the cost of the weaker, which is the blessed exemplification of strength, and has been man's cheerfullest encouragement to fight on since his comparative subjugation (on the whole, it seems complete) of the animal world. By-and-by the struggle is transferred to higher ground, and we begin to perceive how much we are indebted to the fighting spirit. Strength is the brute form of truth. No conspicuously great man was born of the Romfreys, who were better served by a succession of able sons. They sent undistinguished able men to army and navy—lieutenants given to be critics of their captains, but trustworthy for their work. In the later life of the family, they preferred the provincial state of splendid squires to Court and political honours. They were renowned shots, long-limbed stalking sportsmen in field and bower, fast friends, intemperate enemies, handsome to feminine eyes, resembling one another in build, and mostly of the northern colour, or betwixt the tints, with an hereditary nose and mouth that cried Romfrey from faces thrice diluted in cousinships.

The Hon. Everard (Stephen Denely Craven Romfrey), third son of the late Earl, had some hopes of the title, and was in person a noticeable gentleman, in mind a mediæval baron, in politics a crotchety unintelligible Whig. He inherited the estate of Holdesbury on the borders of Hampshire and Wilts, and espoused that of Steynham in Sussex, where he generally resided. His favourite in the family had been the Lady Emily, his eldest sister, who, contrary to the advice of her other brothers and sisters, had yielded her hand to his not wealthy friend Colonel Richard Beauchamp. After the death of Nevil's parents, he adopted the boy, being himself childless, and a widower. Childlessness was the affliction of the family. Everard, having no son, could hardly hope that his brother, the Earl, and Craven, Lord Avonley, would have one, for he loved the prospect of the title. Yet, as there were no cousins of the male branch extant, the lack of an heir was a serious omission, and to

become the Earl of Romfrey, and be the last Earl of Romfrey, was a melancholy thought, however brilliant. So sinks the sun: but he could not desire the end of a great day. At one time he was a hot Parliamentary, calling himself a Whig, called by the Whigs a Radical, called by the Radicals a Tory, and very happy in fighting them all round. This was during the decay of his party, before the Liberals were defined. A Liberal deprived him of the seat he had held for fifteen years, and the clearness of his understanding was obscured by that black vision of popular ingratitude which afflicts the free fighting man yet more than the malleable public servant. The latter has a clerkly humility attached to him like a second nature, from his habit of doing as others bid him: the former smacks a voluntarily sweating forehead and throbbing wounds for witness of his claim upon your palpable thankfulness. It is an insult to tell him that he fought for his own satisfaction. Mr. Romfrey still called himself a Whig, though it was Whig mean vengeance on account of his erratic vote and voice on two or three occasions that denied him a peerage and a seat in heaven. Thither let your good sheep go, your echoes, your wag-tail dogs, your wealthy purey manufacturers! He decried the attractions of the sublimer House, and laughed at the transparent Whiggery of his party in replenishing it from the upper shoots of the commonalty:—"dragging it down to prop it up! swamping it to keep it swimming!" he said. He was nevertheless a vehement supporter of that House. He stood for King, Lords, and Commons, in spite of his personal grievances, harping the triad as vigorously as bard of old Britain. Commons he added out of courtesy, or from usage or policy, or for emphasis, or for the sake of the constitutional number of the estates of the realm, or it was because he had an intuition of the folly of omitting them; the same, to some extent, that builders have regarding bricks when they plan a fabric. Thus, although King and Lords prove the existence of Commons in days of the political deluge almost syllogistically, the example of not including one of the estates might be imitated, and Commons and King do not necessitate the conception of an intermediate third, while Lords and Commons suggest the decapitation of the leading figure. The united three, however, no longer cast reflections on one another, and were an assurance to this acute politician that his birds were safe. He preserved game rigorously, and the deduction was the work of instinct with him. To his mind the game-laws were the corner-stone of Law, and of a man's right to hold his own; and so delicately did he think the country poised, that an attack on them threatened the structure of justice. His head-gamekeepers therefore were the three conjoined Estates; their duty was to back him against the poacher, if they would not see the country tumble. As to his under-gamekeepers, he was their inti-

mate and their friend, saying, with none of the misanthropy which proclaims the virtues of the faithful dog to the confusion of human-kind, he liked their company better than that of his equals, and learnt more from them. They also listened deferentially to their instructor. The conversation he delighted in most might have been going on in any century since the Conquest. Grant him his not unreasonable argument upon his property in game, he was a liberal landlord. No tenants were forced to take his farms. He dragged none by the collar. He gave them liberty to go to Australia, Canada, the Americas, if they liked. He asked in return to have the liberty to shoot on his own grounds, and rear the marks for his shot, treating the question of indemnification as a gentleman should. Still there were grumbling tenants. He swarmed with game, and, though he was liberal, his hares and his birds were immensely destructive: computation could not fix the damage done by them. Probably the farmers expected them not to eat. "There are two parties to a bargain," said Everard, "and one gets the worst of it. But if he was never obliged to make it, where's his right to complain?" Men of sense rarely obtain satisfactory answers: they are provoked to despise their kind. But the poacher was another kind of vermin than the stupid tenant. Everard did him the honour to hate him, and twice in a fray had he collared his ruffian, and subsequently sat in condemnation of the wretch: for he who can attest a villany is best qualified to punish it. Gangs from the metropolis found him too determined and alert for their sport. It was the fractiousness of here and there an unbroken young scoundrelly colt poacher of the neighbourhood, a born thief, a fellow damned in an inveterate taste for game, which gave him annoyance. One night he took Master Nevil out with him, and they hunted down a couple of sinners that showed fight against odds. Nevil attempted to beg them off because of their boldness. "I don't set my traps for nothing," said his uncle, silencing him. But the boy reflected that his uncle was perpetually lamenting the cowed spirit of the common English—formerly such fresh and merry men! He touched Rosamund Culling's heart with his description of their attitudes when they stood resisting and bawling to the keepers, "Come on! we'll die for it." They did not die. Everard explained to the boy that he could have killed them, and was contented to have sent them to gaol for a few weeks. Nevil gaped at the empty magnanimity which his uncle presented to him as a remarkably big morsel. At the age of fourteen he was despatched to sea.

He went unwillingly; not so much from an objection to a naval life as from a wish, incomprehensible to grown men and boys, and especially to his cousin Cecil Baskett, that he might remain at school and learn. "The fellow would like to be a parson!" Everard



said in disgust. No parson had ever been known of in the Romfrey family, nor in the Beauchamp. A legend of a parson that had been a tutor in one of the Romfrey houses, and had talked and sung blandly to a damsel of the blood—degenerate maid!—to receive a handsome trouncing for his pains, instead of the holy marriage-tie he aimed at, was the only connection of the Romfreys with the parsonry, as Everard called them. He attributed the boy's feeling to the influence of his great-aunt Beauchamp, who would, he said, infallibly have made a parson of him. "I'd rather enlist for a soldier," Nevil said, and he ceased to dream of rebellion, and of his little property of a few thousand pounds in the funds to aid him in it. He confessed to his dear friend Rosamund Culling that he thought the parsons happy in having time to read history. And O to feel for certain *which* side was the wrong side in our Civil War, so that one should not hesitate in choosing. Such puzzles are never, he seemed to be aware, solved in a midshipman's mess. He hated bloodshed, and was guilty of the 'cotton-spinners' babble,' abhorred of Everard, in alluding to it. Rosamund liked him for his humanity; but she, too, feared he was a slack Romfrey when she heard him speak in precocious contempt of glory. Somewhere, somehow, he had got hold of Manchester sarcasms concerning glory: a weedy word of the newspapers had been sown in his bosom, perhaps. He said: "I don't care to win glory; I know all about that; I've seen an old hat in the Louvre." And he would have had her to suppose that he had looked on the campaigning head-cover of Napoleon simply as a shocking bad, bald, brown-rubbed old Tricorne hat rather than as the nod of extinction to thousands, the great orb of darkness, the still-trembling gloomy quiver—the brain of the lightnings of battles.

Now this boy nursed no secret presumptuous belief that he was fitted for the walks of the higher intellect; he was not having his impudent boy's fling at superiority over the superior, as here and there a subtle-minded vain juvenile will; nor was he a parrot repeating a line from some Lancastrian pamphlet. He really disliked war and the sword; and scorning the prospect of an idle life, confessing that his abilities barely adapted him for a sailor's, he was opposed to the career opened to him almost to the extreme of shrinking and terror. Or that was the impression conveyed to a not unsympathetic hearer by his forlorn efforts to make himself understood, which were like the tappings of the stick of a blind man mystified by his sense of touch at wrong corners. His bewilderment and speechlessness were a comic display, tragic to him.

Just as his uncle Everard predicted, he came home from his first voyage a pleasant sailor-lad. His features, more than handsome to a woman, so mobile they were, shone of sea and spirit, the chance lights of the sea, and the spirit breathing out of it. As to war and

bloodshed, a man's first thought must be his country, young Jacket remarked, and *Ich dien* was the best motto afloat. Rosamund noticed the peculiarity of the books he selected for his private reading. They were not boys' books, books of adventure and the like. His favourite author was one writing of Heroes, in (so she esteemed it) a style resembling either early architecture or utter dilapidation, so loose and rough it seemed; a wind-in-the-orchard style, that tumbled down here and there an appreciable fruit with uncouth bluster; sentences without commencements running to abrupt endings and smoke, like waves against a sea-wall, learned dictionary words giving a hand to street-slang, and accents falling on them haphazard, like slant rays from driving clouds; all the pages in a breeze, the whole book producing a kind of electrical agitation in the mind and the joints. This was its effect on the lady. To her the incomprehensible was the abominable, for she had our country's high critical feeling; but he, while admitting that he could not quite master it, liked it. He had dug the book out of a bookseller's shop in Malta, captivated by its title, and had since the day of his purchase gone at it again and again, getting nibbles of golden meaning by instalments, as with a solitary pick in a very dark mine, until the illumination of an idea struck him that there was a great deal more in the book than there was in himself. This was sufficient to secure the devoted attachment of young Mr. Beauchamp. Rosamund sighed with apprehension to think of his unlikeness to boys and men among his countrymen in some things. Why should he hug a book he owned he could not quite comprehend? He said he liked a bone in his mouth; and it was natural wisdom, though unappreciated by woman. A bone in a boy's mind for him to gnaw and worry, corrects the vagrancies and promotes the healthy activities, whether there be marrow in it or not. Supposing it furnishes only dramatic entertainment in that usually vacant tenement or powder-shell, it will be of service.

Nevil proposed to her that her next present should be the entire list of his beloved Incomprehensible's published works, and she promised, and was not sorry to keep her promise dangling at the skirts of memory, to drop away in time. For that fire-and-smoke writer dedicated volumes to the praise of a regicide. Nice reading for her dear boy! Some weeks after Nevil was off again, she abused herself for her half-hearted love of him, and would have given him anything—the last word in favour of the Country versus the royal Martyr, for example, had he insisted on it. She gathered, bit by bit, that he had dashed at his big blustering cousin Cecil to vindicate her good name. The direful youths fought in the Steynham stables, overheard by the grooms. Everard received a fine account of the tussle from these latter, and Rosamund, knowing him to be of the order of gentlemen who, whatsoever their sins, will at all costs

protect a woman's delicacy, and a dependant's, man or woman, did not fear to have her ears shocked in probing him on the subject.

Everard was led to say that Nevil's cousins were bedevilled with womanfold.

From which Rosamund perceived that women had been at work; and if so, it was upon the business of the scandal-monger; and if so, Nevil fought his cousin to protect her good name from a babbler of the family gossip.

She spoke to Stukely Culbrett, her dead husband's friend, to whose recommendation she was indebted for her place in Everard Romfrey's household.

"Nevil behaved like a knight, I hear."

"Your beauty was disputed," said he, "and Nevil knocked the blind man down for not being able to see."

She thought, "Not my beauty. Nevil struck his cousin on behalf of the only fair thing I have left to me!"

This was a moment with her when many sensations rush together and form a knot in sensitive natures. She had been very good-looking. She was good-looking still, but she remembered the bloom of her looks in her husband's days (the tragedy of the mirror is one for a woman to write: I am ashamed to find myself smiling while the poor lady weeps), she remembered his praises, her pride; his death in battle, her anguish: then, on her strange entry to this house, her bitter wish to be older; and then, the oppressive oalm of her recognition of her wish's fulfilment, the heavy drop to dead earth, when she could say, or pretend to think she could say—I look old enough: will they tattle of me now? Nevil's championship of her good name brought her history spinning about her head, and threw a finger of light on her real position. In that she saw the slenderness of her hold on respect, as well as felt her personal stainlessness. The boy warmed her chill widowhood. It was written that her second love should be of the pattern of mother's love. She loved him hungrily and jealously, always in fear for him when he was absent, even anxiously when she had him near. For some cause, born, one may fancy, of the hour of her love's conception, his image in her heart was steeped in tears. She was not, happily, one of the women who betray strong feeling, and humour preserved her from excesses of sentiment.

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## CHAPTER III.

## CONTAINS BARONIAL VIEWS OF THE PRESENT TIME.

UPON the word of honour of Rosamund, the letter to the officers of the French Guard was posted.

"Post it, post it," Everard said, on her consulting him, with the letter in her hand. "Let the fellow stand his luck." It was addressed to the Colonel of the First Regiment of the Imperial Guard, Paris. That superscription had been suggested by Colonel Halkett. Rosamund was in favour of addressing it to Versailles, Nevil to the Tuileries; but Paris could hardly fail to hit the mark, and Nevil waited for the reply, half expecting an appointment on the French sands: for the act of posting a letter, though it be to little short of the Pleiades even, will stamp an incredible proceeding as a matter of business, so ready is the ardent mind to take footing on the last thing done. The flight of Mr. Beauchamp's letter placed it in the common order of occurrences for the youthful author of it. Jack Wilmore, a messmate, offered to second him, though he should be dismissed the service for it. Another second would easily be found somewhere; for, as Nevil observed, you have only to set these affairs going, and British blood rises. We are not the people you see on the surface. Wilmore's father was a parson, for instance. What did he do? He could not help himself: he supplied the army and navy with recruits! One son was in a marching regiment, the other was Jack, and three girls had vowed never to quit the rectory save as brides of officers. Nevil thought that seemed encouraging; we were evidently not a nation of shopkeepers at heart; and he quoted sayings of Mr. Stukely Culbrett's, in which neither his ear nor Wilmore's detected the underring Stukely was famous for: as that England had saddled herself with India for the express purpose of better obeying the Commandments in Europe; and that it would be a lamentable thing for the Continent and our doctrines if ever beef should fail the Briton, and such like. "Depend upon it we're a fighting nation naturally, Jack," said Nevil. "How we can submit! . . . however, I shall not be impatient. I dislike duelling, and hate war, but I will have the country respected." They planned a defence of the country, drawing their strategy from magazine articles by military pens, reverberations of the extinct voices of the daily and weekly journals, customary after a panic, and making bloody stands on spots of extreme pastoral beauty, which they visited by coach and rail, looking back on unfortified London with particular melancholy.

Rosamund's word may be trusted that she dropped the letter into a London post-office in pursuance of her promise to Nevil. Tac

singular fact was that no answer to it ever arrived. Nevil, without a doubt of her honesty, proposed an expedition to Paris; he was ordered to join his ship, and he lay moored across the water in the port of Besisham, panting for notice to be taken of him. The slight of the total disregard of his letter now affected him personally; it took him some time to get over this indignity put upon him, particularly because of his being under the impression that the country suffered, not he at all. The letter had served its object: ever since the transmission of it the menaces and insults had ceased. But they might be renewed, and he desired to stop them altogether. His last feeling was one of genuine regret that Frenchmen should have behaved unworthily of the high estimation he held them in. With which he dismissed the affair.

He was rallied about it when he next sat at his uncle's table, and had to pardon Rosamund for telling.

Nevil replied modestly, "I dare say you think me half a fool, sir. All I know is, I waited for my betters to speak first. I have no dislike of Frenchmen."

Everard shook his head to signify, "not half." But he was gentle enough in his observations. "There's a motto, *Ex pede Herculem*. You stepped out for the dogs to judge better of us. It's an infernally tripping motto for a composite structure like the kingdom of Great Britain and Manchester, boy Nevil. We can fight foreigners when the time comes." He directed Nevil to look home, and cast an eye on the cotton-spinners, with the remark that they were binding us hand and foot to sell us to the biggest buyer, and were not Englishmen but "Germans and Jews, and quakers and hybrids, diligent clerks and speculators, and commercial travellers, who have raised a fortune from foisting drugged goods on an idiot population."

He loathed them for the curse they were to the country. And he was one of the few who spoke out. The fashion was to pet them. We stood against them; were half-hearted, and were beaten; and then we petted them, and bit by bit our privileges were torn away. We made lords of them to catch them, and they grocers of us by way of a return. "Already," said Everard, "they have knocked the nation's head off, and dry-rotted the bone of the people."

"Don't they," Nevil asked, "belong to the Liberal party?"

"I'll tell you," Everard replied, "they belong to any party that upsets the party above them. They belong to the GEORGE FOX party, and my poultry-roosts are the mark they aim at. You shall have a glance at the manufacturing district some day. You shall see the machines they work with. You shall see the miserable lank-jawed half-stewed pantaloons they've managed to make of Englishmen there. My blood's past boiling. They work young children in

their factories from morning to night. Their manufactories are spreading like the webs of the devil to suck the blood of the country. In that district of theirs an epidemic levels men like a disease in sheep. Skeletons can't make a stand. On the top of it all they sing Sunday tunes!"

This behaviour of corn-law agitators and protectors of poachers was an hypocrisy too horrible for comment. Everard sipped claret. Nevil lashed his head for the clear idea which objurgation insists upon implanting, but batters to pieces in the act.

"Manchester's the belly of this country!" Everard continued. "So long as Manchester flourishes, we're a country governed and led by the belly. The head and the legs of the country are sound still; I don't guarantee it for long, but the middle's rapacious and corrupt. Take it on a question of foreign affairs, it's an alderman after a feast. Bring it upon home politics, you meet a wolf."

The faithful Whig veteran spoke with jolly admiration of the speech of a famous Tory chief.

"That was the way to talk to them! Denounce them traitors! Up whip, and set the ruffians capering! Hit them facers! Our men are always for the too-clever trick. They pluck the sprouts and eat them, as if the loss of a sprout or two thinned Manchester! Your policy of absorption is good enough when you're dealing with fragments. It's a devilish unlucky thing to attempt with a concrete mass. You might as well ask your head to absorb a wall by running at it like a pugnacious nigger. I don't want you to go into Parliament ever. You're a fitter man out of it; but if ever you're bitten—and it's the curse of our country to have politics as well as the other diseases—don't follow a flag, be independent, keep a free vote: remember how I've been tied, and hold foot against Manchester. Do it blindfold; you don't want counselling, you're sure to be right. I'll lay you a blood-brood mare to a cab-stand skeleton, you'll have an easy conscience and deserve the thanks of the country."

Nevil listened gravely. The soundness of the head and legs of the country he took for granted. The inflated state of the unchivalrous middle, denominated Manchester, terrified him. Could it be true that England was betraying signs of decay? and signs how ignoble! Half-a-dozen crescent lines cunningly turned, sketched her figure before the world, and the reflection for one ready to die upholding her was that the portrait was no caricature. Such an emblematic presentation of the land of his filial affection haunted him with hideous mockeries. Surely the foreigner hearing our boasts of her must compare us to showmen bawling the attractions of a Fat Lady at a fair!

Sworn Manchester bore the blame of it. Everard exulted to hear his young echo attack the cotton-spinners. But Nevil was for a

plan, a system, immediate action; the descending among the people, and taking an initiative, LEADING them, insisting on their following, not standing aloof and shrugging.

"We lead them in war," said he; "why not in peace? There's a front for peace as well as war, and that's our place rightly. We're pushed aside; why, it seems to me we're treated like old-fashioned ornaments! The fault must be ours. Shrugging and sneering is about as honourable as blazing fireworks over your own defeat. Back we have to go! that's the point, sir. And as for jeering the cotton-spinners, I can't while they've the lead of us. We let them have it! And we have thrice the stake in the country. I don't mean properties and titles."

"Deuce you don't," said his uncle.

"I mean our names, our histories; I mean our duties. As for titles, the way to defend them is to be worthy of them."

"Damned fine speech," remarked Everard. "Now you get out of that trick of prize-orationing. I call it snuffery, sir; it's all to your own nose! You're talking to me, not to a gallery. 'Worthy of them!' Cæsar wraps his head in his robe: he gets his dig in the ribs for all his attitudinizing. It's very well for a man to talk like that who owns no more than his bare-bodkin life, poor devil. Tall talk's his jewelry: he must have his dandification in bunkum. You ought to know better. Property and titles are worth having, whether you are 'worthy of them' or a disgrace to your class. The best way of defending them is to keep a strong fist, and take care you don't draw your fore-foot back more than enough."

"Please propose something to be done," said Nevil, depressed by the recommendation of that attitude.

Everard proposed a fight for every privilege his class possessed. "They say," he said, "a nobleman fighting the odds is a sight for the gods: and I wouldn't yield an inch of ground. It's no use calling things by fine names—the country's ruined by cowardice. Poursuivez! I cry. Haro! at them! The biggest heart wins in the end. I haven't a doubt about that. And I haven't a doubt we carry the tonnage."

"There's the people," sighed Nevil, entangled in his uncle's haziness.

"What people?"

"I suppose the people of Great Britain count, sir."

"Of course they do; when the battle's done, the fight is lost and won."

"Do you expect the people to look on, sir?"

"The people always wait for the winner, boy Nevil."

The young fellow exclaimed despondently, "If it were a

"It's like a race, and we're 'confoundedly out of training," said Everard.

There he rested. A mediæval gentleman with the docile notions of the twelfth century, complacently driving them to grass and watling them in the nineteenth, could be of no use to a boy trying to think, though he could set the youngster galloping. Nevil 'wandered about the woods of Steynham, disinclined to shoot and lend a hand to country sports. The popping of the guns of his uncle and guests hung about his ears much like their speech, which was unobjectionable in itself, but not sufficient; a little hard, he thought, a little idle. He wanted something, and wanted them to give their time and energy to something, that was not to be had in a market. The nobles, he felt sure, might resume their natural alliance with the people, and lead them, as they did of old, to the battle-field. How might they? A comely Sussex lass could not well tell him how. Sarcastic reports of the troublesome questioner represented him applying to a nymph of the country for enlightenment. He thrilled surprisingly under the charm of feminine beauty. "The fellow's sound at bottom," his uncle said, hearing of his having really been seen walking in the complete form proper to his budding age, that is, in two halves. Nevil showed that he had gained an acquaintance with the struggles of the neighbouring agricultural poor to live and rear their children. His uncle's table roared at his enumeration of the sickly little beings, consumptive or bandy-legged, within a radius of five miles of Steynham. Action was what he wanted, Everard said. Nevil perhaps thought the same, for he dashed out of his mooning with a wave of the Tory standard, delighting the ladies, though in that conflict of the Lion and the Unicorn (which was a Tory song) he seemed rather to wish to goad the dear lion than crush the one-horned intrusive upstart. His calling on the crack corps of Peers to enrol themselves forthwith in the front ranks, and to anticipate opposition by initiating measures, and so cut out that funny old, crazy old galleon, the People, from under the batteries of the enemy, highly amused the gentlemen.

Before rejoining his ship, Nevil paid his customary short visit of ceremony to his great-aunt Beauchamp—a venerable lady past eighty, hitherto divided from him in sympathy by her dislike of his uncle Everard, who had once been his living hero. That was when he was in frocks, and still the tenacious fellow could not bear to hear his uncle spoken ill of.

"All the men of that family are heartless, and he is a man of wood, my dear, and a bad man," the old lady said. "He should have kept you at school, and sent you to college. You want reading and teaching and talking to. Such a house as that is should never



be a home for you." She hinted at Rosamund. Nevil defended the persecuted woman, but with no better success than from the attacks of the Romfrey ladies; with this difference, however, that these decried the woman's vicious arts, and Mistress Elizabeth Mary Beauchamp put all the sin upon the man. Such a man! she said. "Let me hear that he has married her, I will not utter another word." Nevil echoed, "Married!" in a different key.

"I am as much of an aristocrat as any of you, only I rank morality higher," said Mrs. Beauchamp. "When you were a child I offered to take you and make you my heir, and I would have educated you. You shall see a great-nephew of mine that I did educate; he is eating his dinners for the bar in London, and comes to me every Sunday. I shall marry him to a good girl, and I shall show your uncle what my kind of man-making is."

Nevil had no desire to meet the other great-nephew, especially when he was aware of the extraordinary circumstance that a Beauchamp great-niece, having no money, had bestowed her hand on a Manchester man defunct, whereof this young Blackburn Tuckham, the lawyer, was issue. He took his leave of Mrs. Elizabeth Beauchamp, respecting her for her constitutional health and brightness, and regretting for the sake of the country that she had not married to give England men and women resembling her. On the whole he considered her wiser in her prescription for the malady besetting him than his uncle. He knew that action was but a temporary remedy. College would have been his chronic medicine, and the old lady's acuteness in seeing it impressed him forcibly. She had given him a peaceable two days on the Upper Thames, in an atmosphere of plain good sense and just-mindedness. He wrote to thank her, saying: "My England at sea will be your parlour-window looking down the grass to the river and rushes; and when you do me the honour to write, please tell me the names of those wild-flowers growing along the banks in summer." The old lady replied immediately, enclosing a cheque for fifty pounds: "Colonel Halkett informs me you are under cloud at Steynham, and I have thought you may be in want of pocket-money. The wild-flowers are willow-herb, meadow-sweet, and loosestrife. I shall be glad when you are here in summer to see them."

Nevil dispatched the following: "I thank you, but I shall not cash the cheque. The Steynham tale is this: I happened to be out at night, and stopped the keepers in chase of a young fellow trespassing. I caught him myself, but recognised him as one of a family I take an interest in, and let him run before they came up. My uncle heard a gun; I sent the head gamekeeper word in the morning to out with it all. Uncle E. was annoyed, and we had a

rough parting. If you are rewarding me for this, I have no right to it."

Mrs. Beauchamp rejoined: "Your profession should teach you subordination, if it does nothing else that is valuable to a Christian gentleman. You will receive from the publisher the 'Life and Letters of Lord Collingwood,' whom I have it in my mind that a young midshipman should task himself to imitate. Spend the money as you think fit."

Nevil's ship, commanded by Captain Robert Hall (a most gallant officer, one of his heroes, and of Lancashire origin, strangely!), flew to the South American station, in and about Lord Cochrane's waters; then as swiftly back. For like the frail Norwegian bark on the edge of the maelström, liker to a country of conflicting interests and passions, that is not mentally on a level with its good fortune, England was drifting into foreign complications. A paralyzed Minister proclaimed it. The governing people, which is looked to for direction in grave dilemmas by its representatives and reflectors, shouted that it had been accused of pusillanimity. No one had any desire for war, only we really had (and it was perfectly true) been talking gigantic nonsense of peace, and of the everlastingness of the exchange of fruits for money, with angels waving raw-groceries of Eden in joy of the commercial picture. Therefore, to correct the excesses of that fit, we held the standing by the Moslem, on behalf of the Mediterranean (and the Moslem is one of our customers bearing an excellent reputation for the payment of debts), to be good, granting the necessity. We deplored the necessity. The Press wept over it. That, however, was not the politic tone for us while the imperial berg of Polar ice watched us keenly; and the Press proceeded to remind us that we had once been bull-dogs. Was there not an animal within us having a right to a turn now and then? And was it not (Falstaff, on a calm world, was quoted) for the benefit of our constitutions now, and then to loosen the animal? Granting the necessity, of course. By dint of incessantly speaking of the necessity we granted it unknowingly. The lighter hearts regarded our period of monotonously lyrical prosperity as a man sensible of fresh morning air looks back on the snoring bolster. Many of the graver were glad of a change. After all that maundering over the blessed peace which brings the raisin and the currant for the pudding, and shuts up the cannon with a sheep's head, it became a principle of popular taste to descant on the vivifying virtues of war; even as, after ten months of moneymongering in smoky London, the citizen hails the sea-breeze and an immersion in unruly brine, despite the cost, that breeze and brine may make a man of him, according to the doctor's prescription: sweet is home, but health is sweeter! Then was there another curious exhibition of us. Gentlemen, to the exact

number of the Graces, dressed in drab of an ancient cut, made a pilgrimage to the icy despot, and besought him to give way for Piety's sake. He, courteous, colossal, and immovable, waved them homeward. They returned and were hooted for belying the bellicose by their mission, and interpreting too well the peaceful. They were the unparalyzed Ministers of the occasion, but helpless.

And now came war, the purifier and the pestilence.

The cry of the English people for war was pretty general, as far as the criers went. They put on their Sabbath face concerning the declaration of war, and told with approval how the royal hand had trembled in committing itself to the form of signature to which its action is limited. If there was money to be paid, there was a bugbear to be slain for it; and a bugbear is as obnoxious to the repose of commercial communities as rivals are to kings.

The cry for war was absolutely unanimous, and a supremely national cry, Everard Romfrey said, for it excluded the cotton-spinners.

He smacked his hands, crowing at the vociferations of disgust of those negrophiles and sweaters of Christians, whose isolated clamour amid the popular uproar sounded of gagged mouths.

One of the half-stified cotton-spinners, a notorious one, a spouter of rank sedition and hater of aristocracy, a political poacher, managed to make himself heard. He was tossed to the Press for a morsel, and tossed back to the people in strips. Everard had a sharp return of appetite in reading the daily and weekly journals. They printed logic, they printed sense; they abused the treasonable barking cur unmercifully. They printed almost as much as he would have uttered, excepting the strong salt of his similes, likening that rascal and his crew to the American weed in our waters, to the rotting wild bee's nest in our trees, to the worm in our ships' timbers, and to lamentable afflictions of the human frame, and of sheep, oxen, and honest hounds. Manchester was in eclipse. The world of England discovered that the peace-party which opposed was the actual cause of the war: never was indication clearer. But my business is with Mr. Beauchamp, to know whom, and partly understand his conduct in after-days, it will be as well to take a bird's-eye glance at him through the war.

"Now," said Everard, "we shall see what stuff there is in that fellow Nevil."

He expected, as you may imagine, a true young Beauchamp-Romfrey to be straining his collar like a leash-hound.

GEORGE MEREDITH.



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THE NEXT PAGE OF THE LIBERAL PROGRAMME.

ALREADY there are signs that the several fractions which, when united for a common purpose, we are wont to call the Liberal party, are waking up from the stupor into which unexpected and crushing defeat had thrown them, and are beginning once more to contemplate the future with hopeful anticipation.

Perhaps their expectations are a little too sanguine, or at least premature. A majority of seventy is not to be wiped out in a session, nor will the accumulated discontent of half-a-dozen years give way in a few months to restored enthusiasm and confidence. The latest elections show that the reaction still continues, and there is no reason to suppose that the country is ready to dismiss its Conservative Government, because a young and inexperienced member of the ministry has imprudently tried to carry out Conservative principles in amending the Endowed Schools Act. Nor is there more ground for the anticipation that the great Beer interest is likely to change sides because its allies have only succeeded in keeping a portion of their election promises. On the other hand, the feud between capital and labour, which has frightened so many of the middle class into the acceptance of the Conservative doctrine that it is one of the functions of government to keep the lower orders in their places, still rages; the fanatics, as the *Spectator* politely calls the unsectarian party in education, are still unappeased; and, on the whole, it is highly improbable that the Opposition will cross the floor of the House for some years to come. Still, one is disposed to sympathize with the rising spirits of the dispossessed. Better, no doubt, to be over sanguine, than for ever wasting in despair. Above all, it is clearly right that the leaders should do what in them lies to raise the drooping spirits of their followers. English political parties, like Mr. Cook's tourists, prefer to be personally conducted, and, failing Mr. Gladstone himself,

it is something to find that Mr. Gladstone's friend is to the fore, and it is gratifying to learn, from the speech which he delivered at Frome some weeks ago, that Mr. Goschen, at any rate, is ready once again—

“In arms not worn, in foresight much advanced,  
To wage, by force or guile, eternal war.”

There is, however, one trifling matter in reference to which, on the occasion referred to, Mr. Goschen was not sufficiently explicit. What are we going to fight about? We can see clearly the admirable consequences of victory in the case of Mr. Goschen and other equally gallant leaders, but what are the rank and file to have after they have stormed the fortress?

Does any one seriously think that the Nonconformists, for instance, will be sufficiently rewarded by Mr. Forster's promotion to the post of President of the Council, if the conversion of the Marquis of Ripon should be considered to have rendered his reinstatement undesirable? Will the Trades' Unionists and the labourers accept Lord Aberdare's recall as full satisfaction of their claims, or will Irishmen, who are supposed to have some sense of humour, receive the re-appointment to the Chief Secretaryship of the Marquis of Hartington, “the serious son of a respectable duke,” as sufficient compensation for any sacrifice?

Before reckoning on the speedy reversal of the present position of parties, it would surely be well to remember that there are still many Liberals to whom it matters little what persons fill particular offices, but who are deeply interested in knowing what policy they will carry out when they get there. It is unfortunate at this time that this section of the party has no representation in the London daily press. Unable to make their intentions and objects known to the large class which takes its politics from the *Times*, or which bows to the authority of the *Telegraph*,—allowed only an occasional corner in the excellent family newspaper which represents the decorous timidity of prosperous dissent,—the advanced Liberals seem likely to be again ignored till their defection or indifference at a critical moment recalls attention to the fact of their existence. It is unwise to drive them to this extremity; for, without overestimating their numbers, and even allowing for the sake of argument, that their views cannot as yet command the support of a majority in the country, it is at least certain that they form an important element in the Liberal party.

Especially at this period of relaxed political morality they fulfil a useful function, and serve to differentiate the Whigs from the Conservatives. Without them it would be difficult to distinguish the party of the moderate Tories who do not practise their principles, from the party of the moderate Liberals who have no principles to practise.

Political opinions on both sides are becoming gelatinous, and in the case of the Liberals it is Radicalism which gives all the flavour.

If, then, the leaders of the party propose to do without the Radicals in future, they must either unite openly with the Conservatives, or contest their claims to public confidence on purely personal grounds. They will find it impossible in any other way to prove that Tweedledum is to be preferred to Tweedledee, or that the welfare and prosperity of the country depends on ousting a Conservative party which dare not retreat, to make room for a Liberal party which will not advance.

On the other hand, the first step to a cordial reunion and reconciliation will have been taken when some worthy object has been proclaimed, fitted to arouse enthusiasm and zeal; and the most disheartening circumstance of the reaction is the absence on the part of Liberals themselves of any practical suggestion or clear idea on this point. Take, for instance, the speech of Mr. Goschen to which reference has already been made. It contained much clever criticism of Conservative mistakes, and a telling exposure of Conservative vacillation and weakness, but much of this satire has already been successfully retorted on the ministry to which the speaker belonged. He pronounced an elegant panegyric on Mr. Gladstone's ability and noble qualities, and it may be at once admitted that if the late Prime Minister is willing once more to lead the advance, no better and no more skilful general can be found or desired. Mr. Goschen's further statement, that the Liberals must win their way back to power by a struggle on principles, will also commend itself to general acceptance, but it was just at this point, when the story was becoming interesting, and when his hearers must have been expecting to gain an insight into the plot, that he brought his tale to an abrupt conclusion, taking care, however, to say parenthetically, that it would be "most impolitic to get up a "cry" of any sort, since power would come back to the Liberals if they would simply wait for the increasing dissensions in the Tory camp.

And this was the speech which was to put new heart into the Liberal party. It is the first time that it has been suggested that whistling for a wind was the best way of getting up steam. The unfortunate parenthesis spoils all; and, read by its light, the whole speech assumes an unsatisfactory character. It would appear as if the first object of the Liberal party is to be the restoration of the late Government to office. To secure the utmost agreement it will be politic to have nothing to agree upon—

"The first thing for a young politician to learn is  
That truth, to drop kindly in all sorts of harness,  
Must be kept in the abstract; for come to apply it  
You're apt to hurt some folks' interests by it."

There can, however, be no possible objection to talking loudly of Liberal principles, and declaring that all Conservative measures controvert them in some way which had better not be too clearly defined. Thus it would be right to assert that the Endowed Schools Act Amendment Bill was a violation of Liberal principles, but it would evidently be unwise to pledge the party to repeal those objectionable clauses in Mr. Forster's original Act which, according to Lord Sandon's own statement, suggested and justified his proposed amendments. Again, when Tories lower the standard of education in the agricultural districts, this may properly be represented as an infraction of one of the eternal verities of Liberal policy, but it would be clearly inexpedient to give any assurance that Liberals will promote an improvement by enforcing compulsion generally, or by establishing School Boards in country parishes.

It is not necessary to assume that Mr. Goschen himself intends to practise or to recommend such paltry shifts, but they are the natural outcome of the advice to profess principles whose farther application is to be constantly ignored. By the moderate Liberals, however, this way of avoiding division is hailed as real statesmanship. Their organs are in high spirits. They have received Professor Fawcett's speech at Brighton as a recantation of the errors of independence. The honourable member is welcomed back as the Prodigal Son of the Liberal party, and is assumed to represent the malcontents generally; the leaders are willing to forget and forgive; the *Spectator* newspaper will pronounce the benediction; and every one will be happy ever after.

Surely it will be a kindly part to warn these gentlemen of the Fool's Paradise into which they are blindly rushing. The Liberal party will never regain power on terms like these. Much as Mr. Gladstone is honoured and respected, it is not for his credit, or for ours, that we should take him back as we recover a stolen watch—on the condition that no questions are asked; and, although unrepresented in the London press, the advanced Liberals are not altogether without influence in the country, and they will never lend their aid to reinstate a party which bases its claim for support, partly indeed on the possession of principles, but chiefly on its willingness to suppress their application.

It is said, however, that it is unreasonable to require the responsible leaders to commit themselves to reforms which are as yet unacceptable to the majority of the people. Already, it is asserted, the party has suffered for its supposed sympathy with Radical opinions. Legislation has moved as fast as, or faster than, the convictions of the country will justify. The late Government fell from power because it had gone too far, and not because it had not gone far enough.

It, therefore, behoves the extreme section to recognise the facts and accept the situation. The great Liberal banquet of the last few years has not been fully digested. In the course of time, when the process of assimilation has been accomplished, the Radicals may fairly anticipate another feast; till then, they must hold their voracity in check. This is, no doubt, what Mr. Baxter, the right honourable member for Montrose, intended to convey by a recent speech, in which he is reported to have said:—"The general election has taught us that the people of this country are not in favour of extreme measures or extreme men, and desire no changes only for the sake of changing. They have emphatically declared their disposition to walk warily, their dislike to mere theorists, and their determination not all at once to convert Great Britain into a Utopia." The reasoning, however specious, sounds a little strange from the mouth of a Scotch Liberal and ex-member of a Liberal Government, and it confirms the impression produced by Mr. Goschen's address that at present there is nothing to be gained by any attempt to reverse the decision of the general election. If it is really the desire of the country that nothing more should be done, the Conservatives are the proper persons to carry out its wishes, and can do so with perfect consistency. In common fairness Mr. Baxter must give them his valuable support, when he finds their intentions expressed by the Marquis of Bath in language which, if correctly reported, might be placed in parallel columns with his own, and which must exactly suit his view of the situation. The noble lord said at Frome—"The present Conservative Government had not had time to inaugurate or to carry out any policy, but with regard to the policy they must adopt for the future, it was clear that they must, in the first place, reflect that it was not necessary that each session should be illustrated by some great organic change. . . . What the country asked for was rest, and what it expected from the Conservatives was rest, quiet, and repose." Truly, when political opponents do agree their unanimity is wonderful, and it is almost a pity to disturb the happy dispositions by which all parties are satisfied; the Conservatives because they are in office, and the Whigs because the country is thereby secured from the danger of "extreme measures and extreme men." But is it absolutely certain that these two gentlemen have correctly estimated the present state of feeling in the country, and rightly learned the lessons of the past? To decide, it will be necessary once more to review the proceedings of the Gladstone administration, and to weigh the causes of its tremendous defeat.

There are two popular theories on the subject. The Tories claim, pardonably enough, that what their merits alone might have been unable to effect was achieved through the misdeeds of their opponents. According to this explanation, the nation, tired of the plundering



and blundering of a tyrannical faction, roused itself to throw off the yoke, and flung itself with a sigh of relief into the arms of the Tories. The Liberal view is still more simple. Aristides was ostracized because he was just, and the Gladstone ministry fell by its own virtues. There is some truth in both these statements. It is certain that the late Government was thoroughly unpopular at the time of its fall; and, on the other hand, it must be admitted that it performed much useful work, and that its chief measures were called for by Liberal opinion, and if not perfect exponents of the wishes of its constituents, were, at least, in the desired direction. It may be said broadly, however, that the ministry had offended every one to whom change was objectionable, and that it made no bid for the support of those who conceived that further change was necessary. It must be granted that the English are naturally a Conservative people. We cling fondly to—

“Custom, which all mankind to slavery brings,  
That dull excuse for doing silly things,”

and we are slow to appreciate and assimilate new ideas. Above all, we are impatient of small changes, and intolerant of infinitesimal reforms. It would be easier to disestablish the English Church than to clothe the Blue-coat boys in decent ordinary costume, while it would almost be safer to proclaim a republic than to meddle with certain ignoble petty interests, as, for instance, the control and management of their funds by some of the City companies. It was the evil genius of the late Government which somehow prompted their interference in a hundred minor matters which involved no game worth the candle, but which deeply interested the prejudices of various members of the community. Every class and every section of the population have had reason to be annoyed during the last few years, and have felt perhaps their wound was great because it was so small. There has been too much “nagging” in legislation; and the Imperial Parliament, which, like the elephant’s trunk, can pick up pins or rend an oak, has gathered pins enough to fill a lady’s reticule. The Act for the prevention of Adulteration may be cited as an illustration; from ignorance of details and want of care, it has been so carelessly drawn that a laudable object has been only partially effected, at the cost of much unnecessary hardship and injustice. Respectable tradesmen have been treated as criminals for not being chemists; and the addition of a foreign substance to any article, even when of greater value than the article itself, and intended for its improvement, has been held to be adulteration, and visited with penalties accordingly. In consequence of this grandmotherly legislation, hundreds of Liberal tradesmen have seen the error of their opinions; and in every borough men who could have

previously pointed to an unbroken tradition and long pedigree of Liberalism have voted with the Tories. The shopkeepers do not stand alone. The Railway interest has been irritated by a number of potty provisions, concerning which only one thing is known with certainty—namely, that they do not protect the public. All the most active members of our municipal corporations have been offended, as they well may be, at the absurd restrictions of the Borough Funds Act, 1872. The 25th clause of the Education Act, 1870, remains on the statute-book a standing model of how to produce the greatest possible irritation for the least possible reason. It would be interesting to know how many supporters were alienated by Mr. Ayrton's park regulations, and how many were irrecoverably lost by Mr. Lowe's successive budgets. But the task of comparison would be unprofitable. Saul may have slain his thousands, and David his tens of thousands, but each has done a hero's part, and every one of the late ministers may claim a share in the diminution of the Liberal ranks. It may be urged that some of the Acts complained of were not Government measures, and that all were intended to remedy admitted evils. The answer is, as to the first point, that if not initiated they were not opposed by the Government, which is held responsible for sins of omission as well as for those of commission; and, as to the second point, that a sense of proportion is one test at least of statesmanship, and that a general would be rightly blamed who risked an army to save a cabbage-garden from plunder.

But it was not only in small matters that the last Government was unfortunate. Its chief measures were not happy in evoking the enthusiasm of its friends. The hostility of the Conservatives was of course to be expected, and was manifested in every case except that of the Education Act. What was not anticipated was the general coolness of the Liberals. This is partly to be accounted for by the fact that every measure was more or less affected by that spirit of compromise which assumed its greatest development in the measures of the Vice-President of the Council. The Irish Church and Land Acts, the Ballot Act, the Education Acts, the Licensing Act, and others, were all disfigured, in the eyes of the most zealous advocates of their principles, by concessions on important points, and in all these cases there were many who felt that the partial settlement actually achieved delayed the complete solution of the problem, and was not, therefore, by any means an unmixed advantage. Besides this, political gratitude, except in the form of anticipation of benefits to come, does not exist; and when it became evident that the Liberal programme was exhausted, the number of those who were willing to exert themselves to secure office as a sort of national testimonial to Mr. Gladstone was very small indeed.

It is doubtful whether anything could have saved the Gladstone ministry at the last election. It is just possible that if the late Prime Minister had used the session to wipe out one or two signal blots—to get rid of the 25th Clause, to repeal one or two of the most irritating clauses of the Licensing Act, and to make some alterations in the law of Conspiracy and the Masters and Servants Act—he would thus have mitigated the wrath of some of the most influential classes in the constituency; and if he had then gone to the country with a new programme, adopting, for instance, Mr. Bright's and Mr. Cobden's proposals for Land Tenure reform, the enthusiasm which would have been created might have secured for him and for the party a new lease of power. Anything would have been better than the course actually followed. At a moment's notice the dissolution was resolved on, and Mr. Gladstone promulgated through the country the meanest public document that has ever, in like circumstances, proceeded from a statesman of the first rank. His manifesto was simply an appeal to the selfishness of the middle classes. Nearly two columns of the *Times* were filled with a sketch budget and the promise of the repeal of the Income Tax, while ten lines were thought sufficient for the statement, that changes might possibly be found desirable in the Franchise, the Land Laws, the Game Laws, the Education Act, the Licensing Laws, and the Acts affecting Trades' Unions, and that, if the country should show itself in favour of alteration, Mr. Gladstone and his ministry would not be unwilling to fulfil its behests.

The effect was disheartening in the extreme. Liberal candidates were reduced for the most part to appeal *ad misericordiam* to their constituents. The elections were decided less by the love the country bore the Tories, than by the indifference with which the Liberals were regarded by their own friends. When ministerialists were returned, they were sent almost entirely on personal grounds; because the individuals were popular, and not because the principles which they represented had any hold on the voters. It was a common remark by Liberal canvassers, that the working classes were indifferent, and everywhere declared that the issue had little interest for them and that they saw nothing to choose between the two parties. It is worth notice that the only two districts in which there was a positive Liberal gain were the districts served by the Radical press of Birmingham and Newcastle-on-Tyne, where for years past Radicalism of an advanced type has been most ably and fearlessly advocated, and where, accordingly, the bulk of the constituency identify their interests with the success of Liberal principles. So far did this feeling go in Newcastle that Mr. Headlam, the moderate Liberal, was at the bottom of the poll, the Radicals evidently refusing

to split their votes for Mr. Cowen with so unsatisfactory a candidate as his colleague, and preferring the success of a Tory to the return of a mere Whig.

Another noticeable result of the absence of any official programme was the prominence of special questions. The organizations of the Alliance, the Liberation Society, the National Education League, the Anti-Contagious Diseases Acts Association, the Home Rulers, the Women's Suffrage Association, and others—all consisting mainly of Liberals—were everywhere pressing their claims and striving to make their concession the crucial test. Nor can they be blamed for this in the absence of any larger issue. In the election of 1868 these voices were silent, for the question on which the verdict of the nation was wanted was felt to be of sufficient magnitude to justify the postponement of all minor subjects; and it is only when leaders cease to lead that their followers are driven to attempt a campaign on their own account.

In summing up the results and experience of the general election, it seems safe to say that the absence of any definite programme certainly intensified the disaster; and that even the adoption of the whole Radical platform could hardly have made it worse. It must not be supposed, however, that this extreme course is even now to be urged on the Liberal leaders; it is only sought to show that, as a mere question of policy, some definite programme is necessary for the reunion of the party, and that it is a pure hallucination to imagine that Liberalism can be made popular by a close imitation of Conservatism. On the contrary, the greater the resemblance the less reason for another change. If the nation really wants rest, by all means let the Conservatives continue in the receipt of custom, and let us make no attempts to displace them till we are satisfied that the inevitable desire for further progress has recurred, and that all sections of the Liberal party are ready to gratify it. If we admit that perfection in our arrangements has been reached, or that no farther change is for the present desirable, all honest men must perforce be Conservatives. To have in hand a reform of some kind is not for Liberalism a question of choice, it is the absolute condition of its separate existence as a political party; and, failing some international complication of overwhelming importance, it is safe to predict that without a "cry" the Liberals will never regain office. It is, however, possible that both the necessity and the appetite for amendment still exist, and that all that is wanting is leadership and direction.

It is granted by all, by Tories as well as by Radicals, that the condition of the people is in many respects unsatisfactory; and the broad line of distinction between the two great parties is, that while the Conservatives hold to old methods and present means for securing

improvement, the Liberals profess to believe that political changes and amended laws are an essential condition.

"The world," says a member of the late Government, "is not so prosperous or so happy as that we should readily or willingly believe in the exhaustion of the means which are at our disposal for its better guidance. Especially in the great science of politics, which investigates the complicated forces whose action and reaction determine the condition of organized societies of men, we are still standing, as it were, only at the break of day. . . ."

"Special causes retard the progress of knowledge in this department of inquiry . . . ."

"We look on the facts of nature and of human life through the dulled eyes of custom and traditional opinion. And when some misery worse than others forces itself upon the acknowledgment of the world, men are slow to discover or admit their own power over the sources whence such miseries come to be." <sup>1</sup>

This time of enforced acknowledgment cannot be far distant. Despite the perpetual adulation of ourselves which is always going on, and the constant recitals of our prosperity and of the progress we are making in science and general culture, we are compelled occasionally to turn aside from the contemplation of our virtues and intelligence and wealth, to recognise the fact that we have in our midst a vast population more ignorant than the barbarians whom we affect to despise, more brutal than the savages whom we profess to convert, more miserable than the most wretched in other countries to whom we attempt from time to time to carry succour and relief. The other day considerable sensation was caused by an unverified account of an imaginary dwarf and dog fight in the Potteries. The most sensational thing about the story was that it was untrue. For, if a description of real life had been considered appropriate to the columns of a newspaper whose special merit it has been to stimulate the imagination of its correspondents, it would have been easy to have found still more striking illustrations of ferocity and brutality which could have been officially authenticated. The six Lancashire miners who kicked an old man's eye out and then filled the cavity with quicklime, would not have felt any scruples about such a combat as the one in question; and the police in most of our large towns are in possession of ample proofs of the utter degradation and depravity of men and women living in what we call a civilised country.

Notwithstanding all that has been done in the way of education, it is probable that at least one-third of the adult population is still unable to read and write with common ease and fluency, and although a very much smaller proportion of the rising generation will now grow up without any schooling at all, yet under existing circumstances it is certain that large numbers will never attain sufficient school knowledge to be of any practical advantage to them. The condition of the agricultural labourer remains extremely unsatis-

(1) "The Reign of Law," p. 426.—Duke of Argyll.

factory. The victory of the farmers in the eastern counties may still turn out to be dearly purchased, for even if the reports of rick-burnings and other outrages should be exaggerated, and the men should preserve their peaceable and orderly demeanour, their discontent will not less surely take practical shape in some form or other, and the general prosperity of the country will suffer in consequence. However idyllic in print may be Lady Stradbroke's description of the labourer's life and home, its conditions in practice are evidently unsatisfactory to those chiefly concerned, and even the warnings which have lately come from America against emigration will not keep men in England who can only earn 10s. or 12s. per week.

When sympathy was expressed for Mr. Arch's constituents by some of the artisans and manufacturers of the large towns, the farmers retorted with truth that even in the great cities the homes of the working classes were disgraceful in the extreme. The dwellers in towns ought to be the first to admit the charge, and its justice should make them chary of condemning landlords or farmers in the country as more hard-hearted or illiberal than others. Both town and country are alike powerless to deal with the evil by individual effort or merely personal exertion, and they should strive to concert measures together for discovering and applying a remedy.

The continued existence and enormous extent of pauperism is another discreditable feature of our so-called civilisation. It has been calculated, on a basis supplied by Mr. Purdy, of the Poor Law Board, that more than four millions of persons in England and Wales received parish relief in the year 1872 alone, or considerably more than one-sixth of the whole population.

Again, it is a noticeable fact in modern times that the relations between capital and labour are everywhere strained to the utmost; the old confidence between employers and employed is dying out, and, while this is not to be regretted so far as it merely involves a greater independence on the part of the workmen, yet it is clearly undesirable that there should be substituted for the old conditions a feeling of positive hostility, which should draw off the two parties into opposite camps, with no mutual sympathy and respect. One of the least hopeful signs of French political life is the tremendous gulf which separates the *ouvrier* and the *bourgeois* class. It is this which makes the middle class tolerant of despotism provided only that order is maintained; and it is this which renders the artisans suspicious of all governments and settled constitutional forms. It is in this direction that we are slowly drifting, and if our middle class, and the press which panders to their prejudices, cannot reconcile themselves to the altered situation, and devise some better

means of settling trade disputes than the rough arbitrament of strikes and lock-outs, they may wake some day to find their terrors realised, and themselves in face of an organization whose numbers will be irresistible, and whose settled principles will be hostility to capital and distrust of the monied class.

It is in presence of these and other similar symptoms of a critical time that the two great parties in the State have to settle and declare their policy.

The Conservatives, to do them justice, do not, as a rule, deny the existence of these evils, or repudiate their responsibility. They are too apt, perhaps, to ascribe all discontent to the machinations of demagogues and agitators, whom at the same time they inconsistently affect to despise. But the wisest of them know that it is the social and other diseases of the body politic which create the demand for all the qualified and unqualified practitioners who profess to cure them, and not the physicians or the quacks who create the disease. All their specifics, however, the Tories reject, their theory being that it is necessary that evil should come, that it is ordained that we should have the poor always with us, and that all the inequalities of rank and condition which exist have their proper and sufficient use and function. Having settled these points to their satisfaction, they are ready by the exercise of a judicious philanthropy to do what they can to ameliorate a state of things which they admit and deplore.

The Radicals, on the other hand, maintain that the evils themselves are caused, or at least increased, by bad legislation, and that more can be done in the way of remedy by an Act of Parliament which will remove obstructions in the way, or provide opportunities for the development, of the people, than by all the private charity and individual beneficence of the upper and middle classes. They are of opinion, for instance, that a complete system of national education would secure infinitely greater moral and religious progress than all the missions in existence; that a multiplication of small proprietorships fostered by the State would give greater security to property than the most munificent Christmas doles to the deserving poor; that the abolition of the Game Laws would do more to reduce the number of criminals than the Howard Association can ever hope to accomplish; and that anything which would tend by natural causes to a more equal distribution of wealth would go farther to secure the greatest happiness of the greatest number, than all the provident and benefit societies which have ever been started by those who have no need to practise thrift for the benefit of those who have no opportunity. And when Mr. Baxter, *et hoc genus omne* of commonplace Liberalism, say that the country is determined not to convert Great Britain into a Utopia all at once, they do not remember that the real country has never been consulted. The country of which Mr. Baxter speaks is the country of the well-to-do, whose idea

of Utopia, such as it is, has long ago been realised. But these form a small minority of the population, and a minority even of the constituencies, although they alone are represented in the press and the House of Commons. The "lower classes" have never really been invited to express an opinion. The issues which have been presented to them do not come home to them very closely; they may well say "a plague on both your Houses!" for no party in the State has ever thrown itself heartily on their support, or appealed directly to their sentiments and interests. It has been constantly observed that the abstentions at elections are very numerous, but no party leader has yet tried the experiment of distinctly challenging the opinion of the working classes on some question which immediately affects them, or which strongly enlists their sympathies. We are speaking, of course, of the recognised party leaders, for it must not be forgotten that Mr. Bright, when he was an independent member, distinctly took this line, and he has been rewarded by the confidence, the support, and the affection, of those whose cause he so constantly advocated. Let the party follow the example of its most earnest, most honest, and most popular member, and it will not have to complain of the ingratitude or of the indifference of the country.

It will be unnecessary, as Mr. Goschen seems to suppose, to invent a cry. There are enough and to spare of burning questions, and the choice may be left with the party leaders. When they have decided, all other considerations may be postponed to the accomplishment of the one step forward which they have selected as the most urgent or the most easy. It is not asked or expected that Mr. Gladstone should declare himself at once a convert to Free Church, Free Land, Free Schools, and Free Labour. Let him determine which stronghold of the enemy shall next be assailed; he is the blessed Glendowcer; 'tis his to speak, and ours to hear.

In one of those able political articles in the *Quarterly Review* which have been ascribed to the Marquis of Salisbury, the writer speaks with indignation of these perpetual demands on the Liberal leaders. He seems to consider them in the position of the hero of the mediæval legend who could only save his soul by perpetually finding work for the demon which waited for its prey. And, in a speech which we know to have been delivered by Lord Salisbury, he spoke of the Liberal policy as a series of amputations, and inquired almost piteously how long these frightful operations were to continue. Now, without attempting to reply in the same vein to these illustrations, which exhibit aptly enough the feelings of a man who will soon be the last Tory in England, we must simply decline to assume the perfection of political institutions while admitting all other human devices to be capable of continuous improvement. Much of the legislation which advanced Liberals desire to amend was the product of a time whose science we ridicule and whose com-



merce and manufactures we have left far behind. Why are we to take for granted that the politician is to be the Rip Van Winkle of the world, and dream away his time while everything is changing around him? Why may we not expect to find altered modes of government, more suited to the altered conditions of our age? One country in the world alone succeeded for a time in erecting Conservatism into a national faith, but the example of China is not likely to commend itself to England, even though Mr. Baxter and Mr. Goschen are quite ready to become Mandarins.

It remains to consider which of the many practical applications of Liberal principles has the first claim to be selected as the next rallying cry of the Liberal party. There is no urgent need to hurry the answer. Radicals, at any rate, can afford to wait, as they have been taught by experience to look on a Conservative Government as one of the best instruments for advancing their views. All that is necessary in their case is to state clearly the conditions on which their future co-operation is to be had, and these conditions are, that there shall once more be a general advance all along the Liberal line. If the Left Centre cannot accept this necessity, they must add their forces openly to the Conservative reaction; and in this case their defection may be compensated by large reinforcements from the class which has hitherto held aloof from politics, or taken only an indirect interest in them.

The programme of the new party must be expected, in this event, to assume a decidedly stronger tinge, but its success will not be the less probable on this account, for a bold Liberal policy will command plenty of support, and the combatants on both sides will fight the better for having a clear issue presented to them. With or without the moderates, the party must go forward. If they are content to stay they may fairly claim a voice in the direction of the advance, and may even to some extent prescribe its conditions and extent.

Of all unsettled questions, the completion of the reform of the representation is theoretically the most pressing. Every section of the Liberal party is accustomed to appeal to the majority of the people, and all agree that the sense of the majority is obtained, if at all, by very imperfect machinery. Above all, the absurd anomalies in the distribution of seats have excited general attention. There are still boroughs in England which are to all intents as much private property as were Gatton and Old Sarum, and such facts as that a population of one hundred thousand persons, in sundry favoured localities, returns more representatives than a population of a million in others, points to a real and substantial grievance. On the other hand, the practical difficulties in the way of a Radical change are great and self-evident. It is hardly to be expected that the constituencies of small boroughs whose sense of political justice must long ago have been deadened by the temptations to which their

virtue has been exposed, and who have acquired a vested interest in the corruption which no Bribery Acts are potent enough to stop, will have sufficient patriotism to pass a self-denying ordinance, and to instruct their representatives to vote for their disfranchisement. We know how even that admirable Liberal, Captain Hayter, whose long-delayed success at Bath caused a thrill of delight to every well-constituted Liberal mind, was unable, when representing Wells, to support the Liberal measure by which Wells would have lost the power of expressing its esteem for, and confidence in, its gallant defender. And we may feel assured that Captain Hayter's example would be followed by many other equally conscientious and loyal members of the party, if its leaders should propose anything like an equal distribution of political power. The Radicals may with propriety advocate such a measure and press its adoption on the country, but we can hardly be surprised if the responsible chiefs shrink from inscribing this part of our programme at the head of their list.

Of changes which do not affect the machinery of representation the one which would produce the greatest immediate advantages would undoubtedly be the recasting of our Land System. Sooner or later, laws which have no parallel in any other part of the world, which were elaborated in the interests of a small minority of the nation, and which have failed to secure even their advantage, will certainly be remodelled. An absolute tenant-right will have to be conceded to the English farmer; the Game Laws must be abolished or reformed; the rights of entail and settlement will have to be restricted within the narrowest limits; and some provision made for securing to small cultivators more frequent opportunities of proprietorship. The mere statement of the question shows its importance, at the same time that it indicates its great complexity and difficulty. Of all men living Mr. Gladstone is probably best qualified to master its details and to popularise a great scheme of reform with the mass of the people, and, if he would undertake it, no better, no more popular, programme could be desired, none more certain to rally to its support in a short time an overwhelming popular sentiment and conviction. If, however, Mr. Gladstone is unwilling or unable to play the part of an English Stein, it is better that the question should stand over for a time, than that it should fall into the hands of politicians of the stamp of Mr. Forster, whose highest ambition is to buy over their opponents, and to purchase victory at the price of all that makes a triumph valuable.

If Free Land must be postponed, the question of Free Schools is certainly hardly ripe, while Free Labour will probably be secured long before the Liberals return to office. Mr. Disraeli is clever enough to profit by the mistakes of his opponents, and he is not likely to allow the immediate grievances of the trades' unionists to go unredressed for the sake of conciliating employers who are unrea-

sonable in their demands. It is almost certain that the most glaring defects of the Acts which have been referred to a Royal Commission will be redressed by a Tory Government before the Liberals get another chance of repairing their stupid indifference on the matter.

The Education problem must stand over for a time before it is finally settled. Mr. Forster must at least have the credit of having hopelessly divided his party on this subject. If he has failed to canter over the religious difficulty, he has, at any rate, increased it so much that no one else is likely to be much more fortunate than himself. Time is necessary to verify the predictions of the friends of national education; the evil done by the Act of 1870 is for the present irreparable, although the ultimate necessity of further changes, and their direction, is already sufficiently apparent. The members of the National Education League will have the melancholy satisfaction of finding their condemnation of Mr. Forster's compromises vindicated by the results, and the unalloyed pleasure of watching the success of their alternative scheme which is now in complete operation in some of the Australian colonies. But at the present moment they can hardly, as practical men, expect the acceptance of their views by the whole party, although they may fairly insist on some modification of those clauses of the Act of 1870 to which the greatest objection has been taken.

There remains, then, only one great question of immediate interest to Radical politicians on which the party may be summoned to unite or to re-form; and its claims to be the first article of the new Liberal programme demand careful consideration. The separation of Church and State is not a new idea to Liberal politicians. It has been felt by every member of the party to be at some time or other inevitable, although many have been glad enough to postpone its immediate consideration. There are plain indications, however, that the time is approaching when men must definitely take sides on the question, which may well be the new point of departure for the Liberal party. Mr. Gladstone, it is true, commissioned his son to say at Whitby that this page of Liberal history would not bear his name; but the rapidly changing conditions of the problem may yet cause him to reconsider a decision which might place him at no distant date in opposition to the will of a clear majority of the nation. If, however, Mr. Gladstone feels that he has done his work, his worst enemies will admit that he has earned his right to repose. His absence from the field may alter the character of the battle, but will not delay the encounter nor change the fortunes of the fight. Great crises do not wait for leaders, but create or do without them.

Meanwhile, the conflict of parties on minor ecclesiastical questions is drawing attention more and more to the great issue which underlies them all, and which every day loses somewhat of its character

as an abstract proposition, and gains in urgency and practical importance. The defenders of the Establishment see that matters are becoming serious, and, according to Lord Sandon's metaphor, they have turned the guns of the fortress on the enemy, while the enemy in turn, which has hitherto chiefly employed itself in firing harmless salutes and sounding trumpets, is likely to spend its time more profitably in future, and to employ all the most modern resources of scientific political warfare. The growing interest in ecclesiastical questions is exhibited not only in the time consumed by debates on such subjects during the recent session of Parliament, but also by the contests which are taking place in other countries, and disturbing the peaceful relations previously existing between Church and State. Everywhere the Church, as a political institution, is felt by reformers and Radicals to be hostile to social, intellectual, and political progress; everywhere the secular and ecclesiastical authorities are coming into collision; and nowhere is the ultimate issue doubtful.

The moderate Conservatives, like Sir Stafford Northcote, are anxious above all that the struggle should not be political. Their anxiety is creditable to their foresight and prudence, for, if they can continue successfully to represent the great warfare as a mere sectarian struggle between opposing sects, if they can blind the mass of the people to the national importance of the interests involved, they will not only save the temporalities of the Church for a time, but they will ward off from the Tory party its most pressing danger. They are not very likely, however, to convince even their own friends of the propriety of confining the discussion to abstract theory or petty details. There are extreme men on both sides, who insist on pushing principles to their logical conclusion, and who detest the perpetual reference of all questions to the test of expediency, which destroys all deep conviction, and substitutes a careless indifference for the earnestness and zeal which has hitherto preserved our public life from degenerating into a mere game of personal interests and ambition. There are Tories, as well as Radicals, who still believe that there is a right side and a wrong side to every question, and who scorn to keep their position by the contemptuous tolerance of their adversaries, or by the assistance of those who affect intellectual superiority to all strong feeling.

These men helped to win the late great victory of their party in order to increase the strength and secure the permanence of institutions which they believe to be of paramount importance, and they are not content to be told that policy requires the greatest prudence and moderation, and that they must be satisfied with having gained a brief respite for their threatened idols. Above all they insist that the chief object of their exertions was, and the chief result of their triumph must be, the maintenance of the so-called National Church.

They are not willing that the present opportunity should be lost,

and they do not trust, as Sir Stafford Northcote invites them to do, in the good-will of the moderate section of the Liberal party. They are quite right. Codlin is the friend, and not Short. The party which disestablished the Irish Church has no pretension to the position which may be occupied by the party which defended it. They have thrown the principle overboard, and the practice may follow at any moment. Under these circumstances it is inevitable that the question should advance to the dignity of a great party struggle; and the avowed determination of the Conservatives to strain every nerve for the defence of the position must convince the Liberals of its importance, and consolidate and unite them for the attack. They must accept the challenge which is thrown to them, and having done all in their power to make the real issues broad and clear, await the first opportunity of testing the judgment of the country.

From this time the question must cease to be argued from the Dissenters' standpoint. In appealing to the nation, they must be content to be judged by national standards, and with reference solely to national interests. Nor can the Church be attacked or defended principally in relation to its religious work; it is by citizens and not by sects that the battle must be decided, and the establishment will fall when, and not before, it is shown to be incompatible with the national welfare and with its general progress.

It is not the first object of this paper to discuss the abstract right or morality of the great change suggested. The arguments on both sides are tolerably well known, and they are accepted as conclusive with equal conscientiousness by their respective adherents. But it is necessary to consider the practicability of the reform at the present time, and the probable result on the fortunes of the party of its embodiment as a chief item in the Liberal programme. At the first blush it may seem that this is not exactly the kind of question, indicated in the earlier part of this paper, which will stir the working classes to enthusiasm and bind them to the Liberal cause. The disestablishment of the Church, it may be said, will not promote the prosperity or material well-being of the artisans; and the disendowment of the "cultivated gentleman" whom the choice of the patron, or the purchase of the advowson, has placed in every parish, will not improve the homes of the poor, or raise the wages of the agricultural labourer. On the other hand, the extraordinary popularity of the Irish Church question shows that such a reform has some strong interest for the bulk of the constituencies; and it is at least probable that the performance will not lose when repeated on a larger scale and with more immediate attractions and effects. The sentimental side of the subject has undoubtedly immense power. Notwithstanding the great and in many respects beneficent work of the clergy during the last twenty

years, the political institution remains unpopular. There is an instinctive but deeply-rooted distrust of the Church and of its ministers, which its most ardent admirers are compelled to deplore but cannot possibly deny. In the large towns the want of sympathy between working-men and "the parsons" is especially patent; and there is reason for thinking that the separation may be as real in the agricultural districts, although the greater dependence of the labourers prevents the open expression of their sentiments. The clergyman is considered to belong to a caste, to bear about with him the stamp of an organisation, and, to some extent, to have lost his individuality and his sense of common citizenship. The prejudice with which he is regarded does not extend to the dissenting minister; he is of the people and with the people, who readily accept him as their advocate and fellow-worker, while the privileged ecclesiastic has always, in their eyes, something of an official character, and is the subject accordingly of that covert and modified hostility which, even in free countries, separates the governed from the governor.

As has been said already, the same feeling probably obtains in the agricultural districts. There, for two hundred years, the clergyman has been the authorised exponent of religious truth, the source of all educational opportunities, and the channel of local charity; he has ministered alike to the souls and minds and bodies of his parishioners; and yet we find that the *Labourers' Union Chronicle*, the organ of the labourers, which already circulates its fifty thousand copies weekly among the cottages of the agricultural poor, has from the first made "freedom from priestcraft" one of the objects of the most outspoken advocacy, and the connection of Church and State the subject of its continual denunciation.

The sentiment, which thus finds champions in all who address themselves directly to the working classes, is not without practical justification. The presence of the "cultivated gentleman" has not been without its drawbacks. His culture is too apt to show itself in arrogance and want of courtesy especially towards his fellow-labourers, those unlicensed reverends, whom he regards as poachers on his ecclesiastical manor and impertinent intruders on his freehold.

One or two illustrations may suffice to explain the undercurrent of distrust with which the pretensions and privileges of the clergy are regarded by those who, being at heart neither Churchmen nor Dissenters, are not prepared to tolerate the assumption of infallibility with which some priests surround themselves. The curate of a parish in Cornwall recently asserted that "Cain was the first Dissenter. He became a murderer and a vagabond, and a type of all dissenters in all future time." When called to account for this language, the reverend gentleman rather lamely explained that, by

"all Dissenters," he only meant "Unitarians and all such." Another clergyman, in Bedford, declared from the pulpit that "all married persons not married according to the rites of the Church of England are living in a state of adultery." An incumbent of the diocese of Winchester, replying in a Church publication, the *Penny Post*, to the questions of a correspondent, wrote as follows: "(1) I should say that, as a rule, Dissenters ought not to be visited, having elected their own prophets to prophecy unto them smooth things and speak deceits; nor (2), in my judgment, are they entitled to the alms of the faithful. Of course, if a sick Dissenter sends for the parish priest, the latter should at once try to convert him to a belief in the gospel, to an acknowledgment of his schism, and then baptize him. Children who attend the Church school on week-days, but go to a dissenting school on Sundays, ought either to give up the custom or to be refused admittance to the Church school."

Multiply these quotations indefinitely; add selected passages from the speeches and charges of the bishops; wind up with an attentive perusal of the Catechism published for the use of Church schools by the Rev. Albert Gace, and there will remain no difficulty in explaining the unpopularity of an institution which stimulates such bigotry. Unfortunately, too, it is not in speech only that this orthodox charity finds an outlet. In all social and philanthropic work the nation is divided into two camps, and a broad line of demarcation separates the Church from all outside its pale. The vicar of a parish in the neighbourhood of Birmingham resigned his position as honorary chaplain to a hospital, because a Dissenter, about to undergo a serious operation, was permitted to see his own minister. In the *Leigh Chronicle* there appeared some time ago the following advertisement:—

"Atherton Colliery Explosion.—The miners' tea-party, advertised to take place in the National School, Atherton, on the 27th instant, is abandoned in consequence of the vicar of Atherton objecting to Dissenters being invited to it. By order of the committee."

And when the institution of Hospital Sunday was first suggested in London, the *Church Herald* seized the occasion to say: "For ourselves, we should strongly advise the clergy not to ally themselves with Dissenters. In such an alliance they are sure to lose much, while the Dissenters take excellent and remarkable care to gain much. The less our pastors have to do with the Chadbands and Heeps of the various sects the better. 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.'"

In view of facts like these, which show the tendency of the Establishment to perpetuate and intensify theological distinctions, and to limit the command to love thy neighbour, by careful inquiry as to that neighbour's creed, it is doubtful if the letter which was

sent a short time ago by the vicar of Wolford to his parishioners will have its intended effect in inducing them to "remember that the Scriptures of truth tell us that Dissenters have not God's spirit, and that it is our duty to mark such men 'and avoid them,' and remembering this, *keep firm in your love for the Church of your fathers.*"

In addition to these considerations, there is the fact that nine out of ten working men believe that the position occupied by the Church involves a positive injustice to less favoured persons; and, after all, the love of abstract justice is deeply rooted in the English mind. These men consider that it is absurd to speak of a church as national, under whose shadow dissent has grown and prospered till it includes the majority of the nation, and they think it unfair that privileges and advantages should be given to a number of discordant sects within the establishment, which are denied to all who are outside. The old theory of the connection between Church and State was at least intelligible. Then it was broadly laid down that it was the duty of the secular authority to maintain the profession of the only true and Catholic faith by all the means within its power, and by persecution among the rest. Now, this principle has been abandoned; Dissenters are no longer burned or whipped or imprisoned or even fined for their presumption; and the Church, in the absence of the assistance which it might expect from the State, is reduced to its last and never-to-be surrendered privilege of saying or singing periodically the Athanasian Creed—

"Such is their mild and tolerant way,  
They only curse us twice a day."

But although the practice of intimidation has thus become nearly obsolete, bribery and corruption exercise a considerable influence, and so long as the State offers a premium for conformity, it is stepping out of its sphere to discourage all opinions which differ from the fashionable orthodoxy.

At the same time the Church is discredited in another particular. Simple folk are moved to contempt and indignation by the constant feuds between the different parties within the pale, and they do not understand how men who hold views so divergent as the Ritualists and the Evangelicals can remain united; and when they find the "surpliced ruffians," as a certain reverend gentleman called his High Church brethren the other day, combining with "traitors to the holy Catholic Faith," as these same ruffians have styled the Low Church clergy, in order to secure the continued concurrent endowment of their rival dogmas, they may be excused if they suspect their spiritual pastors and teachers of interested and unworthy motives.

Church scandals, too, have made a deep impression. It is quite true that they are exceptional incidents of the system, but one gross case of simony, one instance of immorality, which has defied or eluded



the attempt to deprive its perpetrator of the cure of souls, goes far to outweigh, as argument against the State connection, the virtues of a hundred hard-working and pious men. Dissenting ministers doubtless fall occasionally into temptation, but their sins are only counted as part of the private history of the country, and are not visited on any institution; but every lapse from virtue of a Church of England clergyman is one nail more driven into the coffin of the Establishment.

In addition to the reasons already given, there are two substantial grounds for assuming that a crusade for the separation of Church and State would be popular with the working classes. In the first place, the Church, as a political organisation, has invariably been opposed at all great crises to the wishes of the majority of the people. It has resisted electoral reform in every shape, and has used its vast influence to hinder or prevent every extension of the representative principle. Its claims and privileges have from first to last impeded the growth of a national system of education; and the services of its individual members, in connection with denominational schools, will not compensate for its persistent hostility to a broad and comprehensive settlement. Even the Education Act of 1870 goes too far in this direction for it; and we actually find Bishop Fraser, the most liberal of all the prelates, while admitting the results of the irresponsible denominational system to be shameful, disgraceful, and miserable, nevertheless using his opportunities to depreciate school boards, through whose agency alone real improvement is attainable. At the time of the great Free-Trade movement the Church of England was conspicuous by its indifference or opposition; and in all the questions which have arisen between employers and employed, the clergy, as a class, and with some very noteworthy exceptions, have supported the rich as against the poor, and have sympathized with the few against the many. No one pretends that the clergy have less love for their country than any other class in the community; and when it is found that throughout their history they have taken the narrowest views of political questions, and have exhibited the most bigoted prejudice, the prevailing conclusion is easily accounted for, that it is the institution and not the men who are in fault, and that the peculiar position of the Church and its cherished supremacy have reacted on the lives and opinions of its members, and have made them an ecclesiastical caste outside of, and frequently in conflict with, the nation. The Conservative party is principally composed of the privileged classes and their respective parasites. Vested interests are always conservative; and a species of half-conscious log-rolling goes on, in which the holders of special immunities and advantages—the landowners and the game-preservers, the licensed victualler and the established parson—all take part, and combine to resist the

aggression which threatens any of their separate interests; and seeing this, it is not wonderful that those who, without exactly expecting to make a Utopia of England, nevertheless believe in the possibility of important further advance and improvement, should be ready to join in dissolving a connection which seems to them to tend directly to denationalise those who are subject to its influence.

"When I look back," said Mr. Bright in the House of Commons, "to the history of this country, and consider its present condition, I must say that all that the people possess of liberty has come, not through the portals of the cathedrals and the parish churches, but from the conventicles which are despised by honourable gentlemen opposite. When I know that, if a good measure is to be carried in this House, it must be by men who are sent hither by the Nonconformists of Great Britain—when I read and see that the past and present State alliance with religion is hostile to religious liberty, preventing all growth, and nearly destroying all vitality in religion itself—then I shall hold myself to have read, thought, and lived in vain if I vote for a measure which in the smallest degree shall give any further power or life to the principle of State endowment."<sup>1</sup>

A second reason for anticipating the popularity of such a programme is to be found in the immediate material results of the disendowment which must accompany disestablishment. This is not the time or the place to discuss fully the propriety or justice of so dealing with the property of a National Church. No doubt those who still look with horror on what they call the robbery and confiscation practised in the case of the Irish Establishment, will be moved to even deeper indignation at the sacrilegious proposal to mete out similar measure to the Church of England and Wales. But it may be assumed that the arguments which convinced the great majority of the House of Commons and the country of the propriety of the operation in the one case, will not be without effect in the other, supported as they will now be by precedent, and strengthened as they may well be, if all idea of compromise be abandoned, and the nation determine to regard the present holders of the property as trustees whose place it will take, after providing for their life interests. The disendowment part of the Irish scheme was the weakest portion of the measure. It was incomplete, and could be defended on no consistent principle; while the proposed employment of the surplus was such as almost to invite the ridicule it encountered. This mistake must not be repeated, and the most important part of any Liberation policy will be that which prescribes the manner in which the vast sums now held by the Church may be employed for the public good. Above all it will be necessary to attain to a clear conception of the extent to which "pious founders" will be allowed to bind succeeding generations. Mr. Gladstone has calculated that the precedent of the Irish Act would leave the disestablished Church of England in irresponsible possession of ninety millions sterling,

and he rightly assumes that such a state of things will not be tolerated for an instant. Nothing but the broad assertion of the undoubted right of Parliament to reconsider and determine anew the application of moneys left for the nation's benefit to a professedly national institution will meet the necessity of the case. The National Church cannot claim the rights and immunities of a private corporation, and whenever the State resigns its pretensions to dictate the doctrines and prescribe the constitution of the Establishment, it must reserve its control of property which belongs to the whole nation and not to a particular sect. When this time arrives, it may be doubted if any higher or nobler application can be found of the vast revenues which will remain for disposal, than the creation of a great system of national, free, and unsectarian education, whereby may be tardily repaired the wrong done to the poor by the almost universal perversion of educational endowments, originally intended for the benefit of the whole nation, but now claimed for a sect or monopolised by the upper and middle classes;—a system by which all the children of the nation may be fitted for their duties as citizens of a great State and qualified to take an intelligent part in its legislation and in determining its policy, and which, by thus striking a deadly blow against ignorance, intemperance, pauperism, and crime, would go far to remove the greatest enemies with which religion has still to contend in this country.

The avowal of such a programme may appear hazardous to those timid persons who think that a party can recover tone and vigour by the avoidance of all exertion, but a summary of the forces likely to be engaged on either side will show that Danton's motto, "*De l'audace et toujours de l'audace*," may yet be the safest for the Liberal leaders. The same influences which, suddenly appealed to in a time of apparent indifference, gave Mr. Gladstone his overwhelming majority in the matter of the Irish Church may again be successfully evoked. While it is probable that Lord Selborne's example would, in the case of the larger issue, be much more widely followed, yet the desertion of even considerable numbers of English Churchmen would be more than compensated by the revived enthusiasm of the Nonconformists, who, divided as they have been by the action of Mr. Forster, would again be cordially united on this cardinal question, and by the great accession of strength which might be expected from the working-class voters.

There is no reason to fear that the main Tory strength could be materially increased. The Church and the public-house fought their best and did their worst on the last occasion, and it is more probable that recent Tory legislation will cause some defections from their ranks than that it will increase their numbers. In no case can the position of the Liberals with a policy be worse

than it is now without one. If, however, it is considered undesirable that the new programme should be immediately proclaimed, at least let our leaders refrain from boasting that they are without a plan, and from asserting their want of a policy as itself a merit and a claim to consideration. It is not for them to say—

“Let us alone. What pleasure can we have  
To war with evil?”

And they must learn that they can only retain their position, as Scheherzerade kept her head, by knowing another story and being able and willing to tell it at the proper time.

It may be that affliction has not yet done its healing work, and that a longer experience of adversity will be necessary before any new programme can be announced or accepted. During this interval the Tories will and ought to remain in office, and no true Liberal can desire their ejection under such circumstances. But sooner or later the wheel will come round again; the great tide of commercial prosperity which has rolled over England will begin to abate; and then, in the pressure of hard times, and in face of the discontent and irritation which they invariably provoke, all indifference will disappear; and if at that time many questions are forced to the front, and decided hastily and in a panic, which would have been better settled after careful and mature consideration, the responsibility will lie with those who have misused the present opportunity.

Meanwhile the Radicals must at once combine and organize in support of their principles. Let them, in every constituency, plainly declare that they will be no parties to patching up a hollow peace, and that the condition of their alliance will be the willingness of the moderate Liberals to meet them at least half way. They may gain confidence in the results of such a decision by what has recently taken place at Greenwich, Mr. Gladstone's own borough. Twice have the moderate Liberals refused to coalesce with the radical supporters of Dr. Baxter Langley, but, warned at length by the narrow escape of Mr. Gladstone himself at the last election, they have now agreed to combine the two organizations in the hope of securing both seats at the first opportunity. The lesson is instructive for both parties, and when the Radicals generally have shown the determination and persistence of those at Greenwich, and have ceased to be mere hewers of wood and drawers of water for a party which accepts their aid, while refusing to them their proper place in its councils, their altered position will bear its natural fruit in the discovery by the Liberal leaders of new and unexpected applications of the great principles to which they have always professed allegiance.

JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

## MR. DISRAELI'S NOVELS.

It is a commonplace with men of literary eminence to extol the man of deeds above the man of words. Scott was half ashamed of scribbling novels whilst Wellington was winning battles; and, if Mr. Carlyle be a true prophet, the most brilliant writer is scarcely worthy to unloose the shoe's latchet of the silent heroes of action. Perhaps it is graceful in masters of the art to depreciate their own peculiar function. People who have less personal interest in the matter need not be so modest. I will confess, at any rate, to preferring the men who have sown some new seed of thought, above the heroes whose names mark epochs in history. I would rather make the nation's ballads than give its laws, dictate principles than carry them into execution, and leaven a country with new ideas than translate them into facts, inevitably mangling and distorting them in the process. And therefore I would rather have written *Hamlet* than defeated the Spanish Armada; or *Paradise Lost*, than have turned out the Long Parliament; or the *Waverley Novels*, than have won Waterloo or even Trafalgar. I would rather have been Voltaire or Goethe than Frederick or Napoleon; and I suspect that when the poor historian of the nineteenth century begins his superhuman work, he will, as a thorough philosopher, attribute more importance to two or three recent English writers than to all the English statesmen who have been strutting and fretting their little hour at Westminster. And, therefore, too, I wish that Mr. Disraeli could have stuck to his novels instead of rising to be prime minister of England. This opinion is, of course, entirely independent of any judgment which may be passed upon Mr. Disraeli's political career. Granting that his cause has always been the right one, granting that he has rendered it essential services, I should still wish that his brilliant literary ability had been allowed to ripen undisturbed by all the worries and distractions of parliamentary existence. Persons who think the creation of a majority in the House of Commons a worthy reward for the labours of a lifetime will, of course, differ from this conclusion. Mr. Disraeli, at any rate, ought to agree. No satirist has ever struck off happier portraits of the ordinary British legislator, or been more alive to the stripifying influences of a parliamentary career. We have gone through a peaceful revolution since Mr. Disraeli first sketched *Highby* and *Taper* and *Tadpole* from the life; but the influences which they embodied are still as powerful, and a parliamentary atmosphere as little propitious to the pure intellect, as ever.

Coningsby, if he still survives, must have lost many illusions; he must have herded with the Tapers and Tadpoles, and prompted Rigby to write slashing articles on his behalf in the quarterlies. He must have felt that his intellect was cruelly wasted in talking claptrap and platitude to suit the thick comprehensions of his party; and the huge dead weight of the invincible impenetrability to ideas of ordinary mankind must have lain heavy upon his soul. How many Tadpoles, one would like to know, still haunt the Carlton Club, or throng the ministerial benches, and how many Rigbys have forced their way into the cabinet? That is one of the state secrets which will hardly be divulged by the only competent observer. But at any rate it is sad that the critic who applied the lash so skilfully should have been so unequally yoked with the objects of his contempt. Mr. Disraeli's talents for entertaining fiction may not indeed have been altogether wasted in his official career; but he at least may pardon admirers of his writing who regret that he should have squandered powers of imagination capable of true creative work upon that alternation of truckling and blustering which is called governing the country.

The qualities which are of rather equivocal value in a minister of state may be admirable in the domain of literature. It is hardly desirable that the followers of a political leader should be haunted by an ever-recurring doubt as to whether his philosophical utterances express deep convictions or the contemporary combinations of a fertile fancy, and be uncertain whether he is really putting their clumsy thoughts into clearer phrases, or foisting showy nonsense upon them for his own purposes, or simply laughing at them in his sleeve. But, in a purely literary sense, this ambiguous hovering between two meanings, this oscillation between the ironical and the serious, is always amusing, and sometimes delightful. Some simple-minded people are revolted, even in literature, by the ironical method; and tell the humorist, with an air of moral disapproval, that they never know whether he is in jest or in earnest. To such matter-of-fact persons Mr. Disraeli's novels must be a standing offence; for it is his most characteristic peculiarity that the passage from one phase to the other is imperceptible. He has moments of obvious seriousness; at frequent intervals, comes a flash of downright sarcasm, as unmistakable in its meaning as the cut of a whip across your face; and elsewhere we have passages which aim unmistakably, and sometimes with unmistakable success, at rhetorical excellence. But, between the two, there is a wide field where we may interpret his meaning as we please. The philosophical body may imply a genuine belief, or be a mere bit of conventional flattery, or perhaps a parody of his friends or himself. The gorgeous passages may be intentionally over-coloured, or may really represent

his most sincere taste. His homage may be genuine or a biting mockery. His extravagances are kept precisely at such a pitch that it is equally fair to argue that a satirist must have meant them to be absurd, or to argue only that he would have seen their absurdity in anybody else. The unfortunate critic feels himself in a position analogous to that of the suitors in the *Merchant of Venice*. He may blunder grievously, whatever alternative he selects. If he pronounces a passage to be pure gold, it may turn out to be merely the mask of a bitter sneer; or he may declare it to be ingenious burlesque when put forward in the most serious earnest; or may ridicule it as overstrained bombast, and find that it was never meant to be anything else. It is wiser to admit that perhaps the author was not very clear himself, or possibly enjoyed that ambiguous attitude which might be interpreted according to the taste of his readers and the development of events. A man who deals in oracular utterances acquires instinctively a mode of speech which may shift its colour with every change of light. The texture of Mr. Disraeli's writings is so ingeniously shot with irony and serious sentiment that each tint may predominate by turns. It is impossible to suppose that the weaver of so cunning a web should never have intended the effects which he produces; but frequently, too, they must be the spontaneous and partly unconscious results of a peculiar intellectual temperament. Delight in blending the pathetic with the ludicrous is the characteristic of the true humorist. Mr. Disraeli is not exactly a humorist, but something for which the rough nomenclature of critics has not yet provided a distinctive name. His pathos is not sufficiently tender, nor his laughter quite genial enough. The quality which results is homologous to, though not identical with, genuine humour: for the smile we must substitute a sneer, and the element which enters into combination with the satire is something more allied to poetical unction than to glittering rhetoric. The Disraelian irony thus compounded is hitherto a unique product of intellectual chemistry.

Most of Mr. Disraeli's novels are intended to set forth what, for want of a better name, must be called a religious or political creed. To grasp its precise meaning, or to determine the precise amount of earnestness with which it is set forth, is of course hopeless. Its essence is to be mysterious, and half the preacher's delight is in tantalising his disciples. At moments he cannot quite suppress the amusement with which he mocks their hopeless bewilderment. When Coningsby is on the point of entering public life, he reads a speech of one of the initiated, "denouncing the Venetian constitution, to the amazement of several thousand persons, apparently not a little terrified by this unknown danger, now first introduced to their notice." What more amusing than suddenly to reveal to good easy

citizens that what they took for wholesome food is a deadly poison, and to watch their hopeless incapacity to understand whether you are really announcing a truth or launching an epigram?

Mr. Disraeli, indeed, has certain fixed beliefs which underlie and which, indeed, explain the superficial versatility of his teaching. Amongst the various doctrines with which he plays more or less seriously, two at least are deeply rooted in his mind. He holds with a fervour in every way honourable a belief in the marvellous endowments of his race, and connected with this belief is an almost romantic admiration for every manifestation of intellectual power. Vivian Grey, in a bit of characteristic bombast, describes himself as "one who has worshipped the empire of the intellect;" and his career is simply an attempt to act out the principle that the world belongs of right to the cleverest. Of Sidonia, after every superlative in the language has been lavished upon his marvellous acquirements, we are told that "the only human quality that interested him was intellect." Intellect is equally, if not quite as exclusively, interesting to the creator of Sidonia. He admires it in all its forms—in a Jesuit or a leader of the International, in a charlatan or a statesman, or perhaps even more in one who combines the two characters; but the most interesting of all objects to Mr. Disraeli, if one may judge from his books, is a precocious youth, whose delight in the sudden consciousness of great abilities has not yet been dashed by experience. In some other writers we may learn the age of the author by the age of his hero. A novelist who adopts the common practice of painting from himself naturally finds out the merits of middle age in his later works. But in every one of Mr. Disraeli's works, from Vivian Grey to Lothair, the central figure is a youth, who is frequently a statesman at school, and astonishes the world before he has reached his majority. The change in the author's position is, indeed, equally marked in a different way. The youthful heroes of Mr. Disraeli's early novels are creative; in his later they become chiefly receptive. Vivian Grey and Contarini Fleming show their genius by insubordination; Coningsby and Tancred learn wisdom by sitting at the feet of Sidonia; and Lothair reduces himself so completely to a mere "passive bucket" to be pumped into by every variety of teacher, that he is unpleasantly like a fool. Mr. Disraeli still loves ingenuous youth; but he has gained quite a new perception of the value of docility. Here and there, of course, there is a gentle gibe at juvenile vanity. "My opinions are already formed on every subject," says Lothair; "that is, on every subject of importance; and, what is more, they will never change." But such vanity has nothing offensive. The audacity with which a lad of twenty solves all the problems of the universe excites in Mr. Disraeli



genuine and really generous sympathy. Sidonia converts the sentiments into a theory. Experience, he says, is less than nothing to a creative mind. "Almost everything that is great has been done by youth." The greatest captains, the greatest poets, artists, statesmen, and religious reformers of the world have done their best work by middle life. All theories upon all subjects can be proved from history; and the great Sidonia is not to be pinned down by too liberal an interpretation. But at least he is expressing Mr. Disraeli's admiration for intellect which has the fervour, rapidity, and reckless audacity of youth, which trusts its intuitions instead of its calculations, and takes its crudest guesses for flashes of inspiration. The exuberant buoyancy of his youthful heroes gives a certain contagious charm to Mr. Disraeli's pages, which is attractive even when verging upon extravagance. Our popular novelists have learned to associate high spirits with muscularity; their youthful heroes are either athletes destined to put on flesh in later days, or premature prigs with serious convictions and a tendency to sermons and blue-books. After a course of such books, Mr. Disraeli's genuine love of talent is refreshing. He dwells fondly upon the effervescence of genius which drives men to kick over the traces of respectability and strike out short cuts to fame. If at bottom his heroes are rather eccentric than original, they have at least a righteous hatred for all bores and Philistines, and despise orthodoxy, political economy, and sound information generally. They can provide you with new theories of politics and history as easily as Mercutio could pour out a string of similes; and we have scarcely the heart to ask whether this vivacious ebullition implies the process of fermentation by which a powerful mind clears its crude ideas, or only an imitation of the process by the cleverness which apes true genius. Intellect, as it becomes sobered by middle age and by scholastic training, is no longer so charming. When its guesses ossify into fixed opinions, and its arrogance takes the airs of scientific dogmatism, it is always a tiresome and may be a dangerous quality. Some indication of what Mr. Disraeli means by intellect may be found in the preface to *Lothair*. Speaking of the conflict between science and the old religions, he says that it is a most flagrant fallacy to suppose that modern ages have a monopoly of scientific discovery. The greatest discoveries are not those of modern ages. "No one for a moment can pretend that printing is so great a discovery as writing; or algebra, or language. What are the most brilliant of our chemical discoveries compared with the invention of fire and the metals?" Hipparchus ranks with the Keplers and Newtons; and Copernicus was but the champion of Pythagoras. To say nothing of the characteristic assumption that somebody "discovered" language and fire in the same sense as modern chemists discovered spectrum

analysis, the argument is substantially that, because Hipparchus was as great a genius as Newton, the views of the ancients upon religious or historical questions deserve just as much respect as those of the moderns. In other words, the accumulated knowledge of ages has taught us nothing. "What is conveniently called progress" is merely a polite name for change; and one clever man's guess is as good as another, whatever the period at which he lived. This theory is the correlative of Sidonia's assertion, that experience is useless to the man of genius. The experience of the race is just as valueless. Modern criticism is nothing but an intellectual revolt of the Teutonic races against the Semitic revelation, as the French revolution was a political revolt of the Celtic races. The disturbance will pass away; and we shall find that Abraham and Moses knew more about the universe than Hegel or Comte. The prophets of the sacred race were divinely endowed with an esoteric knowledge concealed from the vulgar behind mystic symbols and ceremonies. If the old oracles are dumb, some gleams of the same power still remain, and in the language of mere mortals are called genius. We find it in perfection only amongst the Semites, whose finer organization, indicated by their musical supremacy, enables them to catch the still, small voice inaudible to our grosser ears. The Aryans, indeed, have some touches of a cognate power, but it is dulled by a more sensuous temperament. They can enter the court of the Gentiles; but their mortal vesture is too muddy for admission into the holy of holies. If ever they catch a glimpse of the truth, it is in their brilliant youth, when, still uncorrupted by worldly politics, they can induce some Sidonia partly to draw aside the veil.

The intellect, then, as Mr. Disraeli conceives it, is not the faculty denounced by theologians, which delights in systematic logical inquiry, and hopes to attain truth by the unrestricted conflict of innumerable minds. It is an abnormal power of piercing mysteries granted only to a few distinguished souls. It does not lead to an earthly science, expressible in definite formulas, and capable of being taught in Sunday-schools. The knowledge cannot be fully communicated to the profane, and is at most to be shadowed forth in dim oracular utterances. Mr. Disraeli's instinctive affinity for some kind of mystic teaching is indicated by Vivian Grey's first request to his father. "I wish," he exclaims, "to make myself master of the latter Platonists. I want Plotinus and Porphyry, and Iamblichus, and Syrianus, and Mosanius Tyrius, and Pericles, and Hierocles, and Sallustius, and Damascenus!" But Vivian Grey, as we know, wanted also to conquer the Marquis of Carabas; and the odd combination between a mystic philosopher and a mere political charlatan displays Mr. Disraeli's peculiar irony. Intellect with him is a double-edged weapon: it is at once the faculty which reads the dark riddle of the

universe, and the faculty which makes use of Tapers and Tadpoles. Our modern Daniel is also a shrewd electioneering agent. Cynics, indeed, have learned in these later days to regard mystery as too often synonymous with nonsense. The difficulty of interpreting esoteric doctrines to the vulgar generally consists in this—that the doctrines are mere collections of big words which collapse, instead of becoming lucid, when put into plain English. The mystagogue is but too closely allied to the charlatan. He may be straining to utter some secret too deep for human utterance, or he is looking wise to conceal absolute vacuity of thought. And at other times he must surely be laughing at the youthful audacity which fancies that speculation is to be carried on by a series of sudden inspirations, instead of laborious accumulation of rigorously tested reasonings.

The three novels, "Coningsby," "Sybil," and "Tancred," published from 1844 to 1847, form, as their author has told us, a trilogy intended to set forth his views of political, social, and religious problems. Each of them exhibits, in one form or other, this peculiar train of thought. Coningsby, if I am not mistaken, is by far the ablest, and probably owes its pre-eminence to the simple fact that it deals with the masses, in which its author felt the keenest interest. The social speculations of Sybil savour too much of the politician getting up a telling case; and the religious speculations of Tancred are pushed to the extreme verge of the grotesque. But Coningsby wants little but a greater absence of purpose to be a first-rate novel. If Mr. Disraeli had confined himself to the merely artistic point of view, he might have drawn a picture of political society worthy of comparison with *Vanity Fair*. Lord Monmouth is evidently related to the Marquis of Steyne; and Rigby is a masterpiece, though perhaps rather too suggestive of a direct study from nature. Lord Monmouth is the ideal type of the "Venetian" aristocracy; and Rigby, like his historical namesake, of the corrupt wire-pullers who flourished under their shade. The consistent Epicureanism of the noble, in whom a sense of duty is only represented by a vague instinct that he ought to preserve his political influence as part of his personal splendour, and as an insurance against possible incendiarism, is admirably contrasted by the coarser selfishness of Rigby, who relieves his patron of all dirty work on consideration of feathering his own nest, and fancying himself to be a statesman. The whole background, in short, is painted with inimitable spirit and fidelity. The one decided failure amongst the subsidiary characters is Lucian Grey, the professional parasite, who earns his dinners by his witty buffoonery. Somehow, his fun is terribly dreary on paper; perhaps because, as a parasite, he is not allowed to indulge in the cutting irony which animates all Mr. Disraeli's best sayings. The simple buffoonery of exuberant animal spirits is not in Mr. Disraeli's

line. When he can neither be bitter nor rhetorical, he is apt to drop into mere mechanical flatness. But nobody has described more vigorously all the meaner forms of selfishness, stupidity, and sycophancy engendered under "that fatal drollery," as Tancred describes it, "called a parliamentary government." The pompous dulness which affects philosophical gravity, the appetite for the mere dry husks and bran of musty constitutional platitude which takes the airs of political wisdom, the pettifogging cunning which supposes the gossip of lobbies and smoking-rooms to be the embodiment of statesmanship, the selfishness which degrades political warfare into a branch of stock-jobbing, and takes a great principle to be useful in suggesting electioneering cries, as Telford thought that navigable rivers were created to feed canals,—these and other tendencies favoured by party government are hit off to the life. "The man they call Dizzy" can despise a "miserable creature having the honour to be" as heartily as Mr. Carlyle himself, and, if his theories are serious, sometimes took our blessed Constitution to be a mere shelter for such vermin as the Tapers and Tadpoles. Two centuries of a parliamentary monarchy and a parliamentary Church, says Coningsby, have made government detested, and religion disbelieved. "Political compromises," says the omniscient Sidonia, "are not to be tolerated except at periods of rude transition. An educated nation recoils from the imperfect vicariat of what is called representative government. Your House of Commons, that has absorbed all other powers in the State, will in all probability fall more rapidly than it rose." In short, the press will take its place. This is one of those impromptu theories of history which are not to be taken too literally. Indeed, the satirical background is intended to throw into clearer relief a band of men of genius to whom has been granted some insight into the great political mystery. Who, then, are the true antithesis to the Tapers and Tadpoles? Should we contrast them with a Cromwell, who has a creed as well as a political platform; and contrast "our young Queen and our old institutions" with some new version of the old war-cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon"? Or may we at least have a glimpse of a Chatham, wakening the national spirit to sweep aside the Newcastles and Bubb Dodingtons of the present day? Or, if Cromwells and Chathams be too old-fashioned and translate the Semitic principle into a narrow English Protestantism, may we not have some genuine revolutionary fanatic, a Cimourdain or a Gauvain, to burn up all this dry chaff of mouldy politics with the fire of a genuine human passion? Such a contrast, however effective, would have been a little awkward in the year 1844: Young England had an ideal standard of its own, and Mr. Disraeli must be the high-priest of its peculiar hero-worship. Whether, in this case, political

trammels injured his artistic sense, or whether his peculiar artistic tendencies injured his political career, is a question rather for the historian than the critic.

Certain it is, at any rate, that the *cénacle* of politicians, whose interests are to be thrown in relief against this mass of grovelling corruption, are but a feeble contrast, even in the purely artistic sense. We have no right to doubt that Mr. Disraeli thought that Coningsby and his friends represented the true solution of the difficulty; yet if anybody had wished to demonstrate that a genuine belief might sometimes make a man more contemptible than hypocritical selfishness, he could scarcely have defended the paradox more ingeniously. "Unconscious cerebration" has become a popular explanation of many phenomena; and it would hardly be fanciful to assume that one lobe of Mr. Disraeli's brain is in the habit of secreting bitter satire unknown to himself, and cunningly inserting it behind the thin veil of sentiment unconsciously elaborated by the other. We are prepared, indeed, to accept the new doctrine as cleverly as Balzac could have inoculated us with a provisional belief in animal magnetism to heighten our interest in a thrilling story of wonder. We have judicious hints of an esoteric political doctrine, which has been partially understood by great men at various periods of our history. The whole theory is carefully worked out in the opening pages of *Sybil*. The most remarkable thing about our popular history, so Mr. Disraeli tells us, is that it is "a complete mystification;" many of the principal characters never appear, as, for example, Major Wildman, who was "the soul of English politics from 1640 to 1688." It is not surprising, therefore, that two of our three chief statesmen in later times should be systematically depreciated. The younger Pitt, indeed, has been extolled, though on wrong grounds. But Bolingbroke and Shelburne, our two finest political geniuses, are passed over with contempt by ordinary historians. A historian might amuse himself by tracing the curious analogy between the most showy representatives of the old race of statesmen and the modern successor who delights to sing his praises. The Patriot King is really to some extent an anticipation of Mr. Disraeli's peculiar democratic Toryism. But the chief merit of Shelburne would seem to be that the qualities which earned for him the nickname of *Malagrida* made him convenient as a hypothetic depository of some esoteric scheme of politics. For the purposes of fiction, at any rate, we may believe that English politics are a riddle of which only these men have guessed the true solution since the "financial" revolution of 1688. Pitt was only sound so far as he was the pupil of Shelburne; but Bolingbroke, Shelburne, and Mr. Disraeli possessed the true key, and fully understood, for example, that Charles I. was the "holocaust of direct taxation." But frankly to

expound this theory would be to destroy its charm, and to cast pearls before political economists. And, therefore, its existence is dimly adumbrated rather than its meaning revealed; and we have hints that there are wheels within wheels, and that in the lowest deep of mystery there is a yet deeper mystery. Coningsby and his associates, the brilliant Buckhurst and the rich Catholic country gentleman, Eustace Lyle, are but unripe neophytes, feeling after the true doctrine, but not yet fully initiated. The superlative Sidonia, the man who by thirty has exhausted all the sources of human knowledge, become master of the learning of every nation, of all tongues, dead or living, and of every literature, western and oriental; who has pursued all the speculations of science to their last term; who has lived in all orders of society, and observed man in every phase of civilization; who has a penetrative intellect which enables him to follow as by intuition the most profound of all questions, and a power of communicating with precision the most abstruse ideas; whose wealth would make Monte Christo seem a pauper; who is so far above his race that woman seems to him a toy, and man a machine,—this thrice-miraculous Sidonia, who can yet stoop from his elevation to win a steeple-chase from the Gentiles, or return their hospitality by an exquisite dinner, is the fitting depository of the precious secret. No one can ever accuse Mr. Disraeli of a want of audacity. He does not, like weaker men, shrink from introducing men of genius because he is afraid that he will not be able to make them talk in character; and when, in Venetia, he introduces Byron and Shelley, he is kind enough to write poetry for them, which produces as great an effect as the original.

And now having a true prophet, having surrounded him with a band of disciples, so that the transmitted rays of wisdom may be bearable to our mortal eyes, we expect some result worthy of this startling machinery. Let the closed casket open, and the magic light stream forth to dazzle the gazing world. We know, alas! too well that our expectation cannot be satisfied. There is not any secret doctrine in politics. Bolingbroke may have been a very clever man, but he could not see through a stone wall. The whole hypothesis is too extravagant to admit of any downright prosaic interpretation. But something might surely be done for the imagination, if not for the reason. Some mystic formula might be pronounced which might pass sufficiently well for an oracle so long as we are in the charmed world of fiction. Let Sidonia only repeat some magniloquent gnome from Greek, or Hebrew, or German philosophers, give us a scrap of Hegel or of the Talmud, and we will willingly take it to be the real thing for imaginative purposes, as we allow ourselves to believe that some theatrical goblet really contains a fluid of magical efficacy. Unluckily, however, and the misfortune illustrates the inconvenience

of combining politics with fiction, Mr. Disraeli had something to say, and still more unluckily that something was a mere nothing. It was the creed of Young England; and even greater imaginative power might have failed in the effort to instil even temporary vitality into that flimsy collection of sham beliefs. A mere sentimentalist might possibly have introduced it in such a way as to impress us at least with his own sincerity. But how is such doctrine to be uttered by lips which are, at the same time, pouring out the shrewdest of sarcasms against politicians who, if more pachydermatous, were at least more manly? In a newfangled church, amidst incense and genuflexions and ecclesiastical millinery, one may listen patiently to a ritualist sermon; but no mortal skill could make ritualism sound plausible in regions to which the outer air of common sense is fairly admitted. The only mode of escape is by slurring over the doctrine, or by proclaiming it with an air of burlesque. Mr. Disraeli keeps most dexterously in the region of the ambiguous. He does at least produce his political wares with a certain *aplomb*; but a doubtful smile about his lips encourages some of the spectators to fancy that he estimates their value pretty accurately. His last book of *Coningsby* opens with a Christmas scene worthy of an illustrated keepsake. We have buttery-hatches, and beef, and ale, and red cloaks, and a lord of misrule, and a hobby-horse, and a boar's head with a canticle.

"Caput apri defero,  
Roddens laudes domino,"

sing the noble ladies, and we are left to wonder whether Mr. Disraeli blushed or sneered as he wrote. Certainly we find it hard to recognise the minister who proposes to put down ritualism by an Act of Parliament. He does his very best to be serious, and anticipates critics by a passing blow at the utilitarians; but we have a shrewd suspicion that the blow is mere swagger, to keep up his courage, or perhaps a covert hint that though he can at times fool his friends, he is not a man to be trifled with by his enemies. What, we must ask, would Sidonia say to this dreariest of all shams? When *Coningsby* meets Sidonia in the forest, and expresses a wish to see Athens, the mysterious stranger replies, "The age of ruins is past; have you seen Manchester?" It would, indeed, be absurd to infer that Mr. Disraeli does not see the weak side of Manchester. After dilating, in *Tancred*, upon the vitality of Damascus, he observes, "As yet the disciples of progress have not been able exactly to reach this instance; but it is said that they have great faith in the future of Birkenhead." Perhaps the true sentiment is that the Semitic races, the unchangeable depositaries of eternal principles, look with equal indifference upon the mushroom growths of Aryan civilisation, whether an Athens or a Birkenhead be the product, but admit that

the living has so far an advantage over the dead. To find the moral of Coningsby may be impracticable, and is at any rate irrelevant. The way to enjoy it is to look at the world through the eyes of Sidonia. The world—at least, the Gentile world—is a farce. Ninety-nine men out of a hundred are fools. Some are prosy and reasoning fools, and make excellent butts for stinging sarcasms; others are flighty and imaginative fools, and can best be ridiculed by burlesquing their folly. As for the hundredth man—the youthful Coningsby or Tancred—his enthusiasm is refreshing, and his talent undeniable; let us watch his game, applaud his talents, and always remember that great talent is almost as necessary for consummate folly as for consummate success. Adopting such maxims, we can enjoy Coningsby throughout; for we need not care whether we are laughing at the author or with him. We may heartily enjoy his admirable flashes of wit, and, when he takes a serious tone, may oscillate agreeably between the beliefs that he is in solemn earnest, or in his bitterest humour; only we must not quite forget that the farce has a touch in it of tragedy, and that there is a real mystery somewhere. Satire, pure and simple, becomes wearisome. If a latent sense of humour is necessary to prevent a serious man from becoming a bore, it is still more true that some serious creed, however misty and indefinite, is required to raise the mere mockery into a genuine satirist. That is the use of Sidonia. He is ostensibly but a subordinate figure, and yet, if we struck him out, the whole composition would be thrown out of harmony. Looking through his eyes, we can laugh, but we laugh with that sense of dignity which arises out of the consciousness of a secret wisdom, shadowy and indefinite in the highest degree, perilously apt to sound like nonsense if cramped by a definite utterance, but yet casting over the whole picture a kind of magical colouring, which may be mere trickery or may be a genuine illumination, but which, whilst we are not too exacting, brings out pleasant and perplexing effects. The lights and shadows fluctuate, and solid forms melt provokingly into mist; but we must learn to enjoy the uncertain twilight which prevails on the borderland between romance and reality, if we would enjoy the ambiguities and the ironies and the mysteries of Coningsby.

The other two parts of the trilogy show the same qualities, but in different proportions. Sibyl is chiefly devoted to what its author calls "an accurate and never-exaggerated picture of a remarkable period in our social history." We need not inquire into the accuracy. It is enough to say that in this particular department Mr. Disraeli shows himself capable of rivalling in force and vivacity the best of those novelists who have tried to turn blue-books upon the condition of the people into sparkling fiction. If he is distinctly below the few novelists of truer purpose who have put into an artistic shape a



profound and first-hand impression of those social conditions which statisticians try to tabulate in blue-books,—if he does not know Yorkshiremen in the sense in which Miss Brontë knew them, or in which Scott knew the borderers—he can write a disguised pamphlet upon the effects of trades' unions in Sheffield with a brilliancy which might excite the envy of Mr. Charles Reade. But in *Tancred* we again come upon the true vein of mystery in which is Mr. Disraeli's special idiosyncrasy; and the effect is still more bewildering than in *Coningsby*. Giving our hands to our singular guide, we are to be led into the most secret place, and be initiated into the very heart of the mystery. *Tancred* is *Coningsby* once more, but *Coningsby* no longer satisfied with the profound political teaching of Bolingbroke, and eager to know the very last word of that riddle which, once solved, all theological and social and political difficulties will become plain. He is exalted to the pitch of enthusiasm at which even supernatural machinery may be introduced without a sense of discord. And yet, intentionally or from the inevitable conditions of the scheme, the satire deepens with the mystery; and the more solemn become the words and gestures of our high priest, the more marked becomes his ambiguous air of irony. Good, innocent *Tancred* fancies that his doubts may be solved by an English bishop; and Mr. Disraeli revels in the ludicrous picture of a young man of genius taking a bishop seriously. Yet it must be admitted that *Tancred's* own theory sounds to the vulgar Saxon even more nonsensical than the episcopal doctrine. His notion is that "inspiration is not only a divine but a local quality," and that God can only speak to man upon the soil of Palestine—a theory which has afterwards to be amended by the hypothesis that, even in Palestine, God can only speak to a man of Semitic race. Lest we should fancy that this belief contains an element of irony, it is approved by the great Sidonia; but even Sidonia is not worthy of the deep mysteries before us. He intimates to *Tancred* that there is one from whose lips even he himself has derived the sacred knowledge. The Spanish priest, Alonzo Lara, Jewish by race, but, as a Catholic prelate, imbued with all the later learning—a member of that Church which was founded by a Hebrew, and still retains some of the "magnetic influence"—this great man, in whom all the influences thus centre, is the only worthy hierophant. And thus, after a few irresistible blows at London society, we find ourselves fairly on the road to Palestine, and listen for the great revelation. We scorn the remark of the simple Lord Milford, that there is "absolutely no sport of any kind" near Jerusalem; and follow *Tancred* where his ancestors have gone before him. We bend in reverence before the empty tomb of the divine prince of the house of David, and fall into ecstasies in the Garden of Bethany. Solace comes, but no inspiration. Though the marvellous Lara is briefly

introduced, and though a beautiful young woman comes straight out of the Arabian Nights, and asks the insoluble question, What would have become of the Atonement, if the Jews had not persuaded the Romans to crucify Jesus? we are still tantalized by the promised revelation, which melts before us like a mirage. Once, indeed, on the sacred mountain of Sinai, a vision greets the weary pilgrim, in which a guardian angel appears in the best style of Sidonia or Mr. Disraeli. But we are constantly distracted by our guide's irresistible propensity for a little political satire. A Syrian Vivian Grey is introduced to us, whose intrigues are as audacious and as futile as those of his English parallel, but whose office seems to be the purely satirical one of interpreting Tancred's lofty dreams into political intrigues suited to a shrewd but ignorant Oriental. Once we are convinced that the promise is to be fulfilled, Tancred reaches the strange tribe of the Ansarey, shrouded in a more than Chinese seclusion. Can they be the guardians of the "Asian mystery"? To our amazement it turns out that they are of the faith of Mr. Phœbus in Lothair. They have preserved the old gods of paganism; and their hopes, which surely cannot be those of Mr. Disraeli, are that the world will again fall prostrate before Apollo (who has a striking likeness to Tancred) or Astarte. What does it all mean? or does it all mean anything? The most solemn revelation has been given by that mysterious figure which appeared in Sinai, in "the semblance of one who, though not young, was still untouched by time; a countenance like an Oriental night, dark yet lustrous, mystical yet clear. Thought, rather than melancholy, spoke from the pensive passion of his eyes; while on his lofty forehead glittered a star that threw a solemn radiance on the repose of his majestic forehead." After explaining that he was the Angel of Arabia, this personage told Tancred to "announce the sublime and solacing doctrine of Theocratic Equality." But when Tancred, after his startling adventures, got back to Jerusalem, he found his anxious parents, the Duke and Duchess of Bellamont, accompanied by the triumvirate of bear-leaders which their solicitude had appointed to look after him—Colonel Brace, the Rev. Mr. Bernard, and Dr. Roby. And thus the novel ends like the address of Miss Hominy. "Out laughs the stern philosopher," or, shall we say, the incarnation of commonplace, "What, ho! arrest me that wandering agency; and so, the vision fadeth." Theocratic equality has not yet taken its place as an electioneering cry.

Has our guide been merely blowing bubbles for our infantile amusement? Surely he has been too solemn. We could have sworn that some of the passages were written, if not with tears in his eyes, at least with a genuine sensibility to the solemn and romantic elements of life. Or was he carried away for a time into real mysticism for which he seeks to apologize by adopting the tone of the man of

the world? Surely his satire is too keen, even when it causes the collapse of his own fancies. Even *Coningsby* and *Lord Marney*, the heroes of the former novels, appear in "*Tancred*" as shrewd politicians, and obviously *Tancred* will accept the family seat when he gets back to his paternal mansion. We can only solve the problem, if we are prosaic enough to insist upon a solution, by accepting the theory of a double consciousness, and resolving to pray with the mystic and sneer with the politician as the fit takes us. It is an equal proof of intellectual dulness to be dead to either aspect of things. Let us agree that a brief sojourn in the world of fancy or in the world of blue-books is a qualification for a keener enjoyment of the other, and not brutally attempt to sever them by fixed lines. Each is best seen in the light reflected from the other, and we had best admit without asking awkward questions; but they are blended after a perfectly original fashion in the strange phantasmagoria of *Tancred*." Let the images of crusaders and modern sportsmen, Hebrew doctors and classical artists, mediæval monks and Anglican bishops, perform their strange antics before us, and the scenery shift from Manchester to Damascus, or Pall Mall to Bethany, in obedience to laws dictated by the fancy instead of the reason; let each of the motley actors be alternately the sham and the reality, and our moods shift as arbitrarily from grave to gay, from high-strung enthusiasm to mocking cynicism, and we shall witness a performance which is always amusing and original, and sometimes even poetical, and of which only the harshest realist will venture to whisper that, after all, it is a mere mystification.

But it is time to leave stories in which the critic, however anxious to observe the purely literary aspect, is constantly tempted to diverge into the political or theological theories suggested. The "trilogy" was composed after Mr. Disraeli had become a force in politics, and the didactic tendency is constantly obtruding itself. In the period between *Vivian Grey* (1826-7) and *Coningsby* (1844) he had published several novels in which the prophet is lost, or nearly lost, in the artist. Of the *Wondrous Tale of Alroy* it is enough to say that it is a very spirited attempt to execute an impossible task. All historical novels—with one or two doubtful exceptions—are a weariness to the flesh, and when the history is so remote from any association with modern feeling, even Mr. Disraeli's vivacity is not able to convert shadows into substances. An opposite error disturbs one's appreciation of *Venetia*. Byron and Shelley were altogether too near to the writer to be made into heroes of fiction. The portraits are pale beside the originals; and though *Lord Cadurcis* and *Marmion Herbert* may have been happier men than their prototypes, they are certainly not so interesting. *Henrietta Temple* and *Contarini Fleming* may count as Mr. Disraeli's most satisfactory performances. He has

worked without any secondary political purpose, and has, therefore, produced more harmonious results. The aim is ambitious, but consistent. Contarini Fleming is the record of the development of a poetic nature—a theme, as we are told, “virgin in the imaginative literature of every country.” The praises of Goethe, of Beckford, and of Heine gave a legitimate satisfaction to its author. Henrietta Temple professes to be a love-story pure and simple. Love and poetry are certainly themes worthy of the highest art; and if Mr. Disraeli’s art be not the highest, it is more effective when freed from the old alloy. The same intellectual temperament is indeed perceptible, though in this different field it does not produce quite the same results. One prominent tendency connects all his stories. When Lothair made its appearance, critics were puzzled, not only by the old problem as to the seriousness of the writer, but by the extraordinary love of glitter. Were the palaces and priceless jewels and vast landed estates distributed with such reckless profusion amongst the characters, intended as a covert satire upon the vulgar English worship of wealth, or did they imply a genuine instinct for the sumptuous? Mr. Disraeli would apparently parody the old epitaph, and write upon the monument of every ducal millionaire, “Of such are the kingdom of heaven.” Vast landed estates and the Christian virtues, according to him, naturally go together; and he never dismisses a hero without giving him such a letter of credit as Sidonia bestowed upon Tancred. “If the youth who bears this requires advances, let him have as much gold as would make the right-hand lion on the first step of the throne of Solomon the king; and if he wants more, let him have as much as would form the lion that is on the left; and so on through every stair of the royal seat.” The theory that so keen a satirist of human follies must have been more or less ironical in his professed admiration for boundless wealth, though no doubt tempting, is probably erroneous. The simplest explanation is most likely to be the truest. Mr. Disraeli has a real, unfeigned delight in simple splendour, in “ropes of pearls,” in priceless diamonds, gorgeous clothing, and magnificent furniture. The phenomenon is curious, but not uncommon. One may sometimes find an epicure who still retains an infantile taste for sweetmeats, and is not afraid to avow it. Experience of the world has taught Mr. Disraeli the hollowness of some objects of his early admiration, but it has not so dulled his palate as to make pure splendour insipid to his taste. It is as easy to call this love of glitter vulgar, as to call his admiration for dukes snobbish; but the passion is too sincere to deserve any harsh name. Why should not a man have a taste for the society of dukes, or take a child’s pleasure in bright colours for their own sake? There is nothing intrinsically virtuous in preferring a dinner of herbs to the best French cookery. So long

as the taste is thoroughly genuine, and is not gratified at the cost of unworthy concessions, it ought not to be offensive.

Mr. Disraeli's pictures may be, or rather they certainly are, too gaudy in their colouring, because his lavish splendour is evidently prompted by a frank artistic impulse and certainly implies no grovelling before the ordinary British duke. It is this love of splendour, it may be said parenthetically, combined with his admiration for the non-scientific type of intellect, which makes the Roman Catholic Church so strangely fascinating for Mr. Disraeli. His most virtuous heroes and heroines are members of old and enormously rich Catholic families. His poet, Contarini Fleming, falls prostrate before the splendid shrines of a Catholic chapel, all his senses intoxicated by solemn music and sweet incense and perfect pictures. Lothair, wanting a Sidonia, only escaped by a kind of miracle from the attractions of Rome. The sensibility to such influences has a singular effect upon his modes of representing passion. He has frankly explained his theory. The peasant-noble of Wordsworth had learnt to know love "in huts where poor men lie," and a long catena of poetical authorities might be adduced in support of the principle. That is not Mr. Disraeli's view. "Love," he says, "that can illumine the dark hovel and the dismal garret, that sheds a ray of enchanting light over the close and busy city, seems to mount with a lighter and more glittering pinion in an atmosphere as bright as its own plumes. Fortunate the youth, the romance of whose existence is placed in a scene befitting its fair and marvellous career; fortunate the passion that is breathed in palaces, amid the ennobling creations of surrounding art, and quits the object of its fond solicitude amidst perfumed gardens and in the shade of green and silent woods"—woods, that is, which ornament the stately parks of the aforesaid palaces. All Mr. Disraeli's passionate lovers—and they are very passionate—are provided with fitting scenery. The exquisite Sybil is allowed, by way of exception, to present herself for a moment in the graceful character of a sister of charity relieving a poor family in their garret; but we can detect at once the stamp of noble blood in every gesture, and a coronet is ready to descend upon her celestial brow. Everywhere else we make love in gilded palaces, to born princesses in gorgeous apparel; terraced gardens, with springing fountains and antique statues, are in the background; or at least an ancestral castle, with long galleries filled with the armour borne by our ancestors to the Holy Land, rises in cheery state, waiting to be restored on a scale of unprecedented magnificence by the dower of our affianced brides. And, of course, the passion is suitable to such accessories. "There is no love but at first sight,"<sup>1</sup> says Mr. Disraeli; and, indeed, love

(1) "He never loved that loved not at first sight," says Marlowe, and Shakespeare after him.

at first sight is alone natural to such beings, on whom beauty and talent have been poured out as lavishly as wealth, and who need never condescend to thoughts of their natural needs. It is the love of Romeo and Juliet amidst the gardens of Verona; or rather the love of Aladdin of the wondrous lamp for some incomparable beauty, deserving to be enshrined in a palace erected by the hands of genii. The passion of the lover must be vivid and splendid enough to stand out worthily against so gorgeous a background; and it must flash and glitter, and dazzle our commonplace intellects.

In the *Arabian Nights* the lover repeats a passage of poetry and then faints from emotion, and Mr. Disraeli's lovers are apt to be as demonstrative and ungovernable in their behaviour. Their happy audacity makes us forget some little defects in their conduct. Take, for example, the model love-story in *Henrietta Temple*. Told by a cold and unimaginative person, it would run to the following effect:—Ferdinand Armine was the heir of a decayed Catholic family. Going into the army, he raised great sums, like other thoughtless young men, on the strength of his expectations from his maternal grandfather, a rich nobleman. The grandfather, dying, left his property to Armine's cousin, Katharine Grandison. Armine instantly made up his mind to marry his cousin and the property, and his creditors were quieted by news of his engagement. Meanwhile he met *Henrietta Temple*, and fell in love with her at first sight. In spite of his judicious reticence, Miss Temple heard of his engagement to Miss Grandison, and naturally broke off the match. She fell into a consumption, and he into a brain fever. The heroes of novels are never the worse for a brain fever or two, and young Armine, though Miss Grandison becomes aware of the Temple episode, has judgment enough to hide it from everybody else, and the first engagement is not ostensibly broken off. Nay, Armine still continues to raise loans on the strength of it—a proceeding which sounds very like obtaining money on false pretences. His creditors, however, become more pressing, and at last he gets into a sponging-house. Meanwhile Miss Temple has been cured of her consumption by the heir to a dukedom, and herself becomes the greatest heiress in England by an unexpected bequest. She returns from Italy, engaged to her new lover, and hears of her old lover's misfortunes. And then a "happy thought" occurs to the two pairs of lovers. If Miss Temple's wealth had come earlier, she might have married Armine at first: why should she not do it now? It only requires an exchange of lovers, which is instantly effected. The heir to the dukedom marries the rich Miss Grandison; the rich Miss Temple marries Ferdinand Armine; and everybody lives in the utmost splendour ever afterwards. The moral to this edifying narrative appears to be given by the waiter at the sponging-house.

"It is only poor devils nabbed for their fifties and their hundreds that are ever done up," says this keen observer. "A nob was never nabbed for the sum you are, sir, and never went to the wall. Trust my experience, I never knowed such a thing."

This judicious observation, translated into the language of art, gives Mr. Disraeli's secret. His "nobs" are so splendid in their surroundings, such a magical light of wealth, magnificence, and rhetoric is thrown upon all their doings, that we are cheated into sympathy. Who can be hard upon a young man whose behaviour to his creditors may be questionable, but who is swept away in such a torrent of gorgeous hues? The first sight of Miss Temple is enough to reveal her dazzling complexion, her violet-tinted eyes, her lofty and pellucid brow, her dark and lustrous locks. Love for such a being is the "transcendent and surpassing offspring of sheer and unpolluted sympathy." It is a rapture and a madness; it is to the feelings of the ordinary mortal what sunlight is to moonlight, or wine to water. What wonder that Armine, "pale and trembling, withdrew a few paces from the overwhelming spectacle, and leant against a tree in a chaos of emotion? A delicious and maddening impulse thrilled his frame; a storm raged in his soul; a big drop quivered on his brow; and a slight foam played upon his lip." But "the tumult of his mind gradually subsided; the fleeting memories, the saddening thoughts, that for a moment had coursed about in such wild order, vanished and melted away, and a feeling of bright serenity succeeded—a sense of beauty and joy, and of hovering and circumambient happiness." In short, he asked the lady in to lunch. That is the love which can only be produced in palaces. Your Burns may display some warmth of feeling about a peasant-girl, and Wordsworth cherish the domestic affections in a cottage; but for the dazzling, brilliant forms of passion we must enter the world of magic, where diamonds are as plentiful as blackberries, and all surrounding objects are turned to gold by the alchemy of an excited imagination. The only difference is that, while other men assume that the commonest things will take a splendid colour as seen through a lover's eyes, Mr. Disraeli takes care that whatever his lovers see shall have a splendid colouring.

Once more, if we consent for the time to take our author's view—and that is a necessary condition for enjoying most literature—we must admit the vivacity and, at times, the real eloquence of Mr. Disraeli's rhetoric. In *Contarini Fleming* he takes a still more ambitious flight, and with considerable success. Fleming, the embodiment of the poetic character, is, we might almost say, to other poets what Armine is to other lovers. He has the same love of brilliant effects, and the same absence of genuine tenderness. But one other qualification must be made. We feel some doubts as to

his being a poet at all. He has indeed that amazing vitality with which Mr. Disraeli endows all his favourite heroes, and in which we may recognise the effervescence of youthful genius. But his genius is so versatile that we doubt its true destination. His first literary performance is to write a version of Vivian Grey, a reckless and successful satire; his most remarkable escapade is to put himself at the head of a band of students, apparently inspired by Schiller's Robbers to emulate the career of Moor; his greatest feat is a sudden stroke of diplomacy which enables him to defeat the plans of more veteran statesmen. And when he has gone through his initiation, wooed and won his marvellous beauty, and lost her in an ideal island, the final shape of his aspirations is curiously characteristic. Having become rich quite unexpectedly—for he did not know that he was to be the hero of one of Mr. Disraeli's novels—he resolved to “create a paradise.” He bought a Palladian pile, with a large estate and beautiful gardens. In this beautiful scene he intends to erect a Suracenic palace, full of the finest works of modern and ancient art; and in time he hopes to “create a scene which may rival in beauty and variety, though not in extent, the villa of Hadrian, whom I have always considered the most accomplished and sumptuous character of antiquity.” He has already laid the foundation of a tower which is to rise to a height of at least a hundred and fifty feet, and is to equal in solidity and design the most celebrated works of antiquity. Certainly the scheme is magnificent; but it is scarcely the ambition which one might have expected from a poet. Rather it is the design of a man endowed with a genuine artistic temperament, but with a strange desire to leave some showy and tangible memorial of his labours. His ambition is not to stir men's souls with profound thought, or to soften by some new harmonies the weary complaints of suffering humanity, but to startle the world by the splendid embodiment in solid marble of the most sumptuous dreams of a cultivated imagination. Contarini Fleming, indeed, as he shows by a series of brilliant travellers' sketches, is no mean master of what may be called poetical prose. His pictures of life and scenery are vivacious, rapid, and decisive. In later years, the habit of parliamentary oratory seems to have injured Mr. Disraeli's style. In *Lothair* there is a good deal of slipshod verbiage. But, in these earlier stories, the style is generally excellent till it becomes too ambitious. It has a kind of metallic glitter, brilliant, sparkling with numerous flashes of wit and fancy, and never wanting in sharpness of effect, though it may be deficient in delicacy. Yet the author, who is of necessity to be partly identified with the hero of *Contarini Fleming*, is distinctly not a poet; and the incapacity is most evident when he endeavours to pass the inexorable limits. The



distinction between poetry and rhetoric is as profound as it is undefinable. A true poet, as possessing an exquisite sensibility to the capacities of his instrument, does not try to get the effects of metre when he is writing without its restrictions and its advantages. Mr. Disraeli shows occasionally a want of this delicacy of perception by breaking into a kind of compromise between the two which can only be called Ossianesque. The effect, for example, of such a passage as the following is, to my taste at least, simply grotesque :—

“Still the courser onward rushes ; still his mighty heart supports him. Season and space, the glowing soil, the burning ray, yield to the tempest of his frame, the thunder of his nerves, and lightning of his veins.

“Food or water they have none. No genial fount, no graceful tree, rise with their pleasant company. Never a beast or bird is there, in that hoary desert bare. Nothing breaks the almighty stillness. Even the jackal’s felon cry might seem a soothing melody. A grey wild cat, with snowy whiskers, out of a withered bramble stealing, with a youthful snake in its ivory teeth, in the moonlight, gleams with glee. This is their sole society.”

And so on. Some great writers have made prose as melodious as verse ; and Mr. Disraeli can at times follow their example successfully. But one likes to know what one is reading ; and the effect of this queer expression is as if, in the centre of a solemn march, were incorporated a few dancing-steps, *à propos* to nothing, and then subsiding into a regular pacc. Milton wrote grand prose and grand verse ; but you are never uncertain whether a fragment of *Paradise Lost* may not have been inserted by mere accident in the *Areopagitica*.

Not to dwell upon such minor defects, nobody can read *Contarini Fleming* or *Henrietta Temple* without recognising the admirable talent and exuberant vitality of the author. They have the faults of juvenile performances : they are too gaudy ; the author has been tempted to turn aside too frequently in search of some brilliant epigram ; he has mistaken bombast for eloquence, and mere flowery brilliance for warmth of emotion. But we might hope that longer experience and more earnest purpose might correct such defects. Alas ! in the year of their publication, Mr. Disraeli first entered Parliament. His next works comprised the trilogy, where the artistic aim has become subordinate to the political or biological ; and some thirty years of parliamentary labours led to *Lothair*, of which it is easiest to assume that it is a practical joke on a large scale, or a prolonged burlesque upon Mr. Disraeli’s own youthful performances. May one not lament the degradation of a promising novelist into a prime minister ?

LESLIE STEPHEN.

## THE CAUCASUS.<sup>1</sup>

FROM Assai on the Don, a charming Cossack stanitsa, commanding the immense bridge over the river, and a stretch of steppe on the southern side, I started in April 1872. Moscow I had left in snow and slush; through Kharkoff I had passed in the beautiful but short Russian spring; in the Caucasus it was almost summer. The country is still that of the Don Cossacks; now and then a pretty village, lying scattered among trees in a hollow, after the Little Russian fashion, with only the gilt cross of its church rising above the surrounding steppe, opens out below the brow of a hill, on the banks of a tiny but precious brooklet. At last the Don Cossack territory ends, and we are in the Caucasus, though nothing bigger than a molehill is in sight, and it is not till the white towers of Stavropol are seen that the hills begin to be distinguishable from the valleys. It was Easter Sunday when I reached this town, and the gardens in which it is situated, just breaking into bright green, seemed most beautiful after the never-ending grey desolation of a St. Petersburg winter. Up to Stavropol, I had met none but Don Cossacks and Russians, and a mongrel population of half-nomad Kalmucks and Black Nogais; but there began the Caucasus and the East, so dear to painters and novelists:—Cossacks of the line (Caucasian military frontier) in their dress resembling the mountaineers, but speaking most pure Russian; a few hillsmen from the Kouban or from Piatigorsk, in the long tcherkeskas of various colours, brown, white, or black, with double row of cartridge-cases on the breast, tall lambswool bonnets, and resplendent daggers and pistols; and that trading population of Persians and Armenians, which occupies all the towns of this part of the Eastern world.

I had heard much of the natural beauty of Piatigorsk and the country round it, and fully expected to find it situated deep in the mountains. Arriving on a rainy day, I could merely distinguish the dim outlines of what appeared really to be mountains looming through the mist, but the next morning I awoke to disenchantment. Piatigorsk stands close to a few insignificant hills in the centre of an absolutely flat steppe, stretching away some eighty versts to the south, where rises the beautiful unbroken chain of the snowy Caucasus,—unbroken, except where Elbruz puts to shame the neighbouring mountains by rearing his mighty twin-domes.

For two days that great wall on the right gradually rose and grew more distinct, till at last the road from Mozdok made a sudden bend, and rising over various levels of stair-like steppe, reached

(1) The substance of the following paper is from a forthcoming work on *The Russian Power*.

Vladikavkaz, most picturesquely thrown down on the plain at the entrance of a grim and dark gorge, up which passes the military road to Georgia, one of the triumphs of Russian engineering. A few days after, I passed up this road, with its fortress-like stations—and once indeed such were needed here—and the desolate wildness of the mist-hidden slopes of granite and snow on either side, slopes on which Prometheus might well have been bound down. But after crossing the summit of the pass, where the road was cut through fallen avalanches of melting snow many yards high, to the little station of Gudaur, and descending the huge precipice, off the summit of which one might almost toss a stone on to the aoul (native village) which lies at the bottom, yet which takes hours to descend, the change is marvellous. Instead of the bare rocks, the hard, rugged outlines, the dry expanses of pebbly river-beds, telling of winter torrents sweeping all before them, nothing is to be seen but softly rounded hills, covered with the greenest and freshest of forests, clear murmuring brooks, which look as if no rain could foul them or coax them out of their beds, and picturesque, even if dirty and poor, Georgian villages. Through this lovely scenery, through Dushet, with old Georgian ruins, telling of a civilization long past, and unpronounceable Mtskhet, glorying in the tombs of the Georgian kings, where the green hills end, and the burnt-up, thirsty-looking slopes and ravines of the south begin, we at length enter the busy streets of Tiflis, clean and bright in the parching, dry air of its stove-like climate, and leave behind us, at least for a time, the crags and precipices which are the dwelling-places of the hill-tribes of the Caucasus.

Once one of the great centres of the national defence of the mountains against the Russians, the line of country along the Kouban was inherited by the brave and daring people called Tcherkesy by the Russians, to us known as Circassians. When the other tribes had yielded to the Russians (the Kabardians and Ossetans, dwellers on plains, earlier than the others, and the Lesghians and Tchetchens on Schamyl's capture), the Circassians, feeling further struggles to be hopeless, refused to submit to the domination of the conqueror, and 400,000 of the noblest and best left their loved country, for which they had fought so long and bravely, and chose to retire to Turkey rather than to live in peace under the Russian government. The history of this emigration is one of the least creditable to the Russians in the history of the Caucasus. The story how thousands, who refused their allegiance, were driven out by the Cossacks, old men, women, and children together, and their villages burnt; and how they begged and plundered their way in misery to the Turkish frontier, leaving behind them a miserable remnant of some 120,000 (dying out every year), all that is now left of one of the noblest

barbarous races that ever existed,—a race that, as the Khazars of old, had so great a civilizing influence on the south of Russia,—has been universally condemned by the Russian public itself. After all, what is to be done with a race which refuses to be conquered? As long as they remained in the Caucasus, the Russians could not live in peace or consider themselves safe, and the law of the stronger prevailed. Their place was taken partly by the Cossacks of the Kouban, and partly by Russian peasant colonists, who died out from fever in a very short time, leaving the rich and fertile country almost a desert. The Russians were forced to carry out this war by their position in the Caucasus, which compelled them to seek a safe road to their provinces beyond, which had long since accepted their authority; but they gave it out as a war carried on for the extinguishing of the slave-trade carried on with Turkey by the Circassians. The women-selling of this people was almost exactly that practised among certain civilised peoples, with the difference that the women themselves always liked it. The Circassians remained in relations with their female connections in Turkey, frequently went to see them, and the latter considered their position as a very excellent one. However, it was a slave-trade, according to European ideas; money changed hands, which never happens in Europe; so Russia took advantage of it to subdue the Circassians. The religion of the Circassians was a curious mixture of Mohammedanism and Christianity. Herberstein calls them Christians of the Greek rite; but as he also says that the Quinquemontani (Piatigorsk means the five mountains), as he calls them, spoke Slavonic, his authority is doubtful. He probably confused them with the Georgians or Armenians, but traces of Christian worship, ruined churches, and inscriptions in the dead languages, have I believe, undoubtedly been found in the Circassian country. Near Piatigorsk still exist remnants of a Scotch colony, which originally went out with the laudable intention of converting the Circassians; but as these would not be converted, the unsuccessful missionaries subsided into agriculture, in which they have had more success. They still keep their good old Scottish names, and the kirk flourishes in the Caucasus, though the younger branches have forgotten their native language.

The same vagueness of religion is found in most of these mountain tribes. Among the Ossetans, in whom ethnologists have found the ancestors of the Germans, the people are Christian, that is, when they are anything; and the aristocracy are Mohammedan, probably from a feeling of opposition to the Georgians and the inhabitants of the plains, who have been Christians from very early times.

Two things strike the traveller in the Caucasus: the narrowness of the main ridge and the distinctness with which it can be followed in

a straight line, as it throws out few spurs of any great height; and the closeness of the peaks to each other, leaving no room for broad valleys or extensive lakes, such as exist in other ranges. So closely packed are the mountains, that in the whole length of them there are only two passes which can really be counted as such: the Dariel in the middle, where the chain is narrowest; and the gates of Derbent, on the Caspian, which are not a pass in the real sense of the word, but a road avoiding the mountains, and taking advantage of the sea-shore to skirt them.

On the north-west, where the chain gradually sinks from the heights of Elbruz to the feverish marshes of the Kouban on the one side, and to the wooded shores of the Black Sea on the other, live, or rather lived, the Circassians. To the south of Elbruz, but still in the mountains, are the Svaneti, an almost unknown race; and farther on we come to the valley of the Rion, inhabited by races of Georgian descent, beyond which again tower the mountains of Lazistan in Anatolia. Returning to the north of the main chain, we find on the plain from Piatigorsk to Vladikavkaz various tribes, Abkhasians and Kubardians; then opposite Vladikavkaz, the Ossetans; and further on, the great nation of the Tchetchens, the typical mountaineers. Here the steppe recedes further north, and leaves a broad expanse of swelling hills, which gradually rise up to the main chain, overhanging the plain of the Kura. This is Daghestan, the home of the Lesghians and of Schamyl, and the scene of the bitterest resistance to the Russian advance; and of this land I now wish to tell.

From Petrofsk on the Caspian, the spot whence Peter first saw the mountains which his descendants were destined to conquer, I re-entered the mountains, this time to visit the sites which up to 1859 were still independent of Russia. A few miles only from the Caspian lies Temir-Khan-Shura, the outpost of the Russians during most of the struggle, the last point where they were safe from Schamyl's troops; for though no Russians dared venture alone a mile from it at night, the town itself resisted all his attacks.

At Shura, thanks to friends, I found all that I needed for the journey, which henceforth had to be made on horseback. At first the scenery was one of sweeping hills, green pastures, and broad stretches of plain; a country where I a hundred times over fancied myself in some remote nook of the South Downs; but soon steeper slopes of bare rock without vegetation appeared, and patches of snow melting in crannies and ledges far above us showed that we were nearing the mountains. At Aitaki, a little aoul perched in one of the cramped positions in which the Lesghians seem to delight in placing their dwellings, the scenery entirely changed, and we entered a magnificent defile, the passage down which was the bed of

a torrent, composed of round blocks, picturesque enough, but for riding over, the reverse of convenient. The horses know their work thoroughly; they let themselves down off one block, two feet at a time, and then climb on to another, occasionally jumping when a stone gives way beneath them, in a most deliberate manner, but forcing their riders to sit now on their tails, now on their manes, in most undignified attitudes. At length a magnificent thunderstorm which had been gathering for hours (there is a thunderstorm a day in Daghestan, as in the Thian-Shan), broke over the hills behind us. Seeing that the rain would not reach us, I stopped to admire the effect, but my guide, applying in a charming mixture of Tatar and Russian the fully deserved epithet of "sheitanski" to the road, hurried me on. After a three hours' ride we reached the end of the gorge, a passage some three yards wide, with precipitous sides rising hundreds of feet, over the shaly bed of which a small stream was trickling. We passed through, and entered the village of Gergebil, our resting-place. A few hours after, I strolled back to the entrance of the pass. Now the cause of my guide's alarm was evident; the gorge was filled to the brim with a yellow torrent many feet deep, against which neither man nor horse could have stood for a moment; he knew the effects to be feared from the thunderstorm, and that if we had been caught up above by the water, our chance of escape would have been a poor one.

The good old "starshina" or village elder of Gergebil, having been forewarned of my arrival, had provided me with the most comfortable of quarters, and some milk which no description could realise; so I stayed the night, listening to the downpour of rain, and the incessant pealing of the thunder rattling from peak to peak along the valley over our heads. Finding him communicative, I talked with him, after a manner, my Russian being translated into Tatar by my servant, for the benefit of the interpreter, whom the old man, speaking a different dialect of Lesghian, could again hardly understand. However, I asked him point-blank, whether he preferred life under Schamyl or under the Russians? He took a financial point of view, said that, as his village lay between Schamyl and the Russians, and had been the scene of constant conflicts, it could not be considered a fair example, having been much impoverished. "Schamyl," he went on, "paid us one-fifth of the money found on a captive, or of the ransom we got from the Russians; the rest he kept for expenses; now, the Russians give me 120 roubles a year." He seemed to think that, now he was getting old, he had had enough of Schamyl. The next morning he arrayed himself in his most resplendent arms, making his three sons do likewise, and started off with us. As we left the village we met a train of beasts of burden, half donkeys, half women, carrying past goods, whereon my old

guide began an elegy on the hardness of the times, how a wife cost twenty-five roubles and a donkey fifteen, whereas he knew of happy villages where a partner for life could be obtained for ten. The tendency of the Mohammedan religion has crushed among the Lesghians the respect for woman which existed among the Circassians, and the women work hard in the fields and drudge at home in order that their masters may not demean themselves by work, and may ride out in fine clothes and on good horses. We crossed the Kazi-Kumuk Koi-Su (the four rivers of Daghestan which form the Sulak are all called Koi-Su, or Sheep River), and struck up the valley of the Kara Koi-Su (or Black Sheep River), an epithet which might have been applied indiscriminately to all of them at the time when I was there. The excellent road was made by the Lesghians themselves, but in general the roads and bridges in Daghestan are excellent; Schamyl's road, a mere sheep-track, followed the other bank of the river. He well knew that his policy was to keep his roads as primitive as possible, as his cavalry could go everywhere. The Russians have equally well understood the contrary; the roads in Daghestan are the best in Russia, and the Russian artillery can be carried from one end to the other with ease—a wonderful progress, considering the engineering difficulties, the nature of the soil, and the storms which frequently sweep away a hundred yards of road at a time into the precipice below. How Russian this is! A country where commerce is not thought worth a road on which an English carriage could pass, but in which a district where never a merchant sets his foot, boasts of roads and bridges on the newest American principle.

Bridges may be very useful, but when built of iron and painted bright crimson they do not add to the beauty of a landscape such as was now around us. The mountains now came right up to the river, which, swollen by recent rains, poured through the narrow precipitous ravines with a deafening roar; now trended back a few hundred yards, leaving a broad plain on either side. At last, across the river, appeared Schamyl's last refuge, Gunib, deemed impregnable till taken: a mountain of strange form, a perfectly isolated plateau some 5,000 feet in every point above the valley below, some dozen miles in circumference, and falling perpendicularly on all sides. Such is this renowned fortress. As we crossed the river (another American bridge) and began the zigzags of the military road, the height looked trifling; it was not till I reached the Russian village two-thirds of the way up, and saw, as it appeared, no end to the turns of the road yet above me, and the turbulent river a mere noiseless streak at my feet, that the immensity of the place dawned upon me.

The next day I devoted to visiting Old Gunib, and horses and

a guide were at my disposal. A long zigzag from New Gunib, past the Russian barracks, and a canter along the uneven summit of the plateau which forms a slight depression, in which one might live seemingly, without knowing of the precipices around, brought me to all that is left to commemorate Schamyl's last struggle for freedom. Not much, indeed; a deserted aoul, and a stone in a clump of trees. In that aoul lived Schamyl, and on that stone sat Prince Bariatinsky, Viceroy of the Caucasus. A few minutes' ride from the village and the precipice lay under me; and my guide, an old warrior of Schamyl's band, grizzled and weather-beaten, recounted how while Schamyl's men, wearied out by fighting and in fancied security, slept, two companies of Russians scaled that awful precipice—on which it seems as if a goat could not find footing—and surrounded the hills above the village. He spoke long and enthusiastically of Schamyl; of his skill in riding (and to be specially distinguished among the the Lesghians means much); of the hair-breadth escapes of the Imam and Hadji-Murad, hero of many a legend; of how Schamyl was twice taken by the Russians and vanished from their hands—by bribery, how? he knew not. Indignantly denied by Russians, of course, but not impossible. So fallen, indeed, was Schamyl's power at the end of his career, when the Russians, gaining over by threats and promises every village one after another, had left him only this, that he was attacked and robbed on his road into Gunib by Ali, a famous robber of the time, who made no small gain by his daring.

The next day our road lay under the cliffs to the north of Gunib, over paths which an English goat would have despised. At length, while the heights of Gunib still seemed close behind us, a mountain rose in front without any sign of a passage through it. I looked in horror at the prospect of climbing it, and asked my Armenian if it was necessary; but the roads had brought on an attack of fatalism in his mind, and he only answered, "If it must be climbed, it must." However, we came on to a small stream, and, as it was evident that that could not go over the crest, I concluded that there was a path round it; but I was wrong—the path was through it. My guides rode straight at the precipice, and I lost sight of the first in a fissure in the rock; then the second disappeared, and I followed. It was a winding passage some fifty yards long, in parts of which I could touch the rock on either side with outstretched hands, almost everywhere overhung by the rocks on either side, but once or twice allowing a glimpse of blue sky, and of the incredible height to which the cliffs, hardly split apart, rose perpendicularly; one of the marvels of the Caucasus, the Pass of Kara-Dagh (black mountain), and certainly amongst the most curious works of nature I ever beheld.

A little beyond, another river, the Avarian Koi-Su, the fort of



Kara-Dagh and the inevitable scarlet bridge. We rode past the fort and up the river, skirting a mountain which the Russian soldiers have nicknamed "Portmanteau," with the snowy range at length showing itself away towards the source of the river, but as yet very distant. Another red bridge, which we crossed, and a precipice which took hours to scale and landed us over wonderful cliffs and rocks on the grassy downs above, across which we reached the fort of Khounzag.

The race of Lesghians hereabouts. The Avars are the only tribe out of 500,000 Lesghians who have a language extending over a large part of the district as a *lingua franca*, every village in some valleys having a dialect of its own, though in numbers the Avars are not strong. A distinct change of type can be traced on entering their country, and they worthily represent the once-great nation whose name they bear.

After a vain inquiry about the wall of Gog and Magog—the ruins of which are to be seen at Derbent, and which, I had been told, passed through Khounzag, "the city of Huns,"—I started once more for Botlikh, the seat of government of Western Daghestan. The road, partly along a precipice, was excellent for miles, but at length we came to a place where some twenty yards had melted away after the last rains into the depths below, while Russian soldiers, singing as usual, were carrying over provisions on their shoulders, and clambering up the rocks like cats. At length at a village prettily named Tlokh, where we were regaled with chamois and wild turkey, we struck the last of the four Koi-Su, that of Andi, and followed it up to Botlikh, a Russian settlement joining on to one of the ordinary stone-built, cold, eyeless-looking native aouls, all situated in a broad, rugged plain, surrounded by mountains ever hidden in mist, through which peeped patches of grey dismal snow. Here I saw the patriarchal and hospitable life of a Georgian nobleman. Every one sat down at table in strict order of precedence; the owners and guests, the officers according to rank, the chief natives, then the inferiors and servants; but for all were the same dishes, the same ample and abundant supply of the pure, generous wine of Kakhétie, the life-blood, it may be almost said, of the Georgian race. One day we determined to ride to Lake Enzelli, a lake situated in Tchetchnia, outside the borders of Daghestan. We started with an escort of some twenty men; at every turn the inhabitants of some village came out and met us on horseback and fully armed, till by the time we reached the summit of the hills we were surrounded at least by 300 irregulars—for the most part very regular. On reaching the flat surface on which the lake lies they dashed off in all directions, firing under their own horses, under their neighbours', at anything that caught their attention, standing

on their saddles and performing all kinds of antics. As we returned, a few words of salutation and farewell in their own language from the universally liked chief, and they dispersed with a loud shout, having had their holiday and shown off their arms, clothes, and horses to the admiring world. The Lesghians, well armed, would make most formidable irregular troops, and the Russians have not been slow to discover this, and to utilise their good disposition towards the conquerors; for the Lesghians, with the exception of a few old Schamylians, seem to be entirely subdued, and to have adopted the idea that, after fighting as long as one can, it is better to acknowledge oneself defeated than be sulky.

From Botlikh to Tiflis the usual road is through Tchetchnia to Vladikavkaz and thence by post. I preferred the shorter and almost unknown route straight across the mountains to Kakhétie. With a few men of escort, excellent young fellows all of them, we set off up the Andiiski Koi-Su. Several days we rode, sometimes almost in the water of the river, sometimes perched up on sheep-tracks at a height where its roar was inaudible, and it looked like a silver thread in the ravine, clambering along these paths, hardly traceable in the shingly slopes of the disintegrating hills (all Daghestan seems to be rotting away and tumbling into the streams), sometimes coming on an aoul, when half the inhabitants fled at our approach and the other half looked askance at the strangers, who might be officials or tax-collectors; and at last I understood the real force of the name of Daghestan, "the land of mountains." It is indeed all mountains, not high peaks or ranges, except in parts, but the same swelling hills and slopes, of the same height and formation as near Shura at the other extremity. Through Dido, a once-famous village, where there were said to be more human hands on the doors than in any Lesghian village, but where we now slept unmolested, we passed further up the valley, the scenery of dark rich forests and rugged grey cliffs jutting out from them growing more and more beautiful, while the luxurious rankness of the huge beds of yellow lilies, of white and pink rhododendrons, of herbage up to a horseman's armpits, testified to the increasing height to which we were reaching.

We had counted, by leaving the next day early, on reaching Kvareli in Kakhétie the same night, but failed, and slept on the mountains. After mutton, boiled in our only pot, we made an attempt at tea in the same vessel, but having neither teapot nor glass, the result was not good; so we rolled ourselves in our bourkas (felt cloaks), and turned in as close to the fire as might be. It was bitterly cold; the road passes at a height of 13,000 feet. We had taken a short cut somewhat lower, but were still at a great elevation; and about two o'clock I awoke with my boots in the ashes of the smouldering fire and the rest of my body half frozen. Our horses, who, being

beasts of imagination, apparently considered rocks and snow as grass and water, were caught in the twilight, and off we went, now floundering over half-melted avalanches of snow blocking up the ravine, now slipping over a frozen crust of ice covering a slope of rock, till just as the sun rose we emerged on to the summit of the ridge. Before us, a glorious view of dark, dull, red and misty blue and purple, one place not distinguishable from another, except where a spot of deep green marked the position of a town; to the right, the low hills round Tiflis; far away in front, the snowy peaks of the Little Caucasus, hanging in the perfectly pure air, across which was drawn one long thin streak of violet-brown cloud; while at our feet beyond the almost black pine-forests, lay the tiny red village of Kvareli and its fort, seeming a few inches apart, as it might be on a map; and as I turned round the whole range of this part of the Caucasus, peak after peak shining out clear and rosy in the bright sunlight, rising for them and us, while Kakhétie below was still in half shadow.

Passing through spring in the vineyards on the slopes of the mountains, at midday we entered Kvareli in the blazing heat of a Caucasian summer sun, my Lesghians singing a chorus of war and plunder, which brought the peaceable inhabitants to their doors, seemingly wondering whether Schamyl was once more on his way past Kvareli to charming Tsinandál beyond.

With great regret I parted with my brave and cheerful companions, and wished them God speed on their road homewards. Their honest, handsome features, so well shown off by their picturesque dress and bonnet, and easy seat on horseback, together with their attentive natural politeness, never approaching servility, only confirmed my good opinion of this race, wild and primitive indeed, but with many fine and noble qualities.

Their poverty is very great; the necessity of building their villages in the wildest recesses of the mountains, under penalty of seeing them ravaged, sometimes by enemies, not unfrequently by friends, debarred them from trade or cultivation; it was only the strongest and largest souls that dared to venture into the broader valleys and plains, for if they gave their allegiance to the Russians, they might look for terrible vengeance from the "wild" mountaineers. They have little of the fanatic aversion for Western ideas which so frequently accompanies the Mohammedan religion. Schamyl endeavoured to implant it into the Lesghian mind, but did not succeed; that faith crushing all breadth of mind, and substituting meaningless forms and unreasoning hatred, could never be ingrained into such sterling natures. There are, however, great differences between various mountain tribes, which have not yet been thoroughly studied; the eastern tribes are of a more

practical, a gentler character than the remnants left in the north-west; it was seldom that among the Lesghians was found the "abrek," the man who would pull his felt bashlik or hood over his eyes and hurl himself single-handed into the centre of a Russian battalion, content to meet certain death, if he could only strike down a few of his oppressors with his heavy, quicksilver-laden kinjal, the short sword which every hillsman wears and which they probably borrowed from the Romans. These differences will be better seen as the country becomes better known, but what they all have in common are a straightforward, healthy, earnest mind, a vein of innate nobility, a willingness to acknowledge the merits of other races, and a rich, enthusiastic nature peeping through their rags, and promising much for their future.

Many most erroneous ideas as to the Caucasian tribes exist in Europe, in Russia as much as in England; the indiscriminate use of the word Circassian, making the name of almost extinct tribes synonymous with the word mountaineer, is a very usual one. Many also consider the Caucasian mountaineers as men who combine with many noble qualities an innate love of war and plunder. This is historically incorrect; up to 1840 Russia had hardly any fighting in the Caucasus; the mountaineers, though hostile and given to occasional inroads on Cossack property, were not in arms against Russia, and had no warlike traditions. It was the policy of Nicholas, who could not endure that any whom he considered his subjects should preserve a trace of independence, that bore fruit in Schamyl and Hadji-Murad, but the influence of these on the nation has been much exaggerated. Schamyl's power among the Tchetchens was small, and even of the Lesghians a few thousands only followed him; nor were the remainder of the tribes ill disposed to the Russians, for, though Schamyl many times saw that his only hope lay in uniting all the mountaineers, and sent his emissaries far and wide, he never succeeded in organizing them, and his own expedition into Kabarda, undertaken with the same object, was a complete failure. The strictness of the "shariat," the Mohammedanism of which Schamyl and his Murids were the exponents, alienated the Lesghians far more than Russian bribery or bayonets, and the constant and oppressive interference of Schamyl's spies in their daily life, the hypocrisy and deceit on which their conduct, here as in Bokhara and Khiva, had to be regulated, under fear of heavy penalties, was contrary to the lively intelligent nature of the Lesghians; and though Schamyl himself was no hypocrite, yet many of his so-called followers must have looked on the fall of Gunib and Muridism with ill-concealed delight. This is proved by the rapidity of the success of the Russians, as soon as they gave up their system of fighting for the

system of corrupting one village after another. If the nation had really been against them, even Caucaso-Russian troops could never have conquered that country ; they could but have occupied a few posts in it, always to be fought over in blood.

An excellent idea of the Caucasus may be gained in Tiflis, for almost every race living in it, and these are no small number, seems to send its representatives. The prevailing elements are the Armenian and Persian. The former, not immigrants from Armenia, but mostly descendants of families which have lived for years at Tiflis, speak Georgian as their native language, and have adopted the quaint dress of the Tiflis Armenians—the tight-fitting, square black tunic, with a girdle in worked silver, and long sleeves cut loose from the elbow and falling to the knee. The Persians, all in glossy black satin and blue silk, with mitre bonnets, chiefly occupy the smaller shops and certain rows in the bazaars, as the Armenians drive them out of the higher trades and of the European towns. The contrast between the two towns is wonderful. The Russian side is the cleanest, brightest place imaginable ; the streets are free from dust, there are shops with gigantic plate-glass windows, rows of trees and gardens, all the soldiers are in white, keeping only to the long boots, with which no heat will induce them to part, all the officials and inhabitants are in easy light clothes, and seem to leave their stiffness in Russia with their green uniforms. All seems rarefied and cleansed by the intense heat, and the flood of dry, pure sunshine pouring into it over the mountain behind. The eastern town, hanging on to the cliffs which border the foaming, tawny Kura, is a mass of tortuous streets, covered-in passages and bazaars, full of life and animation combined with laziness and dirt. The general features of the East are everywhere alike ; everywhere are the same grave Persians, the same comely but mean-faced Armenians, the same wild Tatar features of the dwellers in the plains, who have come into town on a shopping expedition, the same open-air traffic, noise and bargaining ; but Tiflis, from being the centre of the Caucasus, presents many features peculiarly her own. Of mountaineers there are not many, only a few Tushines, mountain Georgians, magnificent types of manhood, broad, finely built, with aquiline noses and handsome eyes and features, the perfection of the Georgian race, which even on the plain is so handsome. But Lesghians and Tchetchens rarely leave their mountains for this city. Of the races, however, which dwell along the valleys of the Kura and Rion, an infinite variety is to be found. Squat, dark, moustached Mingrelians ; tall, fair-haired, rather sinister Imeritians ; men from Guriel in their tight trousers ; Karakalpak Tatars from around Elizavetpol, very pure types of the Tatar race ; and surpassing all, of course, in numbers, the

Georgians, or Grusinians as the Russians call them, physically one of the noblest races existing, and with many excellent moral qualities.

The posting in the Caucasus is abominably managed; horses are never to be found, and a traveller on private business must have but a poor chance of getting on, judging from the slow progress I made, though armed with a double-sealed permit, procured by a friend's kindness. At length we left Axtapha, a noted robber's nest, and struck up the pass of Delijan into Armenia. The forests are magnificent; the hills on either side come down to the very brink of the stream, leaving only room for the road, and giving no room for those bold stretches of pebbles which render the Dariel so wild and even unsightly; but the scenery, though fine, is of course tamer than that of the Caucasus. On the other side, when the summit of the pass, in May covered with snow, has been surmounted, stretches away the superb lake of Goktcha, hemmed in on all sides by dark, precipitous cliffs, covered with eternal snow. From Tiflis I had taken with me an Armenian, speaking all languages, very lazy, and excessively superstitious. He considered his journey in the light of a pilgrimage, and I was quite willing to yield to his religious feelings, which prompted him to visit a monastery on the little island lying not far out on the lake, which looks immeasurably deep through its glassy black surface. The fathers, excellent Armenian types, welcomed us kindly, gave us all that they had to give, and showed us all they had to show. Two old churches, said to be 1,500 years old; a strangely carved door, handed down from ancient times; and some curious pictures—one, I remember, of the Adoration of the Magi—wherein, with the liberal idea of doing justice to every part of the earth then known, an European, in an uniform resembling that of an English field-marshal, a curly-headed African, and a Chinaman, with the correct pigtail and moustache, attired in sky-blue array, a cocked hat and top-boots, were depicted as the three kings. The place is called Jerusalem, St. Gregory the "Illuminator," as the monks call him, the founder of their Church, having had a vision which announced to him that he was at Jerusalem, whereby he was saved the trouble of a pilgrimage thither. The women in the Armenian Church are separated from the men during worship, and I saw the place where the Queen of Armenia might listen to the service without men looking on her face. Very quiet and pleasant was the old monastery, with the swifts circling and shrieking round it. After the fathers had performed a short mass, to ensure us a safe journey, I left them to vegetate on their peaceful rock, as they done have almost since Gregory was there in 302 A.D.

Here and there in these mountains are found colonies of Russian dissenters, Subotniki, and Dukhobortsi, exiled or driven out of

Russia by persecution. Preserving quite purely the Great Russian character and customs, they are reserved towards strangers, and refused to talk with me of their ideas or worship; they live and prosper, have little wish, so far as I could see, to return to Russia, as they consider officials and, above all, foreigners, as sons of the evil spirit, are uncommunicative and even surly in their manner, and enjoy rather a bad reputation among their neighbours. They are a fine race, frequently of great beauty, and it was extremely pleasant to find such a piece of purely Russian life in the fishing-village on the borders of the great lake. Here I made inquiries about a fellow-countryman, Colonel Roundell, murdered in the Caucasus some months before, and last seen here; and in five minutes I found out a man who said he should know the man with whom he started if he saw him, a bit of proof which the Russian authorities, who had been working away for some time, had never found out, as I afterwards discovered. The Englishman, who was coming from Persia, and spoke no Russian, left this village in a Tatar fourgon or tilted cart for Tiflis, was seen at the Delijan turnpike, and after that disappeared.

Very grand was my first view of the plain of the Araxes, which could be traced across it for miles, from a slight rise in the road. The plain, which was almost purple from the shadow of a thunder-cloud which was spreading over it, was lit up every few moments by flashes of pale blue lightning. To the right, the snowy range of mountains on the Turkish frontier near Kazes, dimly peered through the cloud. Before me, towered the two peaks of Ararat, their perfectly symmetrical cones cutting sharply against the sky line, and the brilliancy of the snow on them set off superbly by the contrast with the blue, almost black, cloud which was crawling round the base of the higher peak. In a few minutes the beauty of the scene was forgotten, the mountains were covered, the rain reached us, and for three hours it rained as it can only rain in a mountainous country so far south. By the time we reached Erivan, we might have swum across the great lake without feeling any wetter.

In Erivan, from the length of time that the Persian domination existed here, from the death of Leon, last king of Armenia, at Paris in 1198, till the taking of Erivan by Paskevitch in 1828, the traces of Persian work are considerable, though less so than at Elizavetpol. But the Armenian race flourishes; how, it is difficult to imagine, for an Armenian to live must trade, and when there are none but Armenians to trade with, how any merchant can sell anything for more than half the cost price, I know not. It is only the trading Armenians who bear a bad character for sharp practice, and are hated by nearly all with whom they come in contact. The peasantry

are a fine race, intelligent, honourable, and fond of their country and home. What we English call home life is very much developed among them, and of course the influence of women is strong in proportion, more so, perhaps, than in any other country so far south. They enjoy great freedom when girls, and also when they have been married some time; but are reserved and hide themselves about the time of their marriage.

In the bazaar of Erivan are always to be seen many Kurds, tall and thin, always on horseback, with long, hard faces, hooked noses, and dark hair, robber-like men, not unlike the Afghans. Most of those in Armenia are Ezides, the same tribe whose strange religion is described in Layard's "Nineveh." They are nomads; like all nomads, allow their wives to do all the work; and the camps changing their positions in the mountains, the men in short furred coats, and the women in the usual Tatar costume, with a peculiar black and crimson head-dress, recall the habits of the wandering Kirghis of the steppe. Robbers by nature, or rather by position, they have yet all the virtues of savage tribes, perfect honesty, regard for their oath, simplicity, temperance, and hospitality, and though the Russians are still forced to arrest a good many, yet they seem to be likely to settle down to a quieter and more steady life. In Russia, however, they number only a few thousands.

I presume that the Russians consider the Armenians as so unlikely to revolt against a dominion which gives them all they want, that they do not feel the necessity of quartering many troops in their country. Erivan has remained in my mind as the only town where I ever saw a Russian soldier attacked by the natives. He—I know not his offence—was seized by two Georgians helped by a dozen Armenians, and thrashed in the most unmerciful manner, till he was covered with blood; at length some of his comrades turned out to the rescue, and as the Armenians prudently vanished, the tables were turned on the Georgians. At length both parties hurried off to be the first to lay their account before the authorities.

Like all the Trans-Caucasus in 1871, Armenia was overrun by swarms of ragged Persians, famine-driven from Khorassan. Half starved, half naked—a most miserable sight—they still preserved something of the grave dignity of the Iranian in their misfortune.

Not far to the west of Erivan is the great monastery of Etchmiadzin, the centre and holy place of the Armenian faith. Historically it is a remarkable place, but now has little significance. Some twenty or thirty lads, all preparing for the priesthood, were learning Armenian and Russian; but, said my guide,—a monk educated at Moscow and speaking excellent French,—“The people, as a rule, do not wish their children to become priests, and as we cannot take



them without that condition, they get no education at all." The monks gave me hospitality, as they do to all comers for a month, without questioning whence, why, or how; and having had a swim in their fish-pond, I departed, with the cheering sentence in my ears, that it would be a miracle if I did not catch the fever. All the plain of Armenia is fever-stricken, and very unhealthy. Lying at a height of over five thousand feet, and surrounded on all sides by snowy mountains, the heat of the sun during the day is intense, while in the shade it is always cold, and at night the change is very abrupt, while catching a cold means a certain attack of fever.

The position of Etchmiadzin, within a stone's throw of the places where happened some of the earliest and most striking events in the Christian faith, and under the very shadow of holy Ararat itself, is eminently calculated to strike the mind as well as the eye; and as the ordinary Armenian is very pious, and susceptible to the influence of outward forms in his religion, no spot could have been chosen better calculated to keep alive the faith in his breast. A pilgrimage to it is the summit of his ambition. Shortly after my departure was to take place the ceremony of compounding and blessing the holy oil, which is made once in seven years, and on the road back to Erivan I met cartload after cartload of dignitaries of the Church, arriving as delegates from Tiflis, from South Russia, from Persia, and from distant Constantinople, to be present at the ceremony. One of the dogmas of the Armenian faith is that no one ever has ascended, or ever can ascend, Ararat. When I mentioned Parrott's ascent at Etchmiadzin, the whole of the monks denied it, the more intelligent, of course, merely on the ground of its never having been proved, except by the words of the travellers themselves, though it struck me that something which they would not speak of lay at the bottom of the denial, and my Armenian afterwards related to me what he had evidently heard at the monastery—that the mountain could not be ascended, that the ark still lay at the summit, that, when Parrott and others attempted it, God sent down a mist, which hid the real summit, and made them believe that they had reached it, when they were not near it, and so forth. But the story of Parrott's ascent does really seem doubtful, even without bringing such strong arguments as these to bear upon it. Why did not the mountain-climbing Englishmen, who surmounted the difficulties of Elbruz and Kazbek, attempt to disprove the fortieth article of the Gregorian faith?

On the road back over Delijan, I met large bodies of the half-nomad Tatars of the plains passing up to the mountains, where they find cool pastures and shade for their cattle during the summer; their women, seated in the oxen-drawn carts, were resplendent in ornaments, hung on their quaint dress of red and blue. The whole

steppe, as far as Elizavetpol, is covered with Tatar villages and cemeteries, the latter being much larger than the first, according to Turkish custom, and infinitely more cheerful; indeed, a more wretched sight than a Tatar village, a clump of mud huts, with poles sticking about here and there, as if to mark the place for the information of doubtful travellers, could hardly be found. Tatar in the Caucasus is almost synonymous with robber, and the faults of other people probably fall on their heads in many cases. Elizavetpol was formerly the very centre of robbery, and some five years ago the most ill-famed spot in the whole country. The road was once barred for a whole day in the first stage out of the town, and every traveller, as he arrived, tied up to a telegraph-post, a novel method of utilising the latter, only one man, however, being murdered. The adjutant of the governor was stopped, when driving to announce the governor's arrival in half-an-hour, dragged out of his cart in broad daylight, in the very centre of a Tatar village, robbed, and left wounded till the governor arrived, without a single inhabitant lifting a finger to help him. The irate governor having laid a heavy fine on the village, no sooner are the bells announcing a traveller's arrival now heard, than the whole population rushes to its doors, to prevent any similar occurrence, followed by similar results, from happening in their village. Escorts are still furnished, but though horses are frequently stolen from the stations, travellers are rarely attacked, the owners of each station paying black-mail to the neighbouring robbers, in order that nothing may occur within his particular district.

Elizavetpol is a typical Eastern town of the Persian style of architecture. The broad market-place, surrounded by lofty trees, in which the cawing of rooks towards sunset might tempt one to believe oneself in England; the beautiful mosque, half hidden in foliage at one end of it; the deserted streets, with pretty brooks flowing across them; the graceful pointed arches of red bricks, characteristic of Persian architecture, now tumbling in ruins, but still overhung by the trees of lovely gardens, combine to make the town one of the most thoroughly Oriental in all Russia.

All the way to Baku, the steppe preserves the same waterless dry character; the mountains on both sides torture the sun-stricken, thirsty traveller, with the idea of cool snows from "frosty Caucasus;" and only in one place, where the road crosses the volcanic hill-district of Shirvan or Shemakha, is any scenery or vegetation to be found. Shemakha is vexed by constant earthquakes (a slight one occurred while I was there), and the town, once a wealthy silk-producing place, is now a heap of ruins, and deserted by commerce. The district being so fertile, it is to be hoped that the plan for rebuilding the town higher up the hills, out of the way of earth-

quakes, will be taken in hand energetically, especially if the railway to the Caspian be soon constructed.

A few stations from Baku, opens out a view of the dull-grey Caspian, the most miserable-looking of seas, on each side of the peninsula which forms the northern coast of the magnificent harbour of Baku, eight miles long and six broad, and almost land-locked. The town, speaking practically, only possesses this harbour and its immense riches in naphtha, which, up to this time, from want of means of transport, lies almost unused, except in the town itself and immediately around it. Looking at it from an artistic point of view, the Khan's palace, a most beautiful group of buildings in Persian style, with a gate which rivals lace in the beauty of its design and detail, adorns its citadel, while the well-known fires of Baku, lighted from the gases of wasted naphtha, are also strange and weird enough. I found a solitary Indian fire-worshipper, inhabiting a large courtyard with cells enough for many people round it. He lighted the flaring jets of gas, which the wind bent over and sometimes blew seemingly off the recesses whence they sprung, performed his worship, and went back to his solitary dwelling, while I looked over the prosaic manufactory by the side. I much wished to see the fires in the harbour, but the sea was unpropitious. Night after night a slight breeze sprang up, sufficient to prevent the gases from collecting in any one place.

On the north of the Caucasus, from the closeness of the mountains, the rivers are all insignificant; on the south side, we have the Kura and the Araxes, flowing into the Caspian, and the Rion into the Black Sea. The Kura rushes along in an impetuous, muddy flood between the main range and the lesser Caucasus; the Araxes, "*pontem indignatus*," rises in the hills not far from the Kura, but strikes out a path for itself through Armenia, under the shadow of Ararat and along the Persian frontier, while from the same hills goes out the slow and swampy Rion (on which the steamer has succeeded the *Argo* of yore), and oozes through the low-lying and unhealthy Mingrelia, hardly reaching the sea at Poti. The south of Georgia is overlooked by the plateau of Armenia and the Turkish mountains, which are connected with the main chain of the Caucasus only at one point, Suram, where hills, not high, but in places beautiful, sweep from Svanetia to Akhaltsikh. All else is plain, in places luxuriantly fertile, in others barren and parched by the summer sun.

Through these same hills of Suram, where the railroad was then being carried over wonderful gradients, I passed on my return from Daghestan through Tiflis. Having lately crossed the finest scenery in the Caucasus, these much-lauded hills seemed to me tame and low, but the foliage which covered them was undoubtedly rich and beautiful. Down through Kutais, lovely with remnants of old times and with fair Mingrelians, each in herself a *Medea*, the road led on

to the valley of Rion, surrounded with thick forests, and with swamps—a frog-paradise—and emerged on to the sea at Poti, the unhealthiest and most wretched spot even of this coast, breeding fever, which even I, staying there but a few hours, did not escape; and thus I hurried away from the Caucasus to gain some cooler land.

Strange is the story of the occupation of the Trans-Caucasus, of the valleys of the Kura and the Rion, by the Russians. They had no wish to occupy the land; it was fertile, certainly, but separated from them by high mountains and steppes worse than mountains. At last in Georgia the intestine quarrels between the various members of the royal family, combined with the insecurity of life and property under the rule, sometimes of Turkey, sometimes of Persia—countries differing from Georgia in race, customs, and religion—forced the Georgians many times to call in the assistance of the Russians. These latter, with great waste of men and money, came to the rescue, and order was for a time restored; but hardly were their backs turned, when the state of affairs became as involved as before. At last Alexander I., after much hesitation, and against the advice of his best statesmen, took Georgia under his protection, to the great joy of an enormous majority of the population. Hardly had the Russians entered it, than the natural feelings of the aristocracy broke out, and here, as everywhere, a law which considered all as equal, though only nominally, could not receive the sincere support of those whom it lowered. The Georgian aristocracy were then absolutely without education. The improvement since then has been great, but there is many a so-called prince who cannot sign his own name.

The Armenians were always far more advanced in literature, and the number of Armenians now in Russian schools and universities is by no means inconsiderable, and as intellect grew, so did the feeling of national life. In 1828, when Russia wrested Armenia from Persia, the Armenians gave them their heartiest support. Many fought in the Russian ranks. Many followed the columns, to settle once more in their country (it is said that one hundred and thirty thousand returned to their land), and the Russians advanced as in triumphal procession, welcomed as deliverers of the oppressed Armenian nation and faith. They have now little fault to find with the Russian rule; but every Armenian will talk in secret about the proud day when Armenia shall once more be an independent kingdom.

Mingrelia and Imeritia fell in the same way as Georgia, through domestic strife, and Russia, wanting outlets on the Black Sea and Caspian, found Poti and Baku; and thus her Trans-Caucasian empire was formed into its present shape.

At the present moment all these nations are faithful to Russia, because they have only Russia to be faithful to; but if for a Russian Russia, an intangible and distant idea, was substituted a Caucasian

Russia, a great and inspiring fact, and for a vague empire, a kingdom possibly ruled by a member of the family to whom they now bow down, would they not be more faithful to this? Everything would contribute. The geographical position of the Caucasus, cut off from Russia by the steppes of the Caspian and the Don Cossack country; the fact that the trade of the Caucasus is entirely in the hands of natives, and that its communications are with the Black Sea, with Tavriz, with Astrabad, but not with or through Russia. The country, though as yet hardly explored, can hardly fail to be found abounding in mineral wealth. The mountaineers, when instructed by the Poles who deserted occasionally from the Russian army to them, were able to make powder enough and to find sufficient lead to carry on the war without foreign assistance. Coal and naphtha are plentiful, and we must not forget Mingrelia—Colchis, the land of the Golden Fleece. The army of the Caucasus is the only one in Russia which has traditions, in which one regiment is distinguished by anything more than the uniform or the number, where each regiment is jealous of its own good name as compared with that of the rest, and of the good name of the Caucasians as compared with the army in Russia. "Well done, my lads; that was done in Caucasian style!" is an exclamation not unfamiliar, and always proudly received. Many of the officers are themselves natives, while a large proportion of the Russian officers who go there become enchanted with the country, so different from their own; marry native ladies; and if they do not become natives themselves, are at least the fathers of a mixed race which can neither be called Russian nor Georgian. When we consider the fertile stretch of country round the south of the Caspian, the little but significant fact that the territory across the Caspian is joined to the Caucasus and not to Turkestan, to which it would seem to belong, that it is by Caucasian engineers that the Atrek will be fortified, and above the south coast of the Black Sea, ruled only by feeble Turkey; when we look at all this, and then turn our glance on a warlike and noble race, such as are undoubtedly the Georgians, Mingrelians, and Imeritians; on an intellectual and commercial race, the Armenians; on the vigorous young tribes of Tatars and mountaineers, all welded by the band of a common and well-ingrained official language, very largely by that of common religion, with unlimited resources, a magnificent position, and a devoted and proud army of infantry and Cossacks,—it can only be thought what a chance it affords for any ambitious and unscrupulous man to establish an Eastern empire which would sit astride of Turkey and Persia. And we may wonder at the Russian Government doing so much decentralizing work in a land so far from Petersburg that even the common gossip of Tiflis does not seem to reach it!

ASHTON W. DILKE.

## THE HISTORY OF REPUBLICANISM IN FRANCE.

"La rétrogradation ne peut jamais être que partielle et temporaire, même dans les cas exceptionnels. Elle se réduit ordinairement à la fausse apparence résultée d'une exploration trop détaillée du mouvement humain qui constitue toujours une progression oscillatoire."—COMTE.

WE are all of us accustomed to exaggerate the successes and magnify the prospects of the cause we favour. It is a habit arising mainly from a desire to convert others to our way of thinking, and since by far the largest part of mankind not only submit to the accomplished fact as soon as it is recognised, but accept it as satisfactory, we are tempted to resort to this method of conversion as the most potent and expeditious. In proportion, however, as the prestige thus created is ill-founded, it is sure to be followed by discouragement and reaction. A cause which has solid elements of strength, is best served in the long run by unexaggerated estimates of its past, and sober forecasts of its future.

No cause has suffered more severely from the impatient exaggeration of its advocates and chroniclers than that of the Republic in France. They have never been willing to admit the strength of the forces opposed to them. Their temptation to overrate their own numbers has certainly been strong. Committed, as they have hitherto been, to the democratic dogma of the sovereignty of the people, they could not afford to confess that the popular voice was not with them. By their bold assertions, both in the first revolution and in that of 1848, that the country was republican, they may have for the moment overawed resistance and secured the adhesion of time-servers and cowards. But their cause has ultimately lost at this game of brag. For if it were true, as alleged, that republican convictions prevailed in France at those epochs, it was also manifest that at subsequent epochs they retained their hold on but a small minority. The reactionists therefore might well refuse to admit that there was anything hopeless in resistance to modern ideas, and might argue with much apparent reason that republicans themselves are generally cured of their theories when once they have seen them applied in practice.

With Englishmen this supposed ebb and flow of the republican tide has found easy credence. It never seems to strike them as intrinsically improbable; for it is shortly and simply explained by what they call the "fickleness of the French people"—an ultimate cause too well known to need proof, and rendering any further inquiry superfluous. One would suppose, so calmly is this solution

propounded and accepted, that France was the only country in Europe where governments are often changed. Is the tenure of power so unbroken in England?

"Quid pauper? ride: mutat cœnacula, lectos,  
Balnea, tonsores."

We change our Gladstone and our Disraeli, and change them again. The issues involved, it may be said, are petty, and the personages of something less than the first magnitude; but if all our institutions should come into the melting-pot, we are no more likely than our neighbours to make up our minds in a day or a generation in what shape we shall recast them.

The truth is, that no nation is "fickle" in the sense of being addicted to sudden and capricious changes of political opinion. But circumstances may produce immense temporary changes in the form of governments, while opinions are undergoing a very slow and gradual modification. The writers of histories chronicle the former, which are patent and unmistakable facts. But, being for the most part either mere *littérateurs* or antiquarians, they fail to measure the subtle movement of thought, finding it easier to assume that it sways to and fro with street insurrections and *coups d'état* in France, and with general elections in England. To those who believe that progress is only the development of order, and therefore that its general direction never changes, these shallow appreciations of history are inadmissible. In attempting to explain the details of progress there is no sure footing except in proportion as they are considered along with, and in strict subordination to, its wider aspects. Having ascertained general tendencies on a large scale, we know what signs to look for, and what indications to trust to, in a closer examination of particular periods.

The object of the following pages is to furnish a brief but comprehensive view of the history of the republican party in France, in order afterwards to attempt an estimate of its present position and prospects. Of the many Englishmen who think themselves entitled to form and express an opinion on this latter point, a very small number, it may be confidently affirmed, have any definite impressions, correct or incorrect, on the former subject. Yet, what value can possibly belong to the opinions formed even by a sensible man, if based merely upon the disjointed scraps of information which he has picked up from newspapers during the last three or four years? He has hardly recovered from one surprise before he is bewildered by another. The Comte de Paris goes to Frohsdorf in August, and "the monarchy is made." The Comte de Chambord writes a letter in November, and the monarchy is buried. The Gironde elects M. Roudier in March, and France is republican. The Nièvre elects

M. Bourgoing in May, and France is Bonapartist. Those who feel rather humiliated at having thus boxed the compass of political conjecture in twelve months, may be not unwilling to give their attention to the facts here offered for their consideration.

It would be a mistake to suppose—though it is a mistake, I believe, very generally made even by well-educated persons—that the French people was converted to republicanism, even momentarily, during the first revolution. The more closely the history of that period is investigated, the more clearly does it appear how small was the number of convinced republicans between 1792 and 1799. A republican school there had been, no doubt, for a generation, just as there is in England at the present moment; but the Revolution was in full swing for two years before there was any republican party. In the domain of practical politics the furthest-going reformers aimed at nothing beyond a constitutional monarchy. But in June, 1791, the constitutional monarchy was overthrown by the king himself. When Louis XVI. treacherously absconded from Paris, in order to put himself at the head of the German armies, he left behind him a document in which he pretended to annul the acts of the National Assembly, and to resume his authority as absolute king. Then, and not before, Danton and the Cordeliers, speaking in the name of Parisian good sense, proposed that the king should be exiled and a republic proclaimed. No doubt France was not ripe for that form of government. No doubt it would have been better if its advent could have been deferred till a considerable portion, at least, of the population understood what it meant, and deliberately preferred it as something else than a *pis aller*. But the monarch himself had hurried on the fatal crisis, and, as in a choice of evils, Danton chose aright. The throne was vacant. Order prevailed. A powerful and respected Assembly was in session. All hearts vibrated with a thrill of outraged patriotism. Unfortunately the destinies of France at that juncture were to be decided not by Paris, but by the cream of French intelligence, education, and political experience—the freely elected deputies from all parts of the country, and that unique moment in the Revolution was lost. The Assembly clung desperately to the constitutional throne, and it was re-established by the help of a series of fictions more solemnly ridiculous than can be paralleled even in English history. From that moment the republican school became a republican party. A much less serious occasion would be sufficient to precipitate a similar transformation in our own country.

The immense mass, however, of the nation was never republican at this or any other period of the Revolution. The nobles had long been detested, and there was the firmest determination, among lower and middle class alike, to abide all the horrors of civil war and



foreign invasion, rather than allow them to be reinstated in their privileges, the abolition of which, indeed, was very far as yet from being completed. \* But the crown had never shared the unpopularity of the nobles. We can hardly exaggerate the reverence and affection with which it was regarded by all, except the small educated minority who had imbibed the doctrines of the philosophers. To the mass of the nation it was by long tradition the symbol of national unity, of deliverance from English, German, and Spanish invaders, of humbled feudalism, and of internal tranquillity. So deeply rooted was this sentiment that neither the tyranny and exaction which marked the later years of Louis XIV., nor the waste and infamy of his successor, had materially shaken it. Under Louis XVI. it had probably even gained in strength, for up to the flight to Varennes there was a wide-spread belief among the lower class in Paris that the king was a well-meaning, benevolent man, who was only prevented by his *entourage* from zealously co-operating with the Assembly. It is certain, for example, that in removing him from Versailles on the ever-memorable 6th October, the people believed it was rescuing him from something like captivity, and restoring him to personal liberty and independence. The language employed in the official documents of the National Assembly, and in the pamphlets of the constitutional party scattered broadcast over France, studiously fostered this delusion. In them the peasant was taught to regard the king as the pillar of the constitution, and the personal author of the glorious reforms realised or in prospect. It is true that a loyalty of this reasoned kind, warm though it may be while the motive for it exists, will stand far less wear and tear than the tough old-fashioned article created by habit and tradition on which thrones rested firmly during so many centuries of Western history. Still, nothing less than the flight to Varennes would have effectually opened the eyes of the French peasant. He could not refuse to believe his eyes. Here was the heir of so many champions of the national independence, of Charles VII. and Francis I., of Henry IV. and Louis XIV., caught in the flagrant act of desertion to the German enemy, and guilty, by his own written avowal, of a design to re-establish the old detested *régime*. During the whole of that long, disagreeable return to his capital his carriage moved amid a dense throng of peasants who had flocked to the line of route from the whole country side, to see the shameful king who had invited foreign armies into France—"le plus sale de tous les crimes"—as Cardinal Richelieu called it. Vivid descriptions remain of the shock and panic caused by the news as it spread to the remotest corners of France, and the more fully the facts became known the blacker did they appear.

The flight to Varennes and the twelve months of royal treason by

which it was followed did not, as after years proved, convert the bulk of the nation to republicanism; but they effectually destroyed all reverence and love for Louis XVI., and, for the moment, that came to much the same thing as republicanism. In Paris itself, it is certain that the capture of the Tuileries and the arrest of the king were effected by a very small portion of the population, acting under the impulse of the republican leaders. By far the greater number of the citizens, especially the wealthier, were and continued to be monarchists—of the constitutional type, *bien entendu*—which, in the eyes of the king, queen, and aristocracy, was more odious and more deserving of the gallows than republicanism itself. These monarchists, however, stood by and looked on while the monarchy was overthrown. Most of them being before all things good patriots, were hardly less irritated than the republicans against the crowned traitor who had called in the foreigner; and if there were any to whom even at such a moment the constitutional theory was something dearer than country itself, they felt that their mouths were shut. Louis XVI. was a hopeless representative of their principle, and they could only await the time when it might revive under less damaging auspices.

In other parts of France, if we except certain western and southern districts, public feeling was much the same as in Paris. In a few places the official class demurred to a revolution, which it was easy to see would bring a *nouvelle couche sociale* to the front. But, as a general rule, the Paris movement was everywhere reproduced. The royalists proper and clergy, who up to the 10th August had been ostentatiously computing the rate of the German march, cowered low in terror. Of the constitutional monarchists by far the greater number put their doctrines on the shelf with more or less resignation, though a few assumed a factious attitude. The direction of the country as a whole, and of each separate commune of it, fell at once into the hands of the republicans.

What, then, was the strength of the republican party at the general election of 1792, and of what elements was it composed? We know that the famous Assembly then returned consisted entirely of professing republicans. Roughly we may say that the Right of the Legislative Assembly disappeared, and its republican Left became the Right of the Convention. The Republic was voted at its first sitting by acclamation. It would, however, be a serious mistake to suppose that the French nation, or a large portion of it, was republican. The republican party in any given district would have been found, upon analysis, to be composed somewhat in this way. First in importance, though fewest in numbers, were the brethren of the Jacobin club affiliated to the mother society in Paris. Old republicans these, who had belonged to the school before it became a party;

middle-class men, surgeons, lawyers, men of letters, ex-priests, with a sprinkling of shopkeepers and proprietors. For the Jacobin clubs contained hardly any workmen at that time, and remained essentially middle-class societies to the last. Steeped in the doctrines of Rousseau, certain of the truth of their belief as ever were the followers of Jesus or Mahomet, confident that a millennium was immediately attainable by the adoption of their formula, these Puritans of the Revolution alone among their contemporaries knew their own minds, and strode firmly forward, shoulder to shoulder, amidst a bewildered panic-stricken crowd. Ill would it have fared with France, if their ideal had been less absolute and their confidence less blind. Could they have attained to the wise relativity that is gradually permeating modern thought, could they have understood how secondary is the influence that man can exercise on his own destinies, their hearts must have failed them, and a great work would have remained undone. Any estimate of their numerical strength must necessarily be very vague; but if we put it at one per cent. of the adult male population, taking one part of the country with another, we shall probably be exaggerating. What were they among so many? But the faith that removes mountains was thrown into the scale, and this handful of men weighed heavier than all the millions of other Frenchmen. It is all very well to count heads in a tame, decorous appeal to the country, when nothing more serious is involved than the rate of the income-tax or the hour of closing public-houses; but the English Independents of the seventeenth century and the French Jacobins of the eighteenth, stand in history as a witness that, in any really great crisis, ten men who are united by a doctrine, and know their own minds, are more certain to have their way than ten thousand bewildered, unorganized individuals, thinking mainly of their private interests, and not very clear even about them. The undecided and hazy-minded—that is to say, the majority of any community—gather round the men who seem to see their way, cling to them, and lend them the physical force they want. In the summer of 1792 all other parties were discredited—the royalists proper by their treason, the constitutional monarchists by their breakdown. But those very facts had added enormously to the credit and prestige of the Jacobin, for he had never ceased to predict both the one and the other. France was in mortal danger, and it was natural that all should turn for her cure to the physician who alone seemed to have made the true prognosis of her malady. This, and not some isolated outbreaks of popular fury, as some dull and malevolent pedants have recently discovered, was the natural, sufficient, and legitimate cause of Jacobin ascendancy at the elections of 1792.<sup>1</sup>

(1) In the summer of 1792 the Jacobins were almost co-extensive with the republican party. By the winter of 1793—4 this had ceased to be the case. Under the influence

The Jacobins, however, were not the only element of the republican party at that epoch. There was also the much larger class of persons who sincerely embraced its principles in 1792, but—where they survived its storms—drifted eventually in other directions. Such were for the most part the Girondins, who would have been satisfied with office for themselves up to the 10th August, and had never intended to dissolve the Legislative Assembly. Such also, in simpler and more sensible fashion, were the workmen of Paris, who welcomed the republic frankly as the only government possible in the existing situation, fought eagerly for it while it seemed to fulfil their hopes, and fell back, not into royalism, but into an expectant and reflective attitude, when those hopes were disappointed. There were also the frothy, sentimental, impressible people, who took up the new ideas in 1792 with as much levity and as little reason as they deserted them two or three years later; a class much larger, no doubt, than the others which I have enumerated, but not, as we are generally asked to believe, comprehending the mass of the French nation. Any attempt to estimate their numbers, even approximately, would of course be idle; but we may assert with confidence that, adding all sorts of republicans together—the fanatical Jacobins, the pedantic and ambitious Girondins, the single-minded workmen of Paris, and the fickle hangers-on who formed so large a part of the total—it was still but a small, a very small, minority of Frenchmen who, in the most furious whirl of the Revolution, considered themselves or were considered by others to be republicans.

The political complexion of the rest of the nation is soon described. The ideal of the bourgeois was then, as it is now, a limited monarchy, with no aristocracy. If he acquiesced in the republic for the time, it was because his own scheme had broken down with every circumstance of discredit and ignominy, and he had to choose between the revolutionary government which he abhorred much, and the *ancien régime* which he abhorred more. Be it said also, that though he had the same faults which he has now—timidity, selfishness, and want of public spirit—he had them in a far less degree. He had not descended through those nethermost circles of corruption marked by the names of Louis Philippe and Napoleon III. It was still possible that the middle class might take its place in the van of progress, and preside worthily over the renovation of society. It was not yet necessary to delve into new strata for the stuff of which citizens and statesmen are made. Indeed all the revolutionary leaders were middle-class men. But taking the bourgeoisie as a whole, it is a

of Robespierre they had become a narrow sect, from which numbers of energetic republicans stood aloof. Michelet, I know not on what data, computes the members of the Revolutionary Committees throughout France (who in 1793 were chiefly Jacobins) at 50,000.

great mistake to suppose that it ever wavered in its predilection for a limited monarchy during any period of the Revolution.

The peasantry, as every one knows, formed an enormous majority of the population of France. We see what the peasant is now by comparison with the town artisan—ignorant, narrow, avaricious, and lamentably wanting in public spirit. He was not, *au fond*, superior in any of those respects in 1792; he was more superstitious, and had less general information. But, owing to circumstances, he could not have served the republic better had he been a model man and citizen. He had one piece of knowledge which at that juncture was worth more to himself and his country than the best education any school-board could have given him. He knew that the Revolution had relieved him from many feudal burdens, and that only by continuing the Revolution and carrying it further would he be relieved from the rest. He had bought bits of confiscated land dog-cheap, and on credit. He comprehended perfectly that if the king were restored by foreign arms, a good deal else would have to be restored along with him, and therefore, as long as the danger lasted, he went heart and soul with the most extreme and earnest revolutionists—that is to say, with the Jacobin club in the nearest town. But he was no more of a republican than the Vendean himself. He was simply less priest-ridden; for if the Constituent Assembly had been wise enough to let the Church alone, no Vendean would have struck a blow for his squire. The French peasant then, as now, was for the government which would most promote his material prosperity. It is absurd to set him down as a republican because he burnt the neighbouring château in 1789, and fought for his homestead in 1792-3.

Having now reduced the republican party in the first revolution to its true proportions, let us inquire what became of it. Of its false brethren I say nothing. Round every government there gather clusters of loud-tongued, light-fingered parasites, great and small. They thrive and fatten, and ratting at the right moment, leave it burdened with the memory of the evil deeds they have done in its name. All governments carry these vermin about them, but such as spring from revolutions or *coups d'état* are naturally most infested with them. Of these I need say nothing. As for the ardent republicans, whether their energy was the fruit of reflection and fanaticism or of a gallant enthusiastic temper, if they were mature men they were guillotined by Robespierre, were guillotined by Thermidorians, were massacred by White Terrorists, were deported by the First Consul; if they were youths they joined the volunteers of 1792, or the *levée en masse* of 1793, and such of them as survived the campaigns of Jourdan and Hoche, of Moreau and Joubert, forgot the name of citizen in the ranks of the Old Guard. What party

ever underwent such manifold and long-continued depletion? And mark, that under such conditions there was no second generation, or, where there was, it was left fatherless—to be brought up by the widow and the priest.

As for the workmen of Paris—always a force to be enumerated and taken stock of apart from all others, however the rules of logical division may be thereby contravened—they had furnished their full contingent to all these rolls of death. But the rank and file of the republican party had been too numerous in the metropolis to be exterminated so. If the tocsin no longer “yielded” after the days of Prairial, 1795, it was not that St. Antoine and St. Marceau were depopulated, but because the workmen had learnt, by a rude and terrible experience, that there must be something grievously amiss either in the principles of the republican party or in its organs. Themselves honest and sensible, but uninstructed, they had been told, and for five years had been willing to believe, that the substitution of certain political forms for certain others would instantaneously produce a golden age. The experiment had continued long enough, and they would take no active part in prosecuting it any further. That it had not had fair play was undeniable; and a few zealots persisted in believing that but for the cruel hostility of Europe and the treason of so many Frenchmen the ideal society of Rousseau would have been established and universal happiness achieved. The unsophisticated common sense of the workmen saved them from these illusions. But it also saved them from anything like the reactionary extreme into which some more refined and educated persons passed. They did not regret the broad results of these five years, far as they had fallen short of their expectations. It never occurred to them then, nor has it ever occurred to them since, as to some well-meaning liberals, to look on the Revolution as having been essentially damaging to liberty and progress. But they did not see their way any further for the time, and they looked on as unmoved spectators at the middle-class insurrection of Vendémiaire, 1795, and at the *coups d'état* of Fructidor, 1797, and Brumaire, 1799.

It can hardly be disputed that a free general election in 1795 would have returned an Assembly almost as monarchical as that of 1792 had been professedly republican. But to describe this as a reaction is a somewhat loose and misleading use of the term. Where there had been so little real movement there could not be much reaction. The danger from which the country had sought refuge in a revolutionary government had passed away. Louis XVI. was no longer there to discredit and trip up the constitutional monarchists. That party, therefore, which had never abandoned its opinions, and had all along been vastly more numerous than the republicans of all colours and qualities put together, was certain to have carried the elections even

though its adversaries had incurred no odium and had suffered no depletion. Even in the Convention itself plenty of men, who had kept close enough during three years, hardly took any trouble to conceal their monarchical leanings. Moreover, it was a question of peace or war, and in 1795, as in 1871, all, except the republicans, were clamorous for peace at any price. But though the republicans were now but the wrecks of a party, and were repudiated by the country, they were still a majority in the Convention and, what was of more importance, in the army. In Vendémiaire, 1795 (so strangely enumerated among the triumphs of reaction by a recent writer in this Review), and again in Fructidor, 1797, universal suffrage was trampled upon, and the monarchists were crushed by the republican soldiery.

Napoleon I. wished it to be thought that he represented and combined all that was valuable in both the republican and monarchical *régimes*. Though his hand always lay heaviest on the republicans, he seemed to have most affinity with them, and the result was a certain confusion of ideas, which prevailed under the Restoration, and was not finally cleared up till his nephew's *coup d'état*. Bonapartists and republicans were joint victims of the White Terror of 1815. Not only were they confounded by the government, but they worked and conspired together against the common foe. Their combined force, however, was numerically insignificant. If they were really dangerous to the established order, it was because they were for the most part either soldiers or fanatics. A Jacobin insurrection and a mutiny in the army were for some years not impossible, but they would have been stoutly resisted by the middle class and National Guard.

The *bourgeoisie*, as a body, rejoiced at the Restoration. They did not conceal their disgust at the return from Elba, and even Waterloo was felt to have its compensations. They would have preferred Louis Philippe to Louis XVIII. But the Charter embodied all, or nearly all, they desired, and though it was often evaded, and always, after the fall of Decazes, administered in a despotic spirit, they clung to it almost with veneration, and strove, not unhopefully, to realise by a patient parliamentary action their ideal monarchy in which the king should reign and not govern. It was not till they found themselves in presence of a *coup d'état* that the more spirited among them determined on armed resistance, and once more appealed to the workmen of Paris for support in July, 1830.

Here commences the second grand phase of the Revolution. Its arrival is marked by two broad facts. New doctrines are in the air and the workmen of Paris, abandoning the reflective and observant attitude which they have maintained since Prairial, 1795, are again in the field. The second of these facts is, to a great extent, a con-

sequence of the first. St. Simon has proclaimed that the age of gold is before, and not as Rousseau and the men of '93 believed behind, us. Fourier, under extravagant forms, has launched the fertile and attractive idea of co-operation. Feeble thinkers and feebler writers these, if we compare them with the intellectual and literary giants of the last century; but none the less are they for the moment organs, *faute de mieux*, of the progressive thought of the West, groping its way through the revolutionary chaos towards a settled and final order. Neither of these teachers is driving at a republic, but whether they will it or not their doctrines must tend to eliminate monarchy of every type. The workmen of Paris, after thirty-five years of apparent apathy, think they see something better to struggle for than the defective formulas of Rousseau and the Jacobins. It became plain at once that, though they had withdrawn during all that time from active co-operation with the little republican party, they had not rejected or forgotten its essential ideas. If M. Thiers had been less dexterous or Lafayette less weak, if the Assembly had protracted its discussions, or Louis Philippe had delayed his decision, twenty-four hours longer, the republic would have been proclaimed at the Hôtel de Ville. That it would have been permanently established subsequent experience forbids us to believe. Owing to the circumstances described above, which had checked what may be called their normal rate of increase, its partisans were probably not more numerous than in 1792, and the constitutional monarchists were not, as then, discredited. On the contrary, they had shown spirit, prudence, and patriotism; they had wealth, organization, and numbers on their side, and they would never have acquiesced in the relinquishment of their cherished experiment until it had received a fairer trial than the elder Bourbons had been willing to allow it. An Orleans dynasty had been their secret preference in 1792, and their unconcealed desire during the Hundred Days. In 1830 they at length attained their wish. The one ingredient, so long a desideratum in their alchemy, was found—a ruler who rested neither on divine right nor on a plebiscite, but on a title purely parliamentary; who was able, prudent, and peaceful, even to timidity. Now or never could the constitutional monarchy be expected to take root and flourish.

The experiment was conducted under the most favourable conditions. It was not troubled by any formidable interference either from within or without. The republican party had received a stimulus in 1830, and was growing. But in a country of thirty-eight millions of inhabitants it was still numerically insignificant. Its abortive insurrections in the first four years of Louis Philippe's reign convinced even its own leaders that it could not command the armed support of the Paris workmen, to gain whom they now began to affect



a socialistic phraseology. At Lyons misery drove the workmen to the barricades, but without Paris they could do nothing. These outbreaks were distinctly advantageous to the constitutional party. They caused unity to prevail in its ranks for four years, and it was not till the absolute inability of the republican party to effect a revolution was placed beyond a doubt that the inherent vices of the parliamentary monarchy began to manifest themselves. That monarchy perished in 1848 as it had perished in 1792, not because the republicans were strong, nor yet because the workmen were hostile to it, but because it had become so dangerous to the best interests of the country that the bourgeoisie themselves considered armed resistance necessary. It is true that when the National Guards turned out on the afternoon of the 23rd of February they meant only to oust M. Guizot, and not to overthrow the dynasty. But a constitutional monarchy in which the monarch can only be effectively checked by armed demonstrations has lost its *raison d'être*.

It has been the fashion to say, and to certain people there is much comfort in the belief, that, if the king had shown more firmness, if M. Odilon Barrot had not insisted on the retirement of Marshal Bugeaud, if General Bedeau had not hesitated to fire on the National Guard, the monarchy might have been saved. But these "ifs" are very idle, and to attempt to reason from them shows great ignorance of the real state of affairs. Louis Philippe desponded, wavered, and finally abdicated, because the one class to whose support he trusted had risen in arms against the ministers of his choice, and because he read in the countenances of his very courtiers and family nothing but disapproval and distrust. When Barrot refused to take office with Bugeaud, when Bedeau halted his column on the boulevard, they exactly reflected public opinion, which is not only a force, but the most important of all forces. Constitutional monarchy was discredited, as in 1792, and those who still preferred it did not know what to say for it. Of all the revolutions that have taken place in France this was the most clearly foreseen by intelligent observers. The establishment of the republic was not at all due to the faith and energy of a party, as it had been largely due in the first Revolution. It is notorious that in February, 1848, the republicans were disorganized and unprepared, nor were their leaders borne up by that confidence in a good time coming which had been the strength of the old Jacobins. So much the more significant was their easy triumph. We can now read its lesson. The monarchy in both its forms was definitively judged and condemned. Henceforth it was out of the race, though it might continue for a time to impede and harass its competitor.<sup>1</sup>

(1) As our journalists are never weary of pointing to the expulsion of <sup>\*</sup>Louis Philippe as a proof that Frenchmen do not know when they are well off, it is worth while to

Another significant difference is to be noted. The republic of 1792 was not accepted heartily by the bulk of the population in any part of France, and in some districts was fiercely rejected. In 1848 not an opposing voice was raised in any department, or by any class. The peasantry received it cheerfully, and even with unreasonable hopes; the priests loudly and unanimously declared that Church and republic would be the best of friends; soldiers, lawyers, functionaries of all sorts, even the courtiers of the fallen king, hastened to send in their adhesions. Every one felt that the monarchy was, as M. Thiers said at the time, "bien finie." First thoughts were best. When parliamentary manœuvres and skirmishes began again, M. Thiers, and many others who mixed in them, lost this temporary clearness of vision, and surrendered themselves once more to illusions. In plotting to restore the monarchy they only succeeded in overthrowing the republic. Subsequent events, especially those of the last twelve months, have proved that the monarchy was indeed finished and done with in 1848.

But though the monarchy was finished, the republican party was still far from being in a majority. In the north and east of France and in the important city of Lyons it had made great progress during the reign of Louis Philippe among the town workmen and the lower bourgeoisie; but the richer classes there, as elsewhere, were for the most part monarchists, either of the constitutional or rococo sort. In the south, except Lyons, and the south-west, even in such important towns as Bordeaux, Marseilles, and Toulouse, where the White Terror had raged so pitilessly in 1795 and 1815, the republicans were a very small minority; but the soil was prepared for their ideas to an extent which no one then suspected. The west was, as it has since remained, quiet. Republicans were few there, but,

remark that the government of that monarch was not judged so favourably in England while it was fresh in men's recollection. A leading article in the *Times* of February 26th, 1848, says: "He has corrupted the constituency with the endless ramifications of patronage, till there was nothing left that was really free. He has built not the fabric of a popular constitution but a gigantic imposture of ministerial corruption." The Paris correspondent of the *Times*, writing just before the insurrection broke out, says that there are 100,000 troops in Paris, but anticipates the defeat of the Government, "not for want of material force, but by public opinion." Mr. John Stuart Mill says: "Every individual who, either from station, reputation, or talent, appeared worth gaining, was addressed through whatever personal interest, either of money or vanity, he was thought most likely to be accessible to. Corruption was carried to the utmost pitch that the resources at the disposal of the Government admitted of." Even Sir Archibald Alison admits that "the last months of Louis Philippe were devoted to securing the army and corrupting the chambers." Out of 460 deputies over 200 were placemen, and districts returning ministerialists were loaded with favours at the public expense.

Let it not be concealed, however, that the dethroned monarch found one panegyrist. On the 28th February, Mr. Disraeli said in the House of Commons "He lamented that Louis Philippe had fallen. He was a great prince, a great gentleman, and a great man." The *Times* report adds that "a roar of laughter followed this oracular annunciation."

on the other hand, the old reactionary spirit of the peasantry which called itself Legitimist, but which in truth was only particularist and anti-national, was dead, and the priests, who were still influential, professed to welcome the republic.

This being the state of opinion and sentiment in France, it is manifest that onlookers, who imagined that she was generally republican in 1848, because the dynasty had been overthrown, were too hasty in their conclusions. She was not generally anti-republican—that is all that can be said; but it marks a great advance upon any previous period since 1789. The revolution of February, however, did largely increase the republican party by the accession, not merely of the floating mass of time-servers, cowards, and featherheads, but of sensible and serious citizens, who were prepared for the change, and having made it, did not repent. The ground really gained then has never been lost, trying as were the mistakes and discouragements of 1848, and merciless as were the persecutions of 1851 and 1858.

From the elections of April, 1848, it is difficult to obtain satisfactory data for computing the real strength of parties in the country. Loyalty to the republic was on the lips of all candidates, just as loyalty to the Septennate is now. Men of both the monarchical parties were indecently lavish of democratic, and even of socialistic, professions. The democrats and socialists absurdly miscalculated their force and wasted their votes. For instance, in Paris, for thirty-four seats, 117 candidates went to the poll, the lowest of whom scored over 5,000 votes. The only skilful electoral management was on the part of the priests. The peasantry, little moved, for the most part, by political sentiment, and looking on all governments as mere administrative and tax-exacting machines, had been profoundly irritated by the financial policy of the Provisional Government, which had decreed an extraordinary addition of 45 per cent. to the four direct taxes, instead of resorting to an income-tax. The unpopularity arising from this iniquitous and short-sighted measure went far to neutralise the very considerable advantage which the possession of office during the elections naturally gave to the republican party.

The first act of the Constituent Assembly was to vote the republic by acclamation. The large majority, however, of its members had only one idea—to preserve, under the republican forms which appeared to be inevitable, the essential features of the constitutional monarchy. These were—a chief of the State who should reign but not govern, and ministers, responsible to an assembly, who should firmly suppress democracy and socialism, not only in action but in discussion, and generally administer the State in the interest of its richest members. They did not conceal from themselves that the increase of the con-

stituency from 230,000 voters to over 9,000,000 might derange their calculations. But, on the other hand, the old franchise which they had themselves fixed in 1831 had been found too narrow for their purpose. It had enabled the king to reintroduce personal government under the most objectionable forms. They would have preferred to draw the line somewhere between universal suffrage and the old "*pays légal*." Two years afterwards this was actually done by the famous law of the 31st May; but in 1848 it was, or was thought to be, impossible. From men who had just volunteered the most democratic pledges, it would certainly have been indecent. After all, universal suffrage had returned *them*, and it might do so again.

I do not mean to say that these sentiments and calculations predominated among the deputies from the first. There was a strong minority of sincere republicans amounting to about one-third of the Assembly—a representation certainly much out of proportion to their strength in the country—and the trimming centre, which counts so many votes in all French Assemblies, went with them in its early days. But when the workmen of Paris had been designedly driven to take up arms by a most perfidious and cruel policy, and the Right had employed the Left in the odious work of crushing them, the republican party, already weak enough numerically, was sundered into two camps. Then the conservatives in the Assembly lifted their heads higher, and conceived the hope of establishing a form of government substantially equivalent to a constitutional monarchy; nay, many looked forward to a restoration of one of the royal families. The old men were already in power, and were governing in the old way, with the press muzzled and the right of free public meeting suspended. General Cavaignac himself was a sincere republican; but he could do nothing. The Assembly was supreme, and he had to accept a Dufaure ministry at its bidding.

The Bonapartist party, when it first began to stir in the spring of 1848, was not the joint-stock company for exploiting France which M. Gambetta declares it to be now. It was a mere coterie, very enthusiastic, rather weak-minded, and, compared with what we have since known it, respectable. The knowing ones on the political exchange had not yet discovered that Bonapartism was a good thing, or rushed to secure shares. It did not attract attention till Louis Napoleon was returned as a deputy to the National Assembly by the Seine and three other departments, at the complementary elections of June 5th. Every one was surprised, and none more so, than the electors of Paris who had voted for him. In the metropolis it was evidently not concerted. Every elector had eleven votes to give; and many, both of the conservatives and radicals, had, from good nature or curiosity, found a place on their bulletins for a name

that was then neither odious nor formidable.<sup>1</sup> But the people fired up when it was proposed in the Assembly to defeat their vote by a decree of banishment; and it was thought at the time that if the decree had been passed there would have been an insurrection. From this moment Louis Napoleon had no lack of backers. They founded journals which incessantly attacked the government on popular grounds, and vigorously stimulated the insurrection of June. As for the pretender himself, he resigned his seat, kept in the background, and clothed himself in a mysterious reserve. He did not, in fact, make up his mind till the autumn, whether he should run in socialist or conservative colours. In September he was re-elected by five departments, and it seems strange to us now that there should still have been two opinions as to the probable result of the approaching presidential election. The fact is, that the priests were expected to continue their adhesion to the republic, and to give their influence to Cavaignac. When Louis Napoleon arrived he at first saw the leading socialists, and coquetted with them. But having soon satisfied himself that they did not hold winning cards he turned to the Right, especially to the Legitimists and Ultramontanes. To De Falloux and Montalembert, their plenipotentiaries, he gave a pledge that he would favour the Church in the matter of education and restore the Pope, receiving in return a promise of clerical support. Not only the Legitimists but the Orleanist leaders, including M. Thiers and M. Odilon Barrot, finally determined to support him, thinking that he was a dull, stupid man, who could easily be put aside whenever the time should appear ripe for advancing dynastic pretensions; and that in the meanwhile they, the old parliamentary chiefs, would be the real rulers of the country.

But far more important after all than the support of priests, squires, and parliamentary cliques was the spontaneous sentiment of the peasantry, and of such town workmen as were not staunch republicans or socialists. French instinct has always leant steadily

(1) M. Louis Blanc advised his friends among the workmen to vote for the Prince. But if we compare the Paris vote alone (reported in the *Times* of June 9th) with the final result when the votes of the suburban and country districts of the Seine were added, we shall find that, without the latter, Louis Napoleon would have stood, not eighth, but sixteenth, and that Pierre Leroux, Changarnier, Thiers, and Proudhon would have stood fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh, instead of sixth, fourth, fifth, and eleventh, respectively. It is clear, therefore, that Louis Napoleon was indebted chiefly to conservative support. This difference between the city and the *banlieue* has always been marked from the time of the first Revolution.

The *Times* correspondent, describing the announcement of the result at the Hôtel de Ville, says, that the name of Causidière (who had received many conservative votes and headed the poll by a large majority) was received with "a unanimous bravo"; Thiers with "some hisses"; Leroux with "a burst of applause like thunder"; Louis Napoleon with "an universal and enthusiastic shout."

to personal rather than parliamentary government, especially among the peasantry, who have no political ambition for themselves, and feel unable either to grasp abstractions or to apportion to many individuals their proper degree of merit. The mass of men everywhere want to see a personification, and to know whom they are to hold responsible for a good administration. It is a sound instinct at bottom, and one to which republican theories will have to be adjusted before the normal order can be finally reached in Western Europe. By the gigantic charlatanism of the first Napoleon and his systematic propagation of falsehoods, he had succeeded in leaving behind him a name identified with the beating down of privilege, and the most dearly prized results of the Revolution. Memories of Waterloo and the foreign occupation, of the insolence of the returned emigrants, of the persecutions which had confounded Bonapartists with republicans—these, kept alive in many a popular song, had strengthened the delusion. If Louis Napoleon now reaped the benefit of this legend, we must observe that his election was far from being equivalent to an expression of aversion for republican ideas. On the contrary, so far as it was due to the peasantry, it showed how thoroughly they were penetrated with some, at least, of those ideas. This, however, is very generally admitted, and I need not enlarge upon it further.

The earnest workmen of the towns understood republicanism in a very different way. But though their energy told in revolutions, when it came to universal suffrage they were vastly outnumbered. They were mostly socialists, that is to say, they considered it to be the duty of the State to do what it could to ameliorate the lot of the working class. At an election they would vote for any well-known socialist leader who happened to be in the field, because he would stand as the avowed champion of their class; but it by no means followed that they accepted his peculiar theories. The systems of those leaders were, in fact, most various and opposed, and each of them counted but a very small knot of disciples. The large majority of the terrible socialists, before whom all French respectability was trembling as if they aimed at mere anarchy, rapine, and lust, would have been satisfied with the measure proposed by M. Louis Blanc, when he was presiding over the Luxemburg Conferences, namely, a modest loan from the Treasury to start a few co-operative societies. Dreamers and fanatics, no doubt, there were who wished to attack the fundamental institutions of society. But these would have found no sturdier opponents than the mass of so-called socialists. The same may be said now. There is nothing more humiliating in the history of human credulity and cowardice than the attitude of the French *bourgeoisie* towards French socialism, whether in 1848 or at the present time.

The presidential election enables us to estimate the net result of this eventful year to the republican cause. It was shorn of the prestige that it had enjoyed in the spring. It was plainly over-matched. No timeserver could hope to better himself by sticking to it. The party, after having been suddenly and largely swelled, had been winnowed and sifted by adversity. Bearing these facts in mind, let us examine the voting of the 10th December. The figures of the principal candidates were as follows:—

Louis Napoleon . . . . .	5,434,226
Cavaignac . . . . .	1,448,107
Ledru-Rollin . . . . .	370,119
Raspail . . . . .	36,920

Cavaignac's vote was made up of the moderate and non-socialist republicans; some men "of the eve" and others "of the morrow," middle-class men who had been Orleanists while the monarchy lasted, but who had now come to the conclusion that France would find no permanent rest till the republic was definitively established. Ledru-Rollin was supported by the more advanced republicans—most of them, it may be believed, men of the eve. To catch the socialist vote he had stooped to propose a toast at a banquet against "l'infâme capital." But the socialists knew him to be entirely unsympathetic with them, and either voted for the consistent and worthy Raspail, or, following the advice of Proudhon, abstained. It has been often said that they supported Louis Napoleon to revenge themselves on Cavaignac for the days of June. Many of the less serious workmen no doubt did; but not those who were earnest republicans.

It appears, therefore, that the republicans of all shades amounted to rather less than two-sevenths of the whole number of voters, and we shall probably be right in taking that to be nearly the effective strength of the party at the end of 1848.

The general election of May, 1849, entirely confirms this estimate. Rather more than two-sevenths of the Legislative Assembly were republicans. This was thought at the time to show a great reaction in the country, and to men who, in the face of facts, had persisted in asserting loudly that "France was republican," it was of course discouraging.<sup>1</sup> That is the natural result of exaggeration. After all, the proportion of republicans was very nearly the same as in the previous Assembly; and if we consider under what very different circumstances the two elections had taken place, we shall be most struck with the solidity of a party consisting so largely of recent recruits. Assuredly the first republic had never possessed anything like so many friends.

(1) M. Ledru-Rollin, for instance, said in the Assembly, on August 26th, 1848, "Soyez bien convaincus que l'immense majorité du pays se rattache à la République vraie!"

Between May, 1849, and the *coup d'état* of December, 1851, the republican party continued to grow, though harassed and persecuted by the government. In Paris, at the complementary elections of March, 1850, three seats being vacant, the political republicans accepted the three socialist candidates, and they were all carried over the conservatives after a close struggle. By a similar combination Eugène Sue was elected in the next month. This was made the pretext for the law of the 31st of May, which, by requiring three years' domicile, indirectly established a tax-paying qualification, and struck off about 3,000,000 voters from the register. This law was carried by a coalition of the old monarchical parties with the ministers of the President, who raised no objection to it till eighteen months later, when he found that it told much more heavily against his rural supporters than against the socialist voters in the towns. Then he demanded its repeal, and left the odium of it to be borne by the royalists. It was virtually a *coup d'état*, and is a clear proof that the conservatives of all shades, whether monarchists or Bonapartists, believed republicanism to be making great strides in more places than Paris.<sup>1</sup> No doubt their cowardice exaggerated the danger. Though the republicans would probably have gained at the next election, they would still have been in a minority.

It was in the south and south-west that their progress was most striking. Every one remembers what Lyons was in the first Revolution, how it guillotined Chalier, stood a siege from the armies of the Convention, and was sentenced to be razed to the ground. In 1795 the White Terror raged there; the royalist Précý was commandant of the National Guard, and the prison massacres formed an exact counterpart to those of September in Paris. After the first Empire, Lyons was still reactionary. But by 1830 it had undergone a certain change. It was not yet republican, but it was wretched and starving. Socialist theories were not yet in the ascendant; but an old established manufacture had created the chronic misery into which Lancashire was sinking when she was rescued by trades' unions and the Ten Hours Bill. Men wove rich silks for eighteen hours a day at less than a halfpenny an hour. Nine out of ten conscripts were rejected on medical examination. The priests were still influential, and taught the workmen to hate their employers as Voltairians. This state of things brought on the fierce insurrections of 1831 and 1834, which the government journals were at much pains to explain were of no consequence, because they were not

(1) The conservatives would have been glad to abolish voting by *scrutin de liste*, but it was guaranteed by the constitution. In other respects the law was substantially the same as the bill lately proposed by the Committee of Thirty, which also was calculated to disfranchise about 3,000,000 voters, and of which the *Times* said (March 14), "The attempt, if made, will be as pure a *coup d'état* as when in 1851 Louis Napoleon dissolved the assembly by his bayonets."



republican, but "only disputes about wages." What a road have we travelled since then! Up to 1848 there was little open republicanism in Lyons; but secret trade societies, socialist doctrines, and insurrections, though "only about wages," had prepared the soil, and moderate republicans were returned to both the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies. It is well known what Lyons is now—the most republican and anti-clerical city in France; and this progress was very largely achieved in 1850 and 1851.

Throughout the south the same process had been going on more or less decisively. Provence up to 1830 was the most royalist and Catholic district of France. Marseilles, notwithstanding the momentary ascendancy of a hot liberal minority in the crisis of 1792, was overwhelmingly royalist, and took up arms against the Convention in 1793. Toulon called in the English. But after 1848 we find the position of parties reversed. The royalists were still ardent and combative, but were in a minority. Not only the town workmen and lower middle class, but a large proportion of the peasantry became republican, and remain so still. During 1850 and 1851 extensive preparations were made for the next election, and it was generally believed that, even under the law of the 31st May, the republicans would be victorious in this part of France.

The south-west had been very reactionary before 1830. Bordeaux was a stronghold of royalism in the first revolution, and revolted against the Convention in 1793; for though the knot of deputies called Girondins were for the most part faithful to the republic, in the provinces a Girondin simply meant a disguised royalist. Bordeaux was the first city to hoist the white flag in 1814. In 1848 the *bourgeoisie* were Orleanist, the workmen unpolitical; and the republic was received more unfavourably than anywhere else in France. Toulouse, the other great city of the south-west, presented much the same characteristics; and throughout the whole of that part of France republicanism had made but little way in May, 1849, when the elections to the Legislative Assembly were generally conservative. It was not till the end of that year that progress became more marked. During the next two years it was very considerable even among the peasantry.

What number of votes the republicans would have polled at another election must always remain a matter of conjecture. The circumstances under which the *coup d'état* was made are less generally remembered in England than might be expected, and I may be pardoned for briefly stating them. Louis Napoleon's term of office would have expired in 1852, and by an absurd article in the Constitution he was not re-eligible. In 1851 it became lawful to propose a revision of the Constitution, and eighty out of the eighty-five Councils-General petitioned for it, meaning, as is not

denied, that the President should be made re-eligible. But, by another absurdity of the Constitution, a three-fourths majority of the Assembly was necessary for revision. The Legitimists supported it, and were willing to give Louis Napoleon the presidency for ten years, by the end of which time they flattered themselves that the way would be clear for Henry V. In the meantime they would have substantially what they wanted—repression of republicans and support of the Papacy. For the same reasons the republicans opposed revision, and as they with the Orleanists mustered 278 votes against 446 Bonapartists and Legitimists, the proposal for revision was lost and, by a third constitutional absurdity, could not be revived till 1854.

This, therefore, was the situation. The re-election of Louis Napoleon was desired by a large majority of the well-to-do classes, as was indicated by the petitions of the Councils-General. I have said that in certain districts republicanism had made great way among the peasantry; but it is beyond dispute that the mass of that class also were for the President. Even, therefore, if the town workmen were unanimously against him, which they were not, it was certain that a very large majority of the nation wished for a prolongation of his power. And the minority was notoriously over-matched, not only in numbers but in strength. Yet, entrenching itself behind three constitutional absurdities enacted by a previous Assembly, it expected to have its way. Any man who maintains that under such circumstances Louis Napoleon was bound to acquiesce, that he was not rather bound to interfere and procure the nation an opportunity of releasing itself from a disastrous dead lock, must be indeed a slave of words and phrases. His crime was not that he undertook an office which the nation was thrusting upon him, but that he did so with abominable cruelty and for the worst purposes. If we admit that he was justified in dissolving the Assembly and appealing to the country (I do not say by a plebiscite), we cannot very well complain of him for acting with promptitude and secrecy, or for repressing by military force all attempts at armed resistance. But, on the other hand, such armed resistance could not be a crime, and those who ventured on it and failed, stood on at least no worse footing than prisoners of war. The certainty that the *coup d'état* would be endorsed by a large majority of the nation makes the severities exercised more odious. The truth is, that Louis Napoleon's object was not to give the nation an opportunity of saying how it would be governed, but to silence all opposition by exterminating his opponents. Robespierre aimed at precisely the same thing, but not having acted for the conservative party he has not received the homage of English respectability.

When the proposal for revision was defeated, most of the conserva-

tives of all shades grouped themselves round General Changarnier who was very hostile to the President and was supposed to have great influence with the army. During the whole of November, 1851, each side was plotting a *coup d'état*, and people expected every morning to hear either that the President had dissolved the Assembly or that Changarnier had deposed the President. To the republicans the latter prospect appeared the more terrible of the two. Indeed, after Louis Napoleon had demanded the repeal of the law of the 31st of May, they hoped he was making advances to them.

But the President knew very well that though the five hundred conservatives in the Assembly were split up into three or even six parties, paralysing each other by their jealousies and intrigues, out of doors all differences among reactionists were merged in the common feeling of hatred to the republicans, and impatience for the signal to fall upon them. The conservative deputies had long ceased to represent any one but themselves. Hence this curious result was observable, that while the *coup d'état* was locking up royalist deputies in Paris, it was being supported and carried out by royalist hands in the provinces. Much bewilderment in England would be spared if it was only understood that, except as regards a few individuals who might almost be counted by hundreds, Legitimist, Orleanist, and Bonapartist are terms that have no longer any specific meaning. The ordinary French reactionist is each of the three in turn, as the interests of reaction seem, at any given moment, to demand.

What little resistance there was to the *coup d'état* in Paris, came almost exclusively from middle-class republicans. The troops lost only twenty-six men. The workmen looked on with indifference at the fall of an Assembly five-sevenths of which were bitter reactionists, while the remainder consisted largely of republicans who had been concerned in the repression of June, 1848. But none the less heavily did the calculating fury of the tyrant strike the proletariat of Paris.

In the provinces the issue was less complicated. There only two parties were known, reactionists and republicans, and while the former unanimously supported the *coup d'état*, the latter regarded it with consternation and abhorrence. Armed resistance was made at a great number of places, especially in the south and south-west. Those who believe that the incurably reactionary tendencies of the peasantry will always make a republic impossible in France, will find in Napoleon's term notice that resistance came chiefly from that class. In our article in *they rose en masse*, and were not put down till more than a year had elapsed. But everywhere the officials high and low, the gentry of the army, supported the President with as much unanimity as is not

vigour as if they had been taken into his counsels. In all the large towns the military precautions were so complete that insurrection was impossible, and such resistance as there was only gave a pretext for vengeance.

Louis Napoleon must, of course, be held fully responsible for the reign of terror which ensued. It was part of his plan. But we must not forget that he had no need to trouble himself about carrying it out. That work was done for him as a labour of love by the conservatives in each district. Hence its complete and searching character. The friends of order had long marked down every energetic republican for slaughter or arrest. Upwards of one hundred thousand of the party were thrown into prison and kept there till the plebiscite was over. The number of deportations and banishments by virtue of an arbitrary decree of the President is admitted by his apologist, M. Granier de Cassagnac, to have amounted to 26,500, but it is generally put at more than double that figure.

The plebiscite of December 20 endorsed the *coup d'état* by 7,400,000 votes to 640,000, a result which has been made the text of much melancholy moralising on the singular submissiveness of Frenchmen to tyrannical rulers. As regards the majority, I must remark that its figures cannot be accepted as very exact. I do not doubt that it was overwhelming. But an overwhelming majority was not sufficient for Louis Napoleon. He wished to show something like unanimity. We know what secret voting may be even where there is perfect freedom and absence of intimidation. We remember the accounts with which our newspapers teemed at the time of places where the number of ayes exceeded the number of voters inscribed, or where the returning-officer used his hat for a ballot-box, and carried away the voting papers in his pocket. It is impossible to doubt that there was plenty of "ballot-stuffing" at all the plebiscites.

As regards the minority, if we consider the circumstances, we may be surprised that it was as large as it was. In the south and south-west, all who had joined in the insurrections were in prison or in hiding. Some communes appeared to be depopulated. How would an ordinary republican, of not more than average fortitude, reason? He would see a friend whose judgment he was accustomed to respect, or on several former character he would have leant, had been shot by the object of his affection, or was in prison awaiting despatch to Cayenne. The man would be still sitting, and he might at any moment be his opponent. If there were many "noes" in the ballot-box, his opponent would surely fall on him. A decree had gone forth that the members of secret societies should be deported, and he would

find it very hard to show that he had not belonged to such a society. After all, what would be the use of voting "no"? Could it undo what had been done? Even if the "noes" turned out to be most numerous, was it to be supposed that Louis Napoleon would get out of the saddle? So would the ordinary republican reason, and he would abstain. If he was a timid man, and I suppose all republicans are not lions, he would even vote "aye," and be at pains to let M. le Maire know it.

Englishmen who taunt Frenchmen with political cowardice ought to be very sure what they would themselves do under similar circumstances. The republicans, during 1849-51, had remained steady in their convictions, had boldly avowed them, had kept up a vigorous propaganda in the face of official persecution such as no Englishman ever dreams of being exposed to. As long as some law existed, however severe, some regular forms of judicial procedure, however harshly applied, they had stood out and taken their chance with a spirit which I hope would not be found wanting in Englishmen, should occasion for it ever arise. But when all law was suspended, when the mixed commissions were sitting in secret tribunal, when merely to be known as a republican was enough to ship a man to Cayenne and involve his family in ruin, I repeat, the only wonder is that six hundred thousand republicans should have been found who dared to present themselves at the poll.

It is pretty generally forgotten, I believe, in England, if indeed it was ever well known, that the reign of terror was not over and done with after 1852. It was repeated with aggravations in 1858, after the attempt of Orsini. Again were many thousands of republicans imprisoned, exiled, and deported. From a party that had suffered two such bleedings, what display of vigour could be expected? Yet in the last years of the Empire persons who knew France well were of opinion that she contained a greater number of republicans than at any previous period of her history; and that this was so is rendered probable by the fact that in 1869, although the electoral districts were so arranged as to secure a large majority of imperialist deputies, the opposition candidates polled 3,500,000 votes against 4,500,000 given for the official candidates.

The historical sketch which I have given, within such limits as were available, tends, I think, to show that not only is a republic among the possibilities in store for France—a conclusion upon which grave doubt was thrown in a recent number of *this Review*—but that it is in the force of things. In another article I propose to examine the position and prospects of the republican party in this its third essay to establish itself.

EDWARD SPENCER BEESLY.

## THE STUDY OF ARCHÆOLOGY IN SCHOOLS.

It is generally agreed that classical study, if it is to retain its present position in our schools, must be modified in its details. At first sight it may seem to promise nothing but weariness to discuss the teaching of another science. The claims of every science have been urged in turn, and urged successfully. It is difficult to deny that any branch of human knowledge is unfit for teaching, or that a more complete knowledge of any science will not be attained by early and thorough elementary teaching. It is more necessary at the present time to show how teaching may be co-ordinated, how the conflict of studies may be reconciled, how far a different education may be allowed for different individuals, or how some subjects of study may be altogether dispensed with. We are apt to be impatient at the thought of crowding another member into our over-charged curriculum, and to say that we will listen to nothing which does not promise us relief instead of pressure. But we must not overlook the fact that the progress of knowledge is also the progress of generalisation. The exploration of a new study may be likened to the exploration of a country. A man making a map for the first time of the country in which he lives would scarcely fail to be over-powered by the multiplicity of similar objects with which he must become acquainted. There would appear to be no end to the number of fields, roads, hedges, and brooks; one shed is like another, and haystacks do not differ in size or glory. But when the survey is completed, and the map is made, the whole country has become far more clear and intelligible. He has attained a higher and more commanding point of view, and has made it easy for any one else to arrive at the same eminence without the same expenditure of trouble. It has been thus with chemistry. The continual discovery of new details in these later times would have made the retention of so much knowledge almost hopeless, had not the discovery of a new manner of grouping the additional elements cleared away obscurities from the science, and presented us with a method which will for a long time prevent the manifold details of chemistry from being unintelligible to people of our capacity. The same process has taken place in the study of the classics, and if that study were properly directed would prevail to a far greater extent. There was a time when there were no Greek dictionaries. It is not long ago that a Greek lexicon was written in Latin, and could not be purchased under five pounds. It is now almost impossible for us to conceive the days before Liddell and Scott. Butler, of Shrewsbury,

was the first to construct ancient maps and to teach ancient geography on a rational basis. It is now almost easier to obtain a good ancient atlas than a good modern one. Some scholars regret the publication of Dr. Smith's dictionaries. There are also people who regret the introduction of railways. We no longer read Cluverius for geography, Petit for the laws of Athens, the folios of Montfaucon, or the quartos of Eckel. We get our knowledge more shortly, quickly, correctly, and intelligibly. We may not be convinced that Dr. Smith's books are all that can be desired, but they are the kind of books that are wanted. It must be perfectly possible to write an intelligible book, giving a consistent and connected account of the political antiquities of Greece and Rome, far more valuable and really instructive than the volumes which educated Gibbon. Should we seriously recommend any one who wished to gain an accurate knowledge of Horace to read all that wise and foolish commentators have written upon him, from Acron and Porphyry down to Wickham? They all deserve credit. They have settled this or that portion of the text, have explained this or that allusion, have discovered this or that illustration. Now the text is corrected, the allusions are explained, the illustrations are collected; all we want to know is the result. Monro has saved us for ever the task of reading Lambinus. Our complaint is, not that these royal roads to learning have been made, but that there are too few of them. In making them we have rather yielded to necessity than to choice, and we have not availed ourselves of all the advantages which they supply. Even some roads which the energy of youth has opened up and explored we do not as yet deign to make use of. Only a small minority of teachers are convinced of the advantage of literal translations; very few have come to disbelieve in dictionaries; scarcely one would wish to abolish grammars. But these improvements will all come in their turn, and we shall then disregard convention and tradition, and fix our minds on the shortest, speediest, and most effective mode of arriving at the meaning of our author.

Enough perhaps has been said to disarm the reluctance of those who may be unwilling to listen to the claims of a new study. No one can deny that archæology is not at present satisfactorily taught in our schools. It will be well perhaps to begin by defining the term. It is not intended to mean what are generally called antiquities, but only a part of them. It excludes all legal and constitutional questions. Archæology in its strict sense may be divided into two branches,—1, the archæology of art; 2, the archæology of daily life; and as a branch of this latter, and inseparable from it, we may reckon topography, the knowledge which brings accurately to our mind the exact form and appearance of the places where the events which we are describing occurred. The first of these

branches is by far the most important, and at the same time the most neglected in England. It is very strange that in a country where so much time is spent in studying the thoughts of the Greeks and Romans, where the highest literary education of our universities can scarcely rise beyond the study of their philosophy, that the study of their art should be so completely dead and unknown. It is difficult to exaggerate how large a place art held in the mind of a Greek. It is scarcely too much to say that it was the depository of all his highest thoughts, feelings, and emotions. We may strain as we like to reconstruct the poetry of Æschylus and the scepticism of Euripides, or to fathom the depth of the religion of Plato. These are after all but contained in words. The deepest feelings of the age from which they sprung were contained in forms of beauty which have long ago perished for ever. The galleries of the Vatican do not contain a single original Greek statue; many of the finest statues in that museum are the copies of mere craftsmen, the humblest labourers in their profession. Yet their study and contemplation will reveal to the intelligent mind a deeper knowledge of Greek religion than any study of the books the Greeks have left. This was the Greece that took Rome captive, not the dramas never acted, or the rolls of philosophy never read but by bookworms, not the comedies of Afranius, or the translations of Cicero, but the living marble and the breathing bronze, whose mutilated and shattered fragments enslave our hearts and almost win us back to Paganism. Let any one look carefully through one of those atlases of ancient art-mythology, which, though unknown in this country, are not rare in Germany. Let him note how the type of Zeus grows from the formless trunk or stone to the rude representation of a man, how it first derives dignity and intelligibility from the hand of Pheidias, how it is modified by union with the Egyptian Serapis, and how at last it sinks into the degraded type of the old debauchee, who, having exhausted all the mistresses whom earth or heaven can supply, fills the empty spaces of his harem with clouds and swans, and other strange and impossible unions. Can any one doubt that the moulding of the Zeus of Olympia, or the Athene of the Parthenon, or the Here of Argos, was the discovery and development of a new religion? Our new religious ideas are developed chiefly in books, they are prepared for by thought and teaching of many kinds; they sink into the minds of the learned, and filter very slowly to the crowd. It is rarely now that we see a great preacher creating by his eloquence and his personal power a new ideal of worship and a new conception of the Divinity. Among the Greeks, in the best days of art, this was done by the artist, who, even in the middle ages of Italy, did not wield so great a power. We do not know whether the owl-faced idols dug up at



Hissarlik represented god or demon, the embodiment of good or evil, a power to be worshipped or propitiated. The Athene of Homer is the creation of a mighty mind, far beyond the grovelling conception of struggling barbarians, but yet perhaps too human, too fickle, too uncertain for worship. But the great gold and ivory statue of the Parthenon was a revelation to its contemporaries, a power to posterity. Nothing now remains of it but a poor, rough, half-finished copy, hewed out unskillfully by a clumsy stonemason—a puny model, made to be carried off by a pilgrim as a memorial of his visit to the shrine. Yet keep that before your eyes day by day and it will grow in dignity and size, will awe you into reverence, and impress you with power. The image of that restrained, steadfast, firm, calm, motionless face will haunt you as the embodiment of the self-knowledge, self-reverence, and self-control which lead life to sovereign power. This source of knowledge, this way of truest insight into the deepest feelings of the Greek heart, we wilfully throw aside. We labour to reconstruct the shadowy Socrates. We lose ourselves in the mystery of love, the glow of which, chilled by the sternness of a new religion, still remains embedded in our hearts. What is the study of the yearning of Sappho, or the mazy aspirations of the Phædrus, to one glance of the chaste, imperious, passionate eyes of the Venus of Melos?

There is another aspect of Greek art which we neglect. We spend a great part of our time in studying and trying to imitate the Greek tragedians. Yet what is a Greek tragedy without the music and the acting? The music is irrecoverably lost. Greek music, whatever it was—the foundation of liberal education, the name for all the highest culture of the most cultivated people that ever lived—is now impossible for us even to conceive. We may comfort ourselves with the thought that we have something better in its place. But the other branch of art is not impossible for us to conceive. Even if we see *Antigone* acted in a German translation, on a German stage, to the sound of music most entirely unlike any which sounded in Grecian ears, except when they frequented an Alexandrian synagogue, we are deeply affected by the grouping and attitudes of the performers. We then see that the words of the play are words of tone, while the sight which a Greek audience saw was the succeeding of a series of living pictures, rivaling or surpassing the of the melodies to which they moved, expressing the subdued density of energy, and the position of action just short of being a feature of ancient art. The bold assertion of Antigone that she did the deed and will not deny it, is but weak in comparison.

unmoved, while the watchman is describing all the minutest circumstances of the crime. We may find the lamentation of the father which closes the piece an anticlimax to the action which proceeds, and imagine that the play should have ended, as it certainly now would, with the death of the principal character; but on reading the play we do not see the corpse of the loved Hamon brought in before us, and the bier resting on the stage, at once the cause and the contrast of the father's sorrow. It is not too much to say, that what an ancient audience looked for in a play was not so much the words and the music—which were after all but accessories to the effect, the fringe and ornament of the decoration—it was the slow, measured, and well-regulated succession of statuesque groups, perfect in form and execution, speaking more clearly in their stiffness and immobility to the eyes of the spectators than the ape-like contortions of a modern Italian *ballerino*, and moving the sitters on the farthest seats to an intensity of emotion to which neither words nor music could have aroused them. Hence the limitation of the number of the actors, which, rising modestly from figures to groups, never aimed at or assumed the pictorial form; hence the care of mask and buskin and dress; hence the large open-air buildings, where all could see, if all could not hear; hence the traditions of the unspoken ballet. We may not be able to call back in each of their plays the groups which delighted the original audience, but we may by acquiring a feeling for and knowledge of Greek sculpture rise to something of the pleasure by which they were entranced. At any rate, it is foolish to content ourselves with the mere husks and shells of passion, when the inner sanctuary of the deepest Greek feeling might be penetrated by us if we would.

We will now pass to the other division of the subject, which can be treated with greater brevity. The archæology of daily life is not a thing of light moment to our study of the classics. The plough of Virgil is or used to be famous. Did the generations of writers who taught the details of it, really know what it was? Would it not be more to the point if a commission of German savants should once for all search Italy and the islands for an antique plough, bring it home, and have it copied in miniature and sold for sixpence to the schools? Other implements are our despair. What was the *marra*, the *ligo*? They exist in Italy now, unchanged; a model of them might be made for a penny, yet our boys do not know what they are. The operations of spinning are a mystery to some, who think that a spindle is the same as a shuttle, and a distaff as a weaver's beam. Can any one of us fold a toga properly, or do we know how it was made; could we show a tailor how to cut one out? Rich's Dictionary of Antiquities has been translated into almost every European language, but is little known and used in England. Yet it throws more

light than any book of equal size on the daily life of the Greeks and Romans. He has used to the fullest extent the advantage of the Pompeian discoveries. Why are we in the dark about fillets; why can we not conceive a Roman banquet or sacrifice as easily as a special service in St. Paul's? Why are the operations of the circus a closed book to us, and the machinery of a Roman theatre a hopeless puzzle? Why do we know nothing about triremes, when they still exist in India, and an accurate representation of one in the act of being rowed is among the marbles of the Acropolis? All these things, which it is really of importance that we should know if we would understand our books rightly, should have been copied long ago in any cheap material, and dispersed throughout the educated world, making the hearts of our children lighter and the task of teachers easier. How tedious is the Roman house! What we teach now was extracted from Vitruvius, in the days when no Roman house was accessible. Now that Pompeii is discovered, and we know quite clearly that Roman houses are as different in character as English ones, we still cling to our ancient type, and teach our pupils as if they never deviated from the same pattern. Yet a plan or model made to scale of some portion of Pompeii could be easily obtained, and would not be beyond the resources of a great school. \* These models and plans should be just as much part of the ordinary paraphernalia of classical teaching as maps are for the teaching of geography, or apparatus for science. They would have this advantage—that when once seen they would never be forgotten. Perhaps ancient natural history scarcely comes under the head of archæology, but it would be very helpful to have a book full of the pictures of ancient birds, beasts, trees, and flowers; many of them can be accurately identified, and if many exact representations exist either in painting or sculpture, why should we still grope about in darkness, bandying words which are only used for construing, and which no one understands, instead of using our imagination to reconstruct an ancient landscape?

This leads one by an easy transition to another matter of great importance—ancient topography. It is a common remark that a visit to Greece or Rome throws a new light upon the classics. After such a journey, we find in every page of our reading something occurring to us in a new sense—some obscure allusion suddenly made clear. It must inevitably be so to some extent. We cannot by any liveliness of teaching reproduce the climate or the air of Greece, or even the subtle beauties of the mountain forms which looked down upon the great dramas of the ancient world. But we can remove a great deal of the ignorance which now exists, and which brings difficulty of learning and sluggishness of interest in its train. Why should not every well-appointed class-room contain a good model of the

seven hills of Rome, with the buildings and the various levels accurately shown? Were such a model multiplied largely, it could be sold for a very small sum. What liveliness would this give to the narrations of Tacitus and Livy, to the allusions of Horace, Juvenal, or Martial? We may say that no point of Roman topography is made clearer to the teacher by the recollection of a personal visit to Rome which could not be made as clear to the learner by a careful model. This same applies more strongly to Athens, equally to Syracuse. A model would teach us more than all the plans of Grote or Arnold, perhaps even more than our own inquiries on the spot. The want is equally felt on those larger questions of topography which are almost merged into geography. Excellent ancient maps we have in abundance, but we want sadly the assistance of illustrative photographs. Who that has once seen can have forgotten the view from the platform of the Lateran at Rome? Monte Cavo to the right, the gap of Palestrina with its hill town in the centre, Tivoli, Lucretilis, and the snows of the Apennines to the left; while one turn of the head will bring Soracte into view, curling like a wave about to break. This view is constantly required for the purpose of illustration. Every detail of the landscape is consecrated by the mention of Roman authors, yet it is impossible to obtain a photograph in which the scene is worthily represented. We have no photographs of the field of Marathon, the Bay of Salamis, the defile of Decelleia, the plain of Cannæ, the Caudine forks, or even of Veii and the Allia; and yet these places remain unchanged, patient and expectant, for the artist's hand to recognise their immortality.

I have said nothing about numismatics, but they should not be omitted in the enumeration. The schools of Eton and Winchester have lately spent a sum of nearly £600 in purchasing Roman coins from the British Museum. The liberality is praiseworthy, but it is questionable if the money might not have been better bestowed. Coins of any value must be kept under lock and key, and cannot be allowed to be handled and examined without careful supervision and ample precaution. Many of them convey no information without explanation. It is probable that good copies or representations of coins, with explanations attached, would have been more practically useful than this large expenditure of money. Besides, Roman coins are far less interesting and instructive than Greek. The latter are really works of art in themselves; the best of them belong to a time when all Greek art naturally expended itself in small and highly finished productions. Coins and gems bear the same analogy to statues and bas-reliefs, as the best epigrams of the anthology or the subjective lyric poetry of the Greek islands do to the larger works which we make our special study. They are often the only remains of a departed city, frequently the only authority for some

masterpiece of art, and, taken as a whole, they represent to us an epoch of civilisation which otherwise we should find it difficult to reconstruct.

In conclusion we should wish to propose that a society be founded analogous to the Palæographical or the Arundel Society, for the special purpose of spreading the knowledge of archaeology in schools; that it should make it its business to distribute at the lowest possible price such authentic copies of ancient works of art, chosen with especial reference to the instruction to be gained from them, and the light thrown by them on the religious belief or the literature of the ancients. There are some lovers of ancient art who despise casts as compared with originals. I confess that it gives me more pleasure to examine a first-rate collection of casts, such as those of Berlin or Bonn, properly and scientifically arranged, than to wander in a second-rate gallery of marbles such as that of Florence. Even as decorations, casts are admirable and effective, as any one who has seen the Humboldt House at Tegel will admit. But for the study of art it is almost necessary to bring together the scattered lights of knowledge which, dispersed in many museums throughout the world, will alone make a masterpiece of art intelligible. The best judges are agreed that the statue of Pasquino at Rome, which stands at the corner of the Braschi Palace, is perhaps the finest statue in the city, possibly the only original work in marble which exists there. The tourist sees nothing but a shapeless mass of stone. But place a cast of this close to the tastefully wrought head of Ajax which is in the Vatican, and the inferior group of the same subject in the Loggia dei Lanzi at Florence, and if possible a restoration in miniature, such as that of Ricci, of the original statue, and we at once acknowledge the grandeur of the design and the execution. Even the Apollo Belvedere wants the Stroganoff bronze to illustrate it; and the head of Hypnos in the British Museum is unintelligible without the marble statue of the Ildefonso and the bronze statuette of Florence. In the second place, such a society should publish photographs of sculpture, taken so as to be instructive, and copied in all cases from the original. No one can tell who has not tried the extreme difficulty of obtaining photographs to illustrate the history of ancient art. There are plenty of photographs of restored and attractive statues, often taken from bad copies, and in positions which are of little use to the student. But the torsi, the fragments, the uncouth marbles of an early age, the statuettes, which are most valuable as copies of world-famed but extinct masterpieces, are never photographed, and we have to depend for our knowledge of them upon bad and expensive outlines. Thirdly, the society should publish models and photographs of objects of daily life. Any number of these aids are obtainable for other kinds of instruction. We can get plans of every kind of fortification devised by Vauban or Cohorn, models of every

conceivable or inconceivable ship, copies of bridges, steam engines, locks, crystals, or common pumps, yet we have no copy of the Roman toga or the ancient loom. Lastly, we should pay especial attention to topography. We could obtain models of the Roman Forum, of the Acropolis of Athens, of the heights and harbour of Syracuse, of the houses of Pompeii, and photographs of every place of interest or importance in the ancient world—photographs not taken for artistic effect, but with the special design of instructing and making clear to us with ease what is now only obtained very imperfectly by endless labour.

It may be taken as certain that efforts in this direction will do more than anything else to establish classical literature in the place which it ought to hold in education. Classics have been defended on many various and inconsistent grounds. Milton would have advocated their study as being the chief depository of scientific wisdom; in the last century it was thought sufficient to contend that they furnished the best treasury for the mind, and that the Greek and Latin languages were the indispensable preparation for the learning of any modern language. We have now emancipated ourselves from the worship of grammar, we cease to emend corrupted texts, and we shall have soon left off making Greek and Latin verses; we study comparative grammar and philology, and seek in these studies the key to unlock the secrets of the ages. This is an undoubted advance in one direction; but we shall not be able to fix the attention of mankind on this ancient lore amid the multiplicity of modern claims and interests, unless we take our stand on what is the real ground of distinction in the Greeks and Romans—their literary and intellectual pre-eminence. If the teaching power of our universities is to be occupied more than heretofore with scientific and professional training, we must send our boys out from school with something more than a smattering of the literary works of the ancients. To effect this object we must employ every means which the discovery of new aids to teaching can supply us with. We must neglect nothing which can rouse the interest of the pupil, and inspire him with a genuine desire to explore the recesses of the ancients' life, and to live with those spirits who are the fathers of our civilisation. Much may be done by good editions, by good translations, by books such as those of Mr. Gladstone or Mr. Symonds, by more intelligent and comprehensive teaching. But, if we are not mistaken, there is a greater force yet untried. If the siren of Greek art is allowed to raise her voice, it will penetrate where the command of the teacher is powerless. The goddess, who bade Winkelmann and Schliemann forsake all and follow her, is not dead. A new renaissance is still possible, to lead this weary and world-worn generation to the serene heights of a more perfect culture and a more abundant light.

OSCAR BROWNING.

## A RECENT WORK ON SUPERNATURAL RELIGION.<sup>1</sup>

THEOLOGY is now for various reasons almost exclusively studied, in England at any rate, by those whose interest in it is professional, and consequently the few serious performances which come now and then from the press in this department are really no more than official apologies, and cannot be looked upon as disinterested inquiries scientifically conducted. Bishop Colenso marks a curious exception. For once, an ecclesiastic subordinated tradition to love of truth, and we had a work which, whatever faults it may have had in the sight of the higher criticism, was at least free from the vices inherent in the common form of mere official advocacy. The rarity of such an attitude made it a nine days' wonder and a scandal. It is perfectly natural in a political Church like our own, abounding in so many prizes which men desirous at once of power, dignity, and supposed usefulness may well covet, that able and learned men should devote their learning and ability to proving the truth of a set of positions which it would be extremely inconvenient to themselves to find untrue. We may say this without either cynicism, or any hint of deliberate dishonesty in these annual Bamptonian and Hulsean apologists. The ease with which men believe what they are eager to believe, is a commonplace of human nature. Thus, it comes to pass that the persons best fitted by technical knowledge of the subject to investigate the pretensions of the current creed in detail, are all engaged on one side; and the controversy as to the justice and reality of these pretensions has been vague, indefinite, and indirect. The attack in this country has been mainly on the side of physical science. But this is obviously and necessarily so little precise in its bearings on a religion professing to be supernatural, and thus leaves the door open for such a multitude of half-beliefs, uncertainties, and intellectual equivocations, that it only heightens the pitch to which religious anarchy reaches, and only multiplies the number of issues which rend the faith of the modern world. Then we have one or two dissolvents, like the faint sentimentalities of *Ecce Homo*, whose author is one of the most careful and instructed scholars in the country; but in writing *Ecce Homo* he certainly brought to bear none of that acuteness and precision in weighing evidence which marked his treatment of Livy. And there is that very different book, *Literature and Dogma*, which has excited so much interest even among those whose interest does not often turn

(1) "Supernatural Religion: an Inquiry into the Reality of Divine Revelation." Two volumes. Second edition. London: Longmans, Green, & Co. 1874.

towards the war of faith. Who does not feel that its fine spiritual *ἡθος*, its essential sincerity, its gracious feeling for the holy things, are all, not thrown away,—for such singular gifts are never quite spilled like water on the ground,—but misdirected from the true issues of the modern time? What we seek to know is the real nature of the material we are dealing with, and the terms we are all so constantly and fluently using. The important thing for us is not to find out how benign, graceful, and reasonable an element in life Christianity may be made, if it be true, but to convince ourselves on good grounds either that it is true, or that it is not true. We feel therefore that such a book as Mr. Arnold's, however useful it may be for a season in mitigating the harsh crudities of dogma, yet does not in any sense push to the heart of the matter. The literary point of view does not, and never can, satisfy any mind to which the authentic value of the documents, the credibility of the circumstances narrated in them, the rightness of the interpretation put upon these circumstances in the current creeds, have once plainly and articulately suggested themselves as questions to which two answers are possible, and which must find answers in the same rational and intelligible way as the issues of any other controvertible subject.

Searching criticism of so complex a product as our dogmatic religion demands a great many peculiar and uncommon qualities. It requires careful and acute scholarship, for some of the most important points of evidence turn upon accurate and competent discrimination of certain features in the style of the sacred documents. It requires immense knowledge of doctrinal history, for one thing, and of the various methods and theories of interpretation, for another. It requires, what is rarer in modern theological controversies than erudition, and yet is still more essential in this set of discussions, a vigorous mastery of the principles of evidence, and a penetrating logic. Now the erudition is for the most part only to be found among those who are committed to make it an instrument for helping foregone conclusions. Consequently the assailants of the current theology, however acutely and forcibly they may have pressed the antecedent incredibleness, the moral blemishes, and the intellectual inconsistencies, of such a theology, have yet failed to take up the whole field of the controversy, and to exhaust the issues which it presents. The authenticity of a certain set of pretensions has been submitted for judicial decision, but those who opposed this authenticity were not in full possession of the whole evidence on their own side, though they believed themselves to have evidence amply enough to substantiate their case. Hence the remarkable importance of the two volumes before us, of which it is not too much to say, and this may be admitted by believers as well as unbelievers, that they are by far the most decisive,



trenchant, and far-reaching of the direct contributions to theological controversy that have been made in this generation. The writer, whoever he may be, has, in the first place, a keen hold of the real issues on which the whole matter must turn. Next, he thoroughly understands the nature of the evidence required to decide the issues, and this clearness of vision makes him a most satisfactory dialectician in dealing with the official advocates. Then he has mastered the principles which settle the question of the antecedent credibility of the evidence adduced for the supernatural pretensions of our western religion. Finally, he has learning, and this enables him to handle the documentary evidence with a force which no previous English writer on the negative side can have the smallest claim to rival. His careful and acute analysis of the arbitrary conservative and reconstructive criticism of the German chiefs in this department, is more striking than Sir George Cornewall Lewis's objections to Niebuhr's equally arbitrary reconstruction of early Roman history. The qualifications which we have mentioned make of this work a new starting-point in the terrible debate which is to distract the world for so long a time to come. The writer draws us away from the unfathomable metaphysical speculations which are so often mixed up with the question whether, and in what sense, Christianity is true, to the great detriment of both. He shows what the real question is, what the answer turns upon, what are the means in our reach for finding and establishing the right answer, and finally what the only possible answer is upon the evidence.

To praise a book of this extraordinary kind would be an impertinence in any less erudite a scholar than the writer himself. We may, however, permit ourselves to admire the patience and fairness with which the author has followed the arguments of the modern professional apologists, and the apologists are not in all cases persons with whom patience is an easy virtue. Take the following amazing passage from Dr. Trench's *Notes on Miracles* as an illustration. Dr. Trench thinks exemption from gravitation a "lost prerogative" of mankind, which we may some day get back.

"It has been already observed that the miracle, according to its true idea, is not a violation nor yet a suspension of law, but the incoming of a higher law, as of a spiritual in the midst of natural laws, and the momentary assertion for that higher law of the predominance which it was intended to have, and but for man's fall it would always have had, over the lower; and with this a prophetic anticipation of the abiding prevalence which it shall one day recover. Exactly thus was there here" (in the miracle of the Walking on the Sea) "a sign of the lordship of man's will, when that will is in absolute harmony with God's will, over external nature. In regard to this very law of gravitation, a feeble, and for the most part unconsciously possessed, remnant of his power survives to man in the well-attested fact that his body is lighter when he is awake than sleeping; a fact which every nurse who has carried a child can attest. From this we conclude that the human consciousness, as an inner

centre, works as an opposing force to the attractions of the earth and the centripetal force of gravity, however unable now to overbear it."

The Spiritualists themselves could hardly match this. Yet even such writers are dealt with in these two volumes as if they were serious disputants, though people after reading the volumes will be likely for the future to regard such disputants as anything rather than serious. If the official apologists will gravely address themselves to meet the arguments with which the author of *Supernatural Religion* has answered the conventional pleas in defence of the reigning beliefs, we shall at length have some chance of seeing the beginning of the end of the controversy, whatever that end may be. We shall proceed to give the reader a very short and summary account of the line of argument taken in this important book.

The momentous question to be answered is this:—Is Christianity a divine revelation supernaturally made, or is it not? We cannot evade the issue, as so many persons in the present religious anarchy attempt to do, by minimising the amount of supernatural element which we may choose to accept. If the preacher of the Sermon on the Mount was more than man, if he was in any sense whatever the bearer of a direct and special mission from the Supreme Being, if the ineffable attraction of his character had its secret in qualities conferred upon him by the Creator of the universe for the purpose of impressing men and leading them to loftier moral conceptions, then we are dealing with a supernatural transaction. Many of those who have ceased to accept the inspiration of the Scriptures, or the miracles recorded in them, or the dogmas into which the Churches have hardened the words of Christ, still cling to what is after all the great central miracle of the entire system, after which all others become easily credible, the mystery of the incarnation of the Supreme. So, whatever reductions may be made in the amount, the quality of the whole belief remains to all intents and purposes supernatural.

"If the truths said to be revealed were either of an ordinary character or naturally attainable, they would at once discredit the claim to a Divine origin. No one could maintain that a system discoverable by Reason would be supernaturally communicated. The whole argument for Christianity turns upon the necessity for such a Revelation, and the consequent probability that it would be made." A revelation tells us something which we could not have known without it; it declares truths which were beyond man's ability to observe. As Dean Mansel put it, "A teacher who proclaims himself to be specially sent by God, and whose teaching is to be received on the authority of that mission, must, from the nature of the case, establish his claim by proofs of another kind than those which merely evince his human wisdom and goodness."

Those who say that they need no further proof of the reality of Christ's mission than the response of their own hearts to his teaching, and find that the consolation and order which it brings into their lives furnishes as much evidence of his divinity as they require, do not avoid the same substantial difficulties as beset the believers in all the doctrines of ecclesiastical Christianity. And we wish that the author of *Supernatural Religion* had dealt rather more at length with persons who take up this position, first because theirs is a sincere and not merely an official plea, and second, because, as the pressure of the arguments against ecclesiastical religion grows stronger, the number of those who take refuge in this cloudy half-way house on the road to emancipation is likely to increase. It is at first sight very well to say that the supreme moral beauty of Christ's character is the only attestation needed to its divine origin. But that is not all. If his appearance on the earth was an act of divine intervention, that intervention must have been part of some scheme, some deliberate and comprehensive plan. The way in which common orthodoxy expounds this plan has been justly set forth and without exaggeration by the author of the present work:—

"We are asked to believe that God made man in his own image, pure and sinless, and intended him to continue so, but that scarcely had this, his noblest work, left the hands of the Creator, than man was tempted into sin by Satan, an all-powerful and persistent enemy of God, whose existence and antagonism to a Being in whose eyes sin is an abomination are not accounted for and are incredible. Adam's fall brought a curse upon the earth, and incurred the penalty of death for himself and the whole of his posterity. The human race, although created perfect and without sin, thus disappointed the expectations of the Creator, and became daily more wicked, the Evil Spirit having succeeded in frustrating the designs of the Almighty, so that God repented that he had made man, and at length destroyed by a deluge all the inhabitants of the earth, with the exception of eight persons who feared him. This sweeping purification, however, was as futile as the original design, and the race of men soon became more wicked than ever. The final and only adequate remedy devised by God for the salvation of his creatures, become so desperately and hopelessly evil, was the incarnation of himself in the person of 'the Son,' the second person in a mysterious Trinity of which the Godhead is said to be composed (who was conceived by the Holy Ghost, and born of the Virgin Mary), and his death upon the cross as a vicarious expiation of the sins of the world, without which supposed satisfaction of the justice of God, his mercy could not possibly have been extended to the frail and sinful work of his own hands. The crucifixion of the incarnate God was the crowning guilt of a nation whom God himself had selected as his own peculiar people, and whom he had condescended to guide by constant direct revelations of his will, but who from the first had displayed the most persistent and remarkable proclivity to sin against Him, and in spite of the wonderful miracles wrought on their behalf, to forsake his service for the worship of other gods. We are asked to believe, therefore, in the frustration of the divine design of creation, and in the fall of man into a state of wickedness hateful to God, requiring and justifying the divine design of a revelation, and such a revelation as this, as preliminary to the further proposition that on the supposition of such a design, miracles would not be contrary to reason." (i. 47-8.)

If this is too crude and extravagant for the persons with whom we are now dealing, we must still ask them to place this alleged appearance of a divinely commissioned being in its relation to the other facts of the universe, so far as they are known to us. They will probably reply simply that the object of this supernatural intervention was to furnish mankind with a consummate type of spiritual beauty and moral goodness, which they might both adore and devoutly strive to imitate. Against the credibility of such a scheme as this, there are many obvious objections. Some of the objections turn upon the absoluteness of the perfection of the character thus offered for our adoration, but these are objections which every one must feel thoroughly reluctant to express, both because they are ungracious in themselves, and because they are especially liable to be misunderstood. In the front of them all, however, stands this, that the plan has failed. And it has failed in two ways. If you survey mankind, you find that Christianity is only the faith of one-third of the race for whose advantage so extraordinary an exertion of divine energy was made. And, secondly, of those who accept Christianity, the great mass have accepted it, now and ever since its very beginnings, not as the revelation of a new moral type, but as the revelation of a complex and mystic scheme of salvation. The imputed plan, therefore, though the design of an Omnipotent and All-wise Creator, miscarried from the hour of its inception. A decisive majority of mankind have not accepted the divine messenger; and a decisive majority of that portion which has accepted him, has utterly misunderstood and distorted the purport of his message.

Again, even if the intrinsic beauty of the character of the messenger, in spite of these and other objections, be adequate evidence to the mind of this or that individual of his special commission from the Supreme Being, yet as such evidence is essentially mystical, and not rational, it can never avail with any one who insists on the sanction of reason for the articles of his belief. The transaction on any view was a supernatural one, and is only capable of being commended by supernatural attestation. What evidence is there that this supernatural attestation was forthcoming? In other words, what evidence is there that the miracles, or any of them, are true? "Our inquiry into the reality of Divine Revelation, then, whether we consider its contents or its evidence, practically reduces itself to the very simple issue: Are miracles antecedently credible? Did they ever really take place?" That is, there is first, an abstract question of antecedent credibility. Then there is a question of the value at which we ought to estimate certain specific documentary allegations. It is this double inquiry which makes

the force of the present work so remarkable, from the cumulative effect of the two lines of argument, taken together.

## I.

The objections which the author discusses under the head of the antecedent credibility of miracles are mainly these:—(1) Miracles have a dual character. Both in the Old and the New Testament real signs and wonders are ascribed to another power than God. There is a repeated admission of false miracles and lying wonders. Consequently both the source and the purpose of such supernatural phenomena must be matters of doubt. "As it is affirmed that other supernatural beings exist, as well as an assumed Personal God, by whose agency miracles are performed, it is impossible to argue with reason that such phenomena are at any time specially due to the intervention of the Deity." The apologists reply that the test of the miracle is the conformity of the doctrine attested by it to our moral nature. "The miracle," says one of them, "must witness for itself, and the doctrine must witness for itself, and then, and then only, the first is capable of witnessing for the second." "Miracles," says Dr. Arnold, "must not be allowed to overrule the Gospel; for it is only through our belief in the Gospel that we accord our belief in them." But what becomes of the evidential value of the miracle, if we are to test it by the doctrine? For the doctrine, to be a criterion of the miracle from this view, appeals to reason and must be tested by reason. The miracle itself is not enough to determine the agency by which it was wrought. How can the doctrine impart evidential value to it? The doctrine is either within the limits of reason or it is not. If it is, it does not require miraculous evidence. If it is not, how can Reason or "the moral nature" in man reply to any question concerning it?

(2) The order of the natural world impresses us with the idea that the Creator deals with it by process of fixed law. Against this objection, the defenders of miracles take up various positions. They define the miracle as something not contrary to, but beyond and above, nature. (a.) They adduce it as an illustration of the working of a law otherwise unknown; that is, of a law higher than the physical laws which man has as yet been able to discover. But a law only means a certain regular and invariable order of facts. If there is a law of miracles, there must be fresh miracles to come under it. There cannot be a law of miracles without miracles. "The supposition of the discovery of such a law of miracles, however, would be tantamount to the supposition of a future new order of nature, from which it immediately follows that the whole supposition is irrelevant and futile as regards the present question. For no new order of things could make the present order different, and a

miracle, could we suppose it becoming the ordinary fact of another different order of nature, would not be less a violation of the laws of nature in the present one" (i. 36). (b.) The suspension of physical and material laws by a Spiritual Being is not, it is alleged by the apologists, inconceivable. The action of God's spirit in the miracle of walking on the sea is no more inconceivable than the action of my own spirit when I walk upon the ground. The will of man is the efficient cause of the phenomenon in the one case; the will of God in the other. Why should the latter be more inconceivable than the other? The answer to this is that in the case of the spirit or the human will, there is no suspension of physical law. When I place my foot upon the ground, my doing so is in perfect conformity to known physical laws. "The whole process of life is dependent on obedience to natural laws, and so powerless is this efficient cause [the will or spirit of man] to resist their jurisdiction, that, in spite of its highest efforts, it pines or ceases to exist in consequence of the mere natural operation of law upon the matter with which it is united, and without which it is impotent." Therefore, the argument that a higher Being may suspend the laws of nature, just as we suspend "the laws of matter by the laws of life," is baseless. The laws of life do not suspend the laws of matter.

"Dr. Mozley's affirmation, that *antecedently* one step on the ground and an ascent to heaven are alike incredible does not help him. In that sense it follows that there is nothing that is not antecedently incredible, nothing credible until it has happened. This argument, however, while it limits us to actual experience, prohibits presumptions with regard to that which is beyond experience. To argue that, because a step on the ground and an ascent to heaven are antecedently alike incredible, yet we subsequently make that step, therefore the ascent to heaven which we cannot make, from incredible becomes credible, although it has not happened, is a contradiction in terms. If the ascent be antecedently incredible, it cannot at the same time be antecedently credible. That which is incredible cannot become credible because something else quite different becomes credible." (i. 43.)

No action of man, then, supports any presumption that a supreme Spiritual Being is likely to suspend the order and working of nature: (c.) The apologists then proceed to attack our knowledge of the order of nature. "To establish an exception," as the author puts it, "they deny the rule." You may say, they argue, that the repetition of a given fact of nature shows a permanent cause producing permanently recurring effects, but there is nothing to show the existence of a permanent cause; you have no better ground for expecting the continuance of these effects, than a vague and unintelligent impulse to suppose that the future will be like the past; the belief in the immutableness of the relations of natural phenomena is irrational. To this the author replies:—

"It may be 'irrational' to feel entire confidence that the sun will rise to-morrow, or that the moon will continue to wax and wane as in the past, but

we shall without doubt retain this belief, and reject any assertion, however positive, that the earth will stand still to-morrow, or that it did so some thousands of years ago. Evidence must take its relative place in the finite scale of knowledge and thought, and if we do not absolutely know anything whatever, so long as one thing is more fully established than another, we must hold to that which rests upon the more certain basis. Our belief in the immutability of the order of nature, therefore, being based upon more certain grounds than any other human opinion, we must of necessity refuse credence to a statement supported by infinitely less complete testimony, and contradicted by universal experience, that phenomena subversive of that order occurred many years ago, or we must cease to believe anything at all. *If belief based upon unvarying experience be irrational, how much more irrational must belief be which is opposed to that experience.*" (i. 57-8.)

What is more, if the argument drawn from the irrationality of the limitation of belief by experience be good for anything, at all, it is fatal to the evidential value of miracles. The evidential force of miracles is due to their being supernatural; exceptions to uniformities of sequence or co-existence otherwise universal. But if there is no such thing as an actual order of nature, how can there be a supernatural? If there is no ascertained rule, how can there be an exception? If belief in the order of nature be not in conformity to reason, how can belief in the visible suspension of such an order be conformable to reason? If, for instance, we have no reasonable ground for believing that the future will resemble the past, what reasonable ground can there be for thinking that anything which happens is out of the natural course of things? If we have no such reasonable ground, then no more can we rationally accept an unfamiliar occurrence, such as is called miraculous, as testimony of divine action of a special kind. "In fact an order of nature is at once necessary and fatal to miracles. If there be no order of nature, miracles cannot be considered supernatural occurrences, and they have no evidential value; if there be an order of nature, the evidence for its immutability must consequently exceed the evidence for these isolated deviations from it."

(3) The belief in miracles rests upon an assumption, or set of assumptions. It assumes first the existence of a personal Deity; next, the power of such a Deity to set aside regular modes of physical operation; and, finally, the willingness to set them aside. "The power to suspend the laws of nature being assumed, the will to suspend them has to be demonstrated, and the actual occurrence of any such suspension, which, it has already been shown, is contrary to reason. It is absurd to assume what is beyond reason [*i.e.* God's willingness to suspend the order of the universe] to account for what is opposed to reason [*i.e.* that this suspension took place]" (i. 63). Paley's remark, "Once believe that there is a God, and miracles are not incredible," is perfectly true, for the good reason that by God he means a Being whose attributes are so conceived that power to

suspend the order of nature is one of them. But, when this has been conceded, the only lawful deduction from it is that miraculous intervention is a possibility. Both the probability and the actuality of miracles remain where they were.

(4) The author next re-states Hume's unanswerable argument from experience, and defends it, not only against a futile misrepresentation of it by a modern apologist of the Hulsean type, but also against Paley's reply, and against the imposition of a certain limitation which he supposes Mr. Mill to have improperly conceded to the assailants of Hume. These pages (pp. 78—94) are the work of an acute dialectician; but the general nature of the argument and of the ways in which it has been met is so familiar, that we need not reproduce the present author's mode of dealing with this part of the subject.

## 11.

Apart from antecedent credibility, stands the plain question which the modern apologist so industriously strives to hide behind speculative difficulties: Did the miracles really happen? What evidence have we that these attestations of the supernatural quality of our religion actually took place? You allege that certain extraordinary occurrences came to pass. What reasons are there for believing the allegation to be well founded? Let us carefully remember the just remark that "at the present day it is not a *miracle*, but the *narrative of a miracle*, to which any argument can refer, or to which faith is accorded" (Baden Powell). The question turns upon the amount and kind of testimony which can be adduced for marvels said to have been wrought nearly twenty centuries ago. The discussion as to antecedent credibility assumes to be dealing with the belief of an eye-witness to the miracles. Those who defend the antecedent credibility of the scriptural miracles use arguments which faintly imply that the apologist is in the same position as the modern spiritualist, whose wonders are at least attested by his own senses,—as he thinks and declares. Of course, neither this nor anything like it is the case. The only evidence for the scriptural miracles is the report given in the Scripture. What is the value and authenticity of that report?

The author begins this most interesting part of his inquiry by an account of the intellectual conditions of the time when the miracles of the New Testament are supposed to have been wrought. He examines the character of the witnesses, of the men who are asserted to have seen these amazing performances. "Did the Jews at the time of Jesus possess such calmness of judgment and sobriety of imagination as to inspire us with any confidence in accounts of marvellous occurrences, unwitnessed except by them, and limited to



their time, which contradict all knowledge and all experience? Were their minds sufficiently enlightened and free from superstition to warrant our attaching weight to their report of events of such an astounding nature? And were they themselves sufficiently impressed with the exceptional character of any apparent supernatural and miraculous interference with the order of nature?" (i. 98). Here the weight of the author's immense learning begins to make itself felt. From all accessible sources he has collected a mass of details illustrating the intensity and universality of the belief entertained by the Jews at the time of Jesus in the constant interference of angels and demons with the human race. And the author makes and supports a remark which is very pregnant considering the common over-estimate of the place of the Jews in the history of human development;—"At the best the mind of the Jewish nation rarely, if ever, attained the idea of a perfect monotheism, but added to the belief in Jehovah the recognition of a host of other gods, over whom it merely gave him supremacy." The whole atmosphere was surcharged with spirits, good and bad. Flowing from such a belief was the resort to magical devices and enchantments for the purpose of counterworking these invisible agents. This belief in demons and spirits and the power of magic is seen in the Gospels themselves, while patristic literature teems with it. The author's account of the cosmical theories of the Fathers (i. 121-39), and of the variety of their persuasion of angelic and demoniacal interference in physical phenomena, is not more entertaining than it is instructive as to the intellectual character of the witnesses to the miracles of the Gospels. These were the views of the most educated part of the community; the superstition of the mass was still denser and more gross.

"Miracles which spring from such a hotbed of superstition are too natural in such a soil to be objects of surprise, and, in losing their exceptional character, their claims upon attention are proportionately weakened if not altogether destroyed. Preternatural interference with the affairs of life and the phenomena of nature was the rule in those days, not the exception; and miracles, in fact, had lost all novelty, and through familiarity had become degraded into mere commonplace. The Gospel miracles were not original in their character, but were substantially mere repetitions of similar wonders well known amongst the Jews, or commonly supposed to be of daily occurrence even at that time. In fact, the idea of such miracles in such an age, and performed amongst such a people, as the attestation of a supernatural revelation, may with singular propriety be ascribed to the mind of that period, but can scarcely be said to bear any traces of the divine."

The author next considers the special miracles of the Gospels in connection with the whole stream of miraculous pretension that has flowed through human history. The comparative weapon is as fatal here, as in other aspects of the great religious controversy, to the particular claims of any one religion to be the express object of a

supernatural revelation. The author's chapter on what has been called Comparative Thaumaturgy, though not presenting a complete view of the whole natural history of demonology, exorcism, and the rest, is yet amply wide enough for the purpose of the immediate discussion. There is nothing new in this objection to the credibility of the New Testament miracles, but the author's learning has enabled him to show us how far-spreading are the roots of such an objection, and he has followed the official apologists through the mazes in which they seek refuge, with equal care, patience, and success. This valuable part of the inquiry is thus summed up:—

“If we consider the particular part which miracles have played in human history, we find precisely the phenomena which might have been expected if miracles, instead of being considered as real occurrences, were recognised as the mistakes or creations of ignorance and superstition during that period in which ‘reality melted into fable, and invention unconsciously trespassed on the province of history.’ Their occurrence is limited to ages which were totally ignorant of physical laws, and they have been numerous or rare precisely in proportion to the degree of imagination and love of the marvellous characterizing the people amongst whom they are said to have occurred. Instead of a few evidential miracles taking place at one epoch of history, and filling the world with surprise at such novel and exceptional phenomena, we find miracles represented as taking place in all ages and in all countries. The Gospel miracles are set in the midst of a series of similar wonders, which commenced many centuries before the dawn of Christianity, and continued without interruption for fifteen hundred years after it. They did not in the most remote degree originate the belief in miracles, or give the first suggestion of spurious imitation. It may, on the contrary, be much more truly said that the already existing belief created these miracles. No divine originality characterized the evidence selected to accredit the Divine Revelation. The miracles with which the history of the world is full, occurred in ages of darkness and superstition, and they gradually ceased when enlightenment became more generally diffused. At the very time when knowledge of the laws of nature began to render men capable of judging of the reality of miracles, these wonders entirely failed. This extraordinary cessation of miracles, precisely at the time when their evidence might have acquired value by an appeal to persons capable of appreciating them, is perfectly unintelligible if they be viewed as the supernatural credentials of a Divine Revelation. If, on the other hand, they be regarded as the mistakes of imaginative excitement and ignorance, nothing is more natural than their extinction at the time when the superstition which created them gave place to knowledge.”

The point to which the argument is now brought is the following. In order to establish the reality of occurrences in violation of an order of nature which is based upon universal and invariable experience, we shall obviously require the authentic testimony of unquestionably competent witnesses. Even to go so far as this, we must have put aside Hume's terribly effective argument. Now the witnesses so far from being competent, were as ignorant and as densely superstitious as their contemporaries, and they were still further biassed by vehement religious excitement. What do we think of the juries who accepted the evidence against witches? Yet

we are to trust the testimony of men, compared with whose grossness of superstition the ignorance of our fourteenth or fifteenth century was bright enlightenment. And we are to trust it in two points ; first, that the alleged phenomena really occurred and were seen by them ; and second, what is still more difficult, that they were correct in their inference that they had been produced by supernatural agency. Even this is not all. We are to accept the reality of the phenomena, and the accuracy of the inference explaining them, on the strength of accounts which are not clear, direct, consistent, "the undoubted testimony of known eye-witnesses free from superstition and capable through adequate knowledge rightly to estimate the alleged phenomena ;" but something the very opposite of all these. Here we are brought to what constitutes the chief portion of the author's inquiry—a careful and laborious investigation into the authorship, the date, and the character of the four Gospels. It is obviously impossible for us to attempt the task of reproducing in a few pages any one of the elaborate pieces of argumentation which fill one and a half of these volumes. We can only shortly describe the author's method and state his main conclusions.

The method consists of an examination of all the writings of the early church, with a view to discover traces in them of the Gospels. Two of the author's canons are important. When an early writer who quotes largely from the Old Testament and other sources, deals with subjects which would actually be assisted by reference to our Gospels, and still more so by quoting such works as authoritative,—and yet we find that not only does he not show any knowledge of these Gospels, but actually quotes passages from unknown sources, or sayings of Jesus derived from tradition,—then the inference must be that our Gospels were either unknown or unrecognised as works of any authority at the time (i. 212). Next, as the familiar first verse of St. Luke would be enough to show, a great number of Gospels existed in the early church. "When therefore in early writings, we meet with quotations closely resembling or, we may add, even identical with passages which are found in our Gospels, the source of which, however, is not mentioned, nor is any author's name indicated, the similarity or even identity cannot by any means be admitted as evidence that the quotation is necessarily from our Gospels, and not from some similar work now no longer extant" (213). Those who lack time for a careful and minute perusal of the whole mass of details which make up the bulk of the two volumes, may take the hundred and fifty pages which are devoted to Justin Martyr (i. 282—428) as an excellent specimen of the thoroughness of the author's work, its patience, its acuteness, its robust sense, its knowledge. And the conclusion which he brings such a mass of carefully arranged fact and right inference to prove, in the case of

Justin is a fair type of what the evidence warrants in the case of the other writers whose works are examined. The general result of the inquiry so far as the Synoptic Gospels are concerned is thus shortly stated :—

“After having exhausted the literature and the testimony bearing on the point, we have not found a single distinct trace of any one of those Gospels during the first century and a half after the death of Jesus. Only once during the whole of that period do we find any tradition even, that any one of our Evangelists composed a Gospel at all, and that tradition, so far from favouring our Synoptics, is fatal to the claims of the first and second. Papias, about the middle of the second century, on the occasion to which we refer, records that Matthew composed the Discourses of the Lord in the Hebrew tongue—a statement which totally excludes the claim of our Greek Gospel to apostolic origin. Mark, he said, wrote down from the casual preaching of Peter the sayings and doings of Jesus, but without orderly arrangement, as he was not himself a follower of the Master, and merely recorded what fell from the Apostle. This description, likewise, shows that our actual second Gospel could not, in its present form, have been the work of Mark. There is no other reference during the period to any writing of Matthew or Mark, and no mention at all of any work ascribed to Luke. If it be considered that there is any connection between Marcion's Gospel and our third Synoptic, any evidence so derived is of an unfavourable character for that Gospel, as it involves a charge against it of being interpolated and debased by Jewish elements. Any argument for the mere existence of our Synoptics, based upon their supposed rejection by heretical leaders and sects, has the inevitable disadvantage, that the very testimony which would show their existence would oppose their authenticity. There is no evidence of their use by heretical leaders, however, and no direct reference to them by any writer, heretical or orthodox, whom we have examined. We need scarcely add that no reason whatever has been shown for accepting the testimony of these Gospels as sufficient to establish the reality of miracles, and of a direct Divine Revelation.”

The author then proceeds with equal minuteness to search the same witnesses in the same order for traces of the fourth Gospel. This is an inquiry of the utmost interest, and the following chapter on the “Authorship and Character of the Fourth Gospel” (ii. 387—476) is one of the most striking portions of the work. Even those who are indifferent to the subject, and care not whether it were written by John the son of Zebedee or by some one else, may well be interested by such a piece of keen and solid reasoning. The answer to the ingenious conservative critics of Germany will probably seem complete, and a plain man may pretend to say thus much, because the author with excellent candour places before us the materials on which a judgment must rest, with great fulness and perfect impartiality. One simple truth is irresistibly brought out, that, as evidence, the fourth Gospel and the Synoptics destroy one another. The result of the whole inquiry into the documents—which the author promises to corroborate by a second work—is a complete demolition of their value as authentic testimony to the occurrence of the marvels which they relate; and Bampton and Hulsean lecturers will vainly resort to those mighty weapons, the *Petitio principii* and the *Ignoratio*

*elenchi*, to restore evidential value to the fabric which has been so rudely damaged.

The history of opinion shows that unfounded beliefs are gradually discarded, less in consequence of the direct rationalistic attacks upon them, than as a result of a change in the prevailing habits of thought. Men surrender a superstition because they have acquired in other regions a way of thinking which silently dissolves the superstition. One disadvantage of acquiescence in this silent dissolution, as the most pacific process for replacing credulity by reason, is that it involves a prolonged stage of confused and debilitating half-belief. A direct exposure of the given superstition is of the highest value, because it braces and invigorates the understanding. It brings men face to face with the exact propositions which they are content to profess in a vague way because they take care not to look too minutely into their contents. It awakens them to a sense of the cloudiness, the confusions, the inconsistencies, the giant equivocations, which mark the attempt to retain a partial and arbitrarily chosen portion of the supernatural, to the exclusion of the rest. A book like the one before us must make straightforward men ask themselves one or two searching questions. Why, for instance, am I free to pooh-pooh the miracle wrought in the country of the Gadarenes, and not free to question the miracle of the Resurrection? What kind of testimony is there for the one, which is not just as strong for the other?

Many persons will no doubt declare their indifference to the irresistible reasoning of the present work, on the ground that, whether the miracles are true or not, the moral beauty and goodness of the character of Jesus, as shown in his simple and lofty sayings, will remain equally precious to them. But surely the question whether this character was supernaturally gifted, and his sayings inspired by supernatural light, is of the most pressing interest and importance. To refuse to take the trouble to think out whether your religion is a supernatural religion or not, is either cowardice or else the most ignoble kind of indolence. The result of such an inquiry must have the widest and profoundest bearings over the whole field of aspiration and conduct.

EDITOR.

## ECONOMIC ASPECT OF THE ENDOWMENT OF RESEARCH.

THE relations of scientific research to the production and distribution of wealth, form the subject of a chapter in Political Economy which has yet to be written. All that can be done in the present paper is to mark out some of the lines of inquiry which the consideration of this important topic suggests, and to draw those more obvious conclusions which seem to be derived from the application to it of well-known and established principles.

In the first place, then, the investigation of truth, considered as a vocation, is an instance of that class of industry whose economical condition seems to be one of essential and permanent incapability to maintain itself. The reason of this is, that knowledge, which is its product, has no marketable value apart from its applications to the useful arts or to education. When a man has made a discovery in science he has the choice of keeping it to himself or of publishing it. The former case we need not now consider; but if he publishes it, what may have cost him years of labour can be bought for a few shillings. It is true, by publishing, he multiplies his product; and if he could find a demand in the whole or a large portion of the population, he might make his publication profitable; but not at all to an extent that would remunerate him for the time and expense which he had devoted to making his discovery. In any existing community the only demand for new knowledge, in its raw state so to speak, is to be found in the small body of students like himself, who labour under precisely the same difficulty that he does, viz., that they are devoted to an unremunerative occupation. Nay, more, it is not even to the whole body of the scientific men of the country that he can look for his demand; for, as study becomes more specialised, it is only a very small fraction even of these whose interest it is to buy his discovery. Under these circumstances, the publication of researches becomes not only *not* a source of remuneration, but a loss. The investigator is not only *not* paid for his observations, but may actually himself have to pay in the first instance for making them known. Compare this case with that of an artist, who spends several years in painting a picture. When it is done, he can sell it for a price, which is more than sufficient to keep him during the same number of years in comparative affluence. But it is scarcely conceivable that any alteration, however radical, could be made in the arrangements of society, which could render the labour

of scientific discovery of any appreciable pecuniary value to the man engaged in it.

Nor can he hope for any remuneration arising from its application to material arts or to education. In the first place, the application may not be made till after his death; and in the second, if it be applied during his life, a fortune may be made by the patentee and a comfortable income by the educator, but not one fraction of this can by the most ingenious contrivance be made to flow back into the lap of the original discoverer:

Sic vos non vobis, mellificatis apes!

As a consequence of this inherent inability to maintain itself commercially, the pursuit of knowledge has supported itself hitherto by connection with some other occupation. This is the reason, for instance, why almost all the learning of this country has been for the most part, since the Reformation, in the hands of the clergy of the Established Church; i.e. of persons who received a public salary and maintenance, to which duties of an indeterminate character were attached. If a benefice was not actually enjoyed, it might well be with certainty looked forward to by any clergyman of moderate literary distinction; and there is no doubt that the decay of zeal in the ministry, which has characterized certain periods in the history of the Church of England, however much to be deplored in itself, has not unfrequently provided the opportunity for learned and fruitful leisure. Some thirty years ago a book was written by an anonymous author called the "*Fruit of Endowments; being a list of upwards of two thousand authors who have, from the Reformation to the present time, enjoyed prebendal or other non-cure endowments of the Church of England.*" (London: McDowall, 1840.) No doubt the names of many of the books put down to the credit of the Church may now raise a smile; and many more would seem to indicate not so much learning or research as the love which theologians proverbially bear to one another. Still, making every allowance for the character and aims of some of the erudition displayed, we find here evidence of real study and of the diligent use of leisure. It is from a survey like this, embracing not only the fellowships at the universities but also the benefices of the Church, that we can best estimate the working of sinecure endowment. If we take the fellowships alone, the evidence seems to tell against such endowments; because, as it can be shown statistically, the universities were starved of their best minds by the superior attractiveness of Church preferment. But if we take the two classes together, bearing in mind the operation of this tendency, we shall, I think, come to the conclusion that the Church afforded a real support to learning in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

In the present century, the increase of zeal in the performance of ministerial duties and other causes have had the effect of driving the pursuit of knowledge into the ranks of the laity, who have no comfortable Church benefice to enjoy or to look forward to; and the profession of knowledge has therefore been thrown for support upon education, or it has gone into service to commerce, or it has been sustained by private fortune.

It is a melancholy fact that the connection of the profession of learning and science with that of the higher education in this country, owing in large measure to the great improvements which have been made in the latter, and the engrossing character of the duties which it imposes, has gone far to choke the spirit of original investigation altogether. It too often happens that when the opportunities for research are snatched from the duties of an educational position, the qualities and habits which have been developed in the teacher during the years of drudgery which he has had to go through before attaining a position affording any leisure for original work, are such as to be a hindrance rather than a help to serious research. It often happens, too, that when the coveted opportunity is at last reached, the time of life when new habits can be formed, and the intellect is fresh and enterprising, has gone by. A great deal, of course, depends upon temperament, and upon the degree in which duties of a public nature consume the available store of nervous power. In a few cases, a *little* research can be done; in the majority of probably the best instances, all that is possible to the teacher is to keep himself abreast of that which is being accomplished by others; in too many, it is to be feared, that even this is rendered impracticable by the exigencies of continual publicity, and the result is the rank luxuriant growth, to use the expression of a recent German writer, "of a scientific proletariat which lives only from hand to mouth."<sup>1</sup> "Even among our greatest men of science in this country," said Professor Tait,<sup>2</sup> "there is comparatively little knowledge of what has been already achieved, except, of course, in the one or more special departments cultivated by each individual." But apart from the lack of time and opportunity, the very habit of exposition, developed by an educational calling, has a tendency to bring into prominence the element of form and phrase rather than that of substance, and to induce the illusion that, because we are increasing the knowledge of our hearers, we are therefore adding to the stock of knowledge in the world. The growth of the popular and rhetorical element—*die Phrase in der Wissenschaft*, as it has been called—is almost always a symptom that the work of

(1) Zöllner, "Ueber die Natur der Cometen." Leipzig, Engelmann, 1872. Vorrede, p. lvi.

(2) Address to the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association at Edinburgh.



investigation is standing still; for the diversion of the scientific intellect from its true aim has as certainly the effect of diminishing its intensity as the disuse of any bodily organ produces in time its atrophy and degeneration. Apart from the coarser developments of sensationalism, to which, whenever they appear the more serious, scientific men are not slow to call attention, there is not wanting evidence that the popularization of science, in the best and most necessary meaning of the word, is in this country beginning largely to take the place of original study and investigation of truth. In Oxford, where the business of education has been brought to a pitch of perfection almost unequalled elsewhere, the actual additions to knowledge that are made in the course of a generation in the old traditional studies of Latin and Greek Philology are, as compared with what is done in Germany, almost inappreciable. Perhaps I may be allowed to speak with some authority on this point, as it so happens that the whole learned and scientific literature of England and the Continent comes in some form or other regularly before me year by year. And I do not think that I am doing England an injustice when I say that, whilst the annual product in Germany of original investigations in the sphere of the classical languages and literatures amounts to something like two hundred distinct works, those produced by England in the same time and in the same province do not exceed a dozen. I may quote, also, a similar opinion expressed recently by Dr. Frankland in his evidence before the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction, with respect to the comparative amount of original work contributed by England and by Germany respectively to chemical science. He says:—<sup>1</sup>

"A year or two ago I took the trouble to look out in regard to chemistry the number of original investigations made in each country during one year. . . . In the year 1866, which was the year I inquired, 1,273 papers were published by 805 chemists. Of these Germany contributed 445 authors and 777 papers; France 170 authors and 245 papers; the United Kingdom 97 authors and 127 papers. I may mention, however, speaking exclusively of chemistry, for I have not gone into the other sciences, that as far as research in Great Britain depends upon our scientific training, our case is much worse than appears from this comparison, because a large proportion of those papers contributed by the United Kingdom were the work of Germans residing in this country, but who had not been trained in this country."

From the schedule of original researches executed in the laboratory of the Royal College of Chemistry since the year 1845, and handed in by Dr. Frankland to the Commission, it appears that out of one hundred and forty specified researches, no less than seventy were made by foreigners. That is to say, Germany not only produces four and a half times as many investigators in chemistry, and six times as many researches in a year as we do, but actually produces half the number of researches which in this calculation are credited to this country.

(1) "Report of Evidence," p. 371.

I may illustrate the truth of these comparisons by an analysis of the original works published in the west of Europe during a period taken at random, the first fortnight of September, 1873.

In Physical Sciences I find that thirty-one treatises, almost all of them exhibiting special and original researches, were published. Of these nineteen are German, eight French, two Italian; while England is represented by Thorpe's "Manual of Quantitative Chemical Analysis," and by a popular work on the moon.

In History, the proportion is much more favourable to England, thanks to the practical endowment of historical research at the Rolls Office. Of fourteen books, four are German, four English, two French, and four belong to various other nations.

In Philology, the boast of our old universities, out of ten books, Germany produces nine, of which six are on the classical languages; while England is represented by a reprint of a book of the last century.

It may be objected to the general tenor of these remarks, that it is the *educating* class in Germany, as well as those employed in the higher schools as professors and teachers at the universities, which exhibits this remarkable fertility in making additions to knowledge. That is true; but it is none the less true that experience and statistics prove that, probably owing to some differences in the national character, the same class in England is as singularly sterile; and one of the consequences of this is, that a large portion of the *most recent* knowledge in almost all branches, which is distributed through educational channels in this country, is knowledge imported from abroad. Original research in England is either the privilege of persons of fortune, or it is performed in the intervals of business or professional labour other than education.

This brings me to consider the third means of maintenance which original research, in default of endowment, has to rely upon in this country—I mean the attachment of scientific men to commercial enterprise as advisers of large firms, or as themselves patentees. On this point, too, Dr. Frankland's evidence supplies us again with valuable information. He says:<sup>1</sup> "An analysis of the schedule which I have put in [of distinguished students of the Royal College of Chemistry, whose subsequent positions are known], shows that forty-five professors and teachers and eight amateur chemists have emanated from the college, whilst the remaining of the three hundred and fifteen students whose history has been traced, have devoted themselves chiefly to technical pursuits." That is, one-seventh have gone into education, and five-sixths into commerce, and something more than one-fortieth into research, *at their own expense!*

With respect to this enormous proportion of scientifically trained

persons who are directly or indirectly supported by commerce, it should be remarked that this source of maintenance is not only the exclusive privilege of physical science, but almost the exclusive privilege of only one of the physical sciences. There is no commercial career open for a biologist, for instance; and the existence of a commercial career—and frequently a very lucrative one—for the chemist, has the effect of starving all the other sciences for the benefit of one of them. One of our foremost teachers of biology complained to me not long ago, that he was compelled to advise his best pupils, who were desirous of devoting themselves to a life of research, to give up their own study and enter upon that of chemistry, as there was no prospect of a career for them in anything else.

This disturbance of the proportions of knowledge, then, is one disadvantage arising from being compelled to depend on commerce for support; and another is this—that the introduction of the utilitarian motive destroys the strictly scientific character of research. To quote the German writer before alluded to:<sup>1</sup>—

“The difference between a scientific and a not-scientific operation depends not upon methods nor upon the amount of acuteness employed, but solely upon the aim of the operation. If a shoemaker, he says, armed with all the appliances of science, sets himself to inquire into the constituents of his materials and their laws, with the aim and object of outbidding other shoemakers by the production of a superior article, he is, notwithstanding, and will never be anything else, but a highly intelligent shoemaker.

“But if you are travelling on the railway when the sun is shining, and are led to observe the shadow of the carriages accompanying the train, and then to ask yourself the question whether, if the velocity of the train were constantly to increase, the shadow would ever get left a little behind by the train, *that is scientific research*; and the man who asks himself this question, however rude may be the means which he has at disposal for answering it, is nevertheless, *pro tanto*, in the true sense of the word, a scientific inquirer.”

Industry and science, though natural allies in a limited field of inquiry, must never be confounded; for they spring from two entirely different needs of the human constitution.

The consideration, in short, that “knowledge is power,” may be one of the reasons why the State or individuals should provide for it, or take an interest in it; but the attitude of the mind of the inquirer himself, in relation to his object, is only distracted by the intrusion of any motive save that only of getting at truth.

I come now to the case in which the expenses of a life devoted to research are supported out of the private fortune of the inquirer. This is a way of paying for research which is very characteristic of this country; and, judged by its results, more advantageous to the cause of truth than any of the preceding expedients. Whilst in Germany the case of Humboldt is an exceptional one, it is a remarkable fact that some of the greatest scientific work, both as regards

(1) Zöllner, *op. cit.*, pp. 228, 229.

quality and quantity, has been carried out in England by men of property. The possessor of private fortune who engages in research is indeed more nearly in the position of the recipient of an endowment for research than any other, because he is entirely free from the distraction of heterogeneous duties. But the system of letting research be paid for in this way, is not without grave disadvantages. In the first place this kind of support is sporadic and fortuitous, and though favourable to the development of particular studies, it resembles the dependence of science upon commerce in this respect, that it is quite inconsistent with the harmonious development of the body of human knowledge as an organized and interdependent whole. Secondly, there is unfortunately no necessary connection between wisdom and the inheritance of riches; and consequently it is always within the bounds of possibility that a man of property may subsidise in his own person, not knowledge but error, a mischievous crotchet, or a perfectly fruitless and impossible inquiry, and may employ the contents of a bottomless purse in compelling the attention of the world to it. This possibility, thirdly, is analogous to another disadvantage attending this mode of support. There is no guarantee in the case of the private person, as there is to some extent in the case of all the preceding expedients, and as may be secured by the proper administration of public endowment, that the investigator is sufficiently furnished with the preliminary knowledge or training to make his researches fruitful. In short, work supported by private means is very likely to be *amateur* work, or *duplicate* work. It may be added, finally, that from an economical point of view, the employment of private wealth upon research stands on the same footing as endowment. If the object is unproductive, the community at large is, *in either case*, poorer by all that is consumed by the investigator while employed in research.

These, then, are some of the disadvantages accruing to the employment of scientific research, from the absence of public endowment, and from the haphazard means of supporting itself, which it has in consequence been compelled directly or indirectly to adopt.

The endowment of the investigation of truth out of the taxes has been recommended on a variety of grounds: from considerations of the dignity of knowledge and the honour of a nation; from the examples of other nations who are under a paternal form of government; or as one of the functions and expenses of the Sovereign. Bentham<sup>1</sup> justifies it as a work of superfluity, the expense of which is trifling as compared to the mass of necessary contributions. Let any one, he says, undertake to restore to each his quota of this superfluous expense, and it would be found to be imperceptible, so as "to excite no distinct sensation which can give rise to a distinct com-

(1) "Principles of the Civil Code," p. 135.

plaint." Others, again, have held that the endowment of science involves considerations which do not come within the view of political economy; and, therefore, if not sanctioned, that such endowment is as little condemned by it. \*

We shall endeavour to find out in the sequel whether this last allegation is true, and to determine what is the economical aspect of direct endowments of science, if they have such an aspect.

On this point Mr. Mill has the following passage :<sup>1</sup>—

"In a national or universal point of view, the labour of the savant or speculative thinker is as much a part of production in the very narrowest sense as that of the inventor of a practical art, many such inventions having been the direct consequences of theoretic discoveries, and every extension of knowledge of the powers of nature being fruitful of applications to the purposes of outward life. The electro-magnetic telegraph was the wonderful and most unexpected consequence of the experiments of (Ersted and the mathematical investigations of Ampère; and the modern art of navigation is an unforeseen emanation from the purely speculative and apparently merely curious inquiry, by the mathematicians of Alexandria, into the properties of three curves formed by the intersection of a plane surface and a cone. No limit can be set to the importance, even in a purely productive and material point of view, of mere thought. Inasmuch, however, as these material fruits, though the result, are seldom the distinct purpose of the pursuits of savants, nor is their remuneration in general derived from the increased production which they cause incidentally, and mostly after a long interval, by their discoveries, this ultimate influence does not, for most of the purposes of political economy, require to be taken into consideration; and speculative thinkers are generally classed as the producers only of the books, or other useable or saleable articles which directly emanate from them. But when (as in political economy one should always be prepared to do) we shift our point of view, and consider not individual acts, and the motives by which they are determined, but national and universal results, intellectual speculation must be looked upon as a most influential part of the productive labour of society, and the portion of its resources employed in carrying on and remunerating such labour as a highly productive part of its expenditure."

On the other hand, he says further on :<sup>2</sup>—

"A country would hardly be said to be *richer*, except by a metaphor, however precious a possession it might have in the genius, the virtues, or the accomplishments of its inhabitants; unless, indeed, these were looked upon as marketable articles, by which it could attract the material wealth of other countries, as the Greeks of old, and several modern nations have done."

So far Mr. Mill. It will be seen, now, without much difficulty, that these two passages are not strictly consistent with one another; and their juxtaposition and comparison afford a good illustration of the haziness of conception which at present hangs over this important subject; for if in speaking of scientific investigation as a source of wealth, we are not to confine ourselves to those sciences which, like chemistry, and to a small extent also physics and mathematics, admit of direct application to improvements in the manufacture or in the means of distribution of material commodities,

(1) "Principles of Political Economy," i. 52, 53.

(2) *Ibid.*, pp. 59, 60.

if "mere thought" and "intellectual speculation" are, as Mr. Mill says, to be "looked upon as a most influential part of the productive labour of society," it would seem to follow that a country *is* richer by "the genius, virtues, and accomplishments of its inhabitants;" while if, on the other hand, it is not made richer by these means, we must restrict the title of productive labour to those sciences which, although theoretic in themselves, admit of being applied, and are constantly leading to improvements in the arts.

In connection with this stage of the discussion, I may mention the arguments recently set forth by Mr. George Gore, of Birmingham, in a pamphlet,<sup>1</sup> wherein, by a process of simple enumeration, he has exhibited the gains to the wealth of the country through the application of scientific discoveries to manufactures and the means of communication and distribution. With the most sincere respect for Mr. Gore, I may perhaps be allowed to explain the points in which I think that this kind of argument misses its aim, so far as it is intended to prove that it is the duty of the community at large to endow the occupation of scientific research.

1. In the first place, the discoveries which Mr. Gore enumerates as sources of wealth belong almost entirely, if not exclusively, to the sciences of physics and chemistry; and from the importance of these to manufacture he seems to draw the inference that not only these, but all the physical sciences, have a claim on public endowment. This, however, does not follow; for if the claim of these two sciences be grounded solely on their application to commercial processes, the legitimate inference would be that by far the larger number of the physical sciences, such as biology, natural history, geology, and paleontology, &c., which do not admit of such application, have no such claim to endowment. It may be argued, indeed, of some of the physical sciences, that so far from their application tending to the increase of wealth, they actually tend to the diminution of it. The large class of sciences auxiliary to medical practice, for instance, and the discovery of remedial agents, however important to the community on other grounds, may be regarded, in a strictly economical point of view, as tending ultimately to a waste of wealth, because medical practice is very largely employed in keeping alive a multitude of persons who are, whether from their fault or their misfortune, entirely or largely unproductive consumers.<sup>2</sup> On the other hand we may ask, would it not be economically sound, on the principles set forth by Mr. Gore, to subsidise researches into the phenomena of the production and distribution of wealth? And yet political economy is not one of the physical sciences. The fact is, this distinction

(1) "The National Importance of Scientific Research," by George Gore, F.R.S. (Reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review*.)

(2) Cf. Mill, "Principles of Political Economy," vol. i. p. 61.

of physical and non-physical sciences cannot be upheld; and the tendency which is sometimes discernible, amongst the cultivators of the physical sciences in this country, to constitute the claims of physical science as a separate interest, and to regard these branches of study as possessing a solidarity with each other, which they do not possess with other studies, such as language or history, cannot be too strongly protested against in the interest of human knowledge.

2. But not only can no claim for the endowment of all the physical sciences, as distinguished from other branches of real knowledge, be grounded on the admitted usefulness of two of them; on the contrary it may be argued, in the second place, from Mr. Gore's premisses, that because these two particular sciences are so largely capable of application to manufacture, it is the manufacturing class, and not the community generally, which is called upon to endow them, or, to put it in a slightly different form, because commerce provides a career for physicists and chemists which it does not provide for any other class of scientific men, the sciences of physics and chemistry do not possess the same claim upon the support of the public purse as those which are more exclusively theoretical in their character.

It is well known that Comte denied the title of science altogether to those branches of knowledge which did not satisfy "the test of fecundity," or capability of application to useful objects; and amongst those which he regarded as excluded by this test were sidereal astronomy and political economy. In arguing against M. Comte for the scientific character of his own study, one of our highest economical authorities, Professor Cairnes, writes as follows :<sup>1</sup>—

"I must demur to the test of fecundity as thus understood. More than one of the physical sciences might find themselves in straits if required to make good their pretensions by a criterion of this sort. Geology is counted a science, yet amongst practical miners in Wales and Cornwall, or in California and Australia, empirical experience, coupled with native sagacity, stands, if I have not been misinformed, for much more than the most profound geological knowledge. Zoology, botany, perhaps also biology, if brought to the same test, might find themselves in similar difficulties; and I rather think Professor Max Müller would find it no easy matter to establish the scientific character of those philosophical studies of which he is the learned advocate, by the criterion of fruit in this sense of the word. Are we then to say that these several branches of scientific knowledge have borne no fruit, that they have no results to show in evidence of their scientific pretensions? Rather, I think, it behoves us to consider whether such results as those of which examples have been given above, applications, that is to say, of scientific principles to the practical arts of life, constitute the proper fruit of a science. It is in this sense that M. Comte applies the test to political economy, and even in this sense, as has been seen, political economy emerges triumphant from the ordeal; but the criterion, as thus understood, is vicious, and ought not to be accepted. Practical applications of scientific principles are, I submit, not the proper fruit,

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(1) "*Essays in Political Economy, Theoretical and Applied*," by J. E. Cairnes. Macmillan, 1873. Pp. 297—299.

but the accidental consequences of scientific knowledge; or if fruit, then fruit of the kind typified by the apple of Atalanta, against which Bacon warns the aspirant in the scientific race as apt to draw him aside from the nobler pursuit. It is not in such tangible results that we shall find the genuine fruit of science; these may, and in the end generally will, come in abundant supply, but they are not of the essence of the plant; it is not in these, but in that power which is the end and aim of scientific knowledge, the power of interpreting nature, of explaining phenomena."

It is discouraging to turn from a passage like that just quoted to the definition of science which appears on the first page of the third Report of the Royal Commission on Scientific Instruction:—

"Our use of the term science," say the Commissioners, "in this report is limited, by the scope of the duties assigned to us, to the sciences of organic and inorganic nature, including under that general designation the sciences of number and magnitude, together with those which depend on observation and experiment, but excluding the mental and moral sciences, as well as all those parts of human knowledge and culture which are not usually regarded as having any scientific character."

This opposition between the physical sciences and other branches of study, I may be permitted to say, seems to me to be entirely without foundation. Let me take one of the latter which is least in favour at the present time in this country—the traditional Latin and Greek erudition which we have inherited from the time of the revival of letters in Europe. What is the classical learning of our old universities but a prolonged investigation of the same kind as geology or paleontology into the half-obliterated record of a past state of existence? If the treasures of ancient literature had not been to a large extent corrupted or destroyed by a variety of accidents, or by mere decay and lapse of time, the labours of such men as Bentley, Porson, or Gaisford would have been rendered as superfluous as those of Cuvier or Professor Owen would have been, if the successive races of organic beings which have covered the surface of the earth had not been overwhelmed by a series of catastrophes and other natural agencies, which have left the traces of them sufficient to rouse curiosity, but not to satisfy it. The study of ancient grammar, the emendation of texts of classical authors, or the excavation and comparison of the more material monuments of antiquity, are not, as is commonly supposed, elaborate trifling, but, in precisely the same sense as paleontology, are a prolonged endeavour, by the use of rigorously scientific methods, to restore to mankind its intellectual heritage in the past.

History, again, is the no less methodized and scientific observation of extinct forms and stages in the development of society; and I could never understand why researches into the rude instruments and utensils of primitive man should be accounted science, and the study of the records, say, of the French Revolution, should not.



Depend upon it there is no such distinction as that which is so often set up in this country between studies which are scientific and studies which are liberal. All research pursued with the aid of rigorous, experimental methods is scientific; and the physical sciences, even those which admit of more immediate application to the arts, are none the less liberal, if they are pursued with the sole aim of increasing knowledge, than "those parts of human knowledge and culture which," the Royal Commissioners tell us, "are not usually regarded as having any scientific character." Depend upon it, if physical science is ever to take its proper place in education, or if it is ever to prefer a well-grounded claim for endowment from the public purse, it must be content to rank as a part, and not as the whole, of scientific knowledge, and must ground its pretension to support, not upon being useful, but upon being liberal.

We come, then, now at last to the real question—What does political economy say to the public endowment of knowledge of all kinds pursued for its own sake? Is the country, in an economical sense, richer for the existence of a large class of persons who are devoted to the investigation of truth? Can it endow such a class without thereby becoming poorer? Or, to use Mr. Mill's phrase, what is "the importance, in a purely productive and material point of view, of mere thought?"

In his essays on "Some Unsettled Questions of Political Economy," Mr. Mill lays down the meaning of the words "productive" and "unproductive," as applied to labour and expenditure, in the following manner.

Productive is productive of wealth. Wealth is all things tending to the use and enjoyment of mankind, which possess exchangeable value, *i.e.* all things except those which, like air and light, can be obtained in unlimited quantity without labour or sacrifice, together with those which, though produced by labour, are not held in sufficient general estimation to command any price in the market.

According to this exposition, inasmuch as knowledge is not held in sufficient general estimation to command any price in the market, it would appear not to be a kind of wealth, and the labour expended in research *not* to be productive labour.

But Mr. Mill goes further. We must distinguish, he says, between labour which produces immediate and transitory enjoyment, and labour which produces a permanent source of enjoyment, which admits of being stored and accumulated. The performance, for instance, on a musical instrument is unproductive labour, because the enjoyment ceases<sup>1</sup> when the performance is over; but the making of the musical instrument itself, and the acquisition of skill in playing

(1) I demur to this, because if the performance is good, it tends to produce culture in the hearer, and culture is a permanent source of enjoyment.

upon it, are both productive labour, because both the instrument and the skill of the musician are permanent sources of enjoyment. "The wealth of a country," he continues, "consists of the sum total of the permanent sources of enjoyment, whether material or immaterial, contained in it, and the labour or expenditure which tends to augment or to keep up these permanent sources, is productive labour."<sup>1</sup>

If we regard now the characteristics of wealth here laid down, we shall find that they are three: first, it is acquired by labour and capital; secondly, it is capable of being stored and accumulated; and thirdly, it possesses exchangeable value.

According to this, knowledge regarded *per se*, and apart from those portions of it which are capable of being applied to the arts or to education, would appear to possess *two* at least out of these three characteristics of wealth. It is acquired, that is to say, by labour and capital, and it is capable of being stored and accumulated; but, as before appeared, it does not seem to possess any exchangeable value. Is, then, we may ask, this quality of exchangeable value essential to the conception of wealth? Because, if it is not, we shall be in danger of arriving at the conclusion that knowledge is after all a kind of wealth, and consequently that "the labour of the savant or speculative thinker is," as Mr. Mill says, "as much a part of production in the very narrowest sense of the word as that of the inventor of a practical art."

If we turn to the instructive chapter<sup>2</sup> in the first book of Mill's "Political Economy," which treats of "unproductive labour," we find it is not the being exchangeable, but the being susceptible of accumulation, which is there insisted upon as essential to the idea of wealth. Wealth is there subsumed under the larger class of utilities produced by labour, which are divided into (1) properties invested in outward objects, animate or inanimate, which render them serviceable to human requirements; (2) the same sort of qualities, such as skill and cultivation, embodied in human beings; and (3) those "pleasures which only exist while being enjoyed, and services which only exist while being performed." The last class of utilities is not susceptible of accumulation, and therefore, it is argued, these utilities are not, except by a metaphor, wealth; whilst the two former are capable of being stored up, and therefore the labour employed in creating them is labour productive of wealth.

It is curious and unaccountable that after such a classification as this, Mill should allow himself to fall back upon the popular conception of wealth as exclusively embodied in material products; and to affirm that "a country would hardly be called richer, however precious a possession it might have in the genius, virtues, or accomplishments

(1) P. 82.

(2) Book i. chap. iii.

of its inhabitants; unless these are looked upon as marketable articles, by which it could attract the material wealth of other countries," &c. For it is clear that it is only "by making," as he says, "the distinction turn upon the *permanence* rather than upon the *materiality* of the product," that his reiterated assertion can be maintained, that "intellectual speculation must be looked upon as a most influential part of the productive labour of society." This vacillation of statement is a highly instructive illustration of the fact to which I have more than once adverted, that the exact economical character of science, culture and other immaterial products of labour and capital, is a problem which has never yet been fairly faced by economists even of the highest authority.

Let us now consider this residual element of exchangeableness in relation to immaterial wealth, which Mill at one place insists upon, and at another apparently surrenders as an essential quality of true wealth. Is knowledge not exchangeable? and if not, why not? We shall see this, I think, distinctly, if we examine what are the elements which go to make up a marketable commodity in the ordinary sense. To take the instance of the violin. (1) There is first the labour of the violin-maker in producing the permanent source of enjoyment, *i.e.* the instrument. (2) There is next the permanent source of enjoyment itself in the hands of the player—the violin. (3) And thirdly, there is the immediate, and, if you wish, transitory, enjoyment of which it is the source, *viz.* the music, which is heard by the auditor in the concert-room. Here, then, we have the conditions of exchange. The violin-maker sells his instrument to the player, and the player sells his music to the auditor. There are three distinct persons concerned, and two distinct transfers of utility; or, if the player plays for his own enjoyment only, there are at least two distinct parties and one transfer. And these conditions are the minimum sufficient to constitute the violin a marketable commodity.

But it is quite conceivable that the violin-maker should make the violin in order to play upon it himself, and for his own enjoyment alone. Here there is no distinction of persons, and no transfer of the article of production. Does, then, the violin in this particular case cease, by the extinction of exchange, to be an article of wealth? I think we should say not. It remains as before a permanent source of enjoyment.

Conceive now, in the second place, a state of circumstances in which the violin-maker and the player should always of necessity be one, and the player should always of necessity perform upon the instrument for his own enjoyment alone, and you have a position exactly analogous to that of knowledge in the matter of exchangeableness.

In knowledge pursued for its own sake—for it is that alone with which we are at present concerned—the producer and the consumer are in reality one person ; or rather, the act of production, research, is identical with the act of enjoyment. It is only given to those who are themselves engaged in original research to know the supreme delight of coming at first hand in contact with fact. This highest species of utility cannot be bought with money, as we buy a stall at the opera. You must yourself become the producer of the commodity in order to be in a position to enjoy it. And this circumstance accounts for the fact, which at first sight is certainly somewhat embarrassing, that if the investigation of truth is so excellent a thing as it is represented to be, it should not be held “in sufficient general estimation to command any price in the market.” The reason is a deduction from what has just been said: in order to acquire a material product like a pocket of hops, you only need to have the money to pay for it; in order to enjoy even an immaterial product, such as a concert or a drama, you only need to be able to afford the price of the ticket. But the full enjoyment of knowledge cannot be had for money only: it requires labour in addition. In order to appropriate to the full the satisfactions arising from the great industry of increasing the knowledge of mankind, you must yourself become a labourer in the same field. To be a consumer, you must yourself become a producer.

In knowledge thus pursued for its own sake, viewed as a kind of production, there would appear to be the same elements as in other kinds of production. Only from the inherent inseparability of the element of enjoyment from the element of production, the area over which exchange might otherwise take place, if the producer and consumer were distinct, is diminished to a vanishing point. The late Lord Mansfield used to tell a story of himself,<sup>1</sup> that so impressed was he with the notion that no work is well done without being properly paid for, that once when about to attend to some professional business of his own, he took several guineas out of his purse, and put them into his waistcoat pocket, as a fee for his labours. No doubt the scientific observer might do the same if he chose, and thereby satisfy himself that knowledge was not only a permanent source of enjoyment, but that it possessed also, though in a latent form, the quality of being exchangeable. But it may be questioned whether he would thereby materially increase the claim of knowledge to be reckoned as wealth, or its pretension to be supported out of the public funds.

I have, in the foregoing, endeavoured to rest that pretension upon what I believe to be the only sound economical ground for endowing research—viz. that knowledge, and more particularly knowledge which is always moving onwards into new regions of experience,

(1) Lord St. Leonards' "Handy Book of Property Law," p. 135.

possesses all the essential marks of wealth, and that, therefore, that portion of the material resources of a nation which is employed in carrying on and remunerating the labour of research, in whatever field of inquiry, "is a highly productive part of its expenditure."<sup>1</sup>

This, then, I think, is the true ground, *that science is itself wealth*, and not the lower and special ground, which on examination turned out to be an argument on the opposite side—viz. that one or two special sciences admit of immediate application to manufacture.

But there are other ways subsidiary to the foregoing in which the disinterested investigation of truth has an economical aspect, to which I will, in conclusion, briefly advert.

We have hitherto regarded knowledge mainly in respect of its production by research, and as having its end and aim in itself—viz. the attainment of truth. But although the full and perfect enjoyment of the gradual disclosure of new fields of experience is the sole privilege of those immediately engaged in the work of research, there is yet an indirect but most important way in which the results and even the methods of research, may be made generally available by popularization, by education, through the press, and by conversation and social intercourse. In what relation, then, does original research stand to those expedients for the diffusion of its results—I mean in what economical relation?

In the first place, it is a remarkable fact as bearing on the unmarketable character of knowledge, that, as we have seen above, not only is there no exchange possible of the article of knowledge itself from a producer to a consumer, but even in the diffusion of the results of investigation the same difficulty about exchange occurs.

Thus, for instance, in order to effect a perfect exchange, I must be able to *transfer* the commodity which I produce to you who want to consume it, *i.e.* I must be able to divest myself of it, and make it over to you. It is only on the supposition that I have ceased to possess it after the transfer, that I can make any claim upon you for payment. But in the case of knowledge, such a complete transfer cannot be made. Because it is impossible for a person who communicates a truth of which he is in possession to divest himself of the knowledge of it, as a man who sells any material commodity ceases to possess it after he has delivered it to the purchaser. The communication of knowledge resembles rather the taking of another into partnership, than the delivery of an article of value; but it differs from a partnership, because, the amount of the knowledge remaining the same, the share of the partners in it does not become less by the increase nor greater by the diminution of their number.

Another difficulty in making knowledge an article of exchange arises from the fact that, *unlike every other commodity, it cannot be*

(1) Mill, l. c.

*consumed.* When once produced it is indestructible. To revert to our former instance of the violin. The violin which is sold to the musician may wear out, or be destroyed, or rendered useless, and a new one may be required. And this recurrence of demand for a repetition of a similar article, depending upon its capability of being consumed, enables the violin-maker to get a living. In the same way with an immaterial utility such as the enjoyment produced by the player in his audience—the enjoyment is over with the performance, and the recurrence of the demand for it enables the musician to live. But it is scarcely conceivable that the accumulated store of human knowledge, or any part of it, should, in the present state of the world, be ever used up. It could only be destroyed by an exceptional catastrophe, like, only on a much larger scale than, the immigration of the barbarians into the Roman Empire, which ushered in the darkness of the Middle Ages. And what is absolutely true of the whole store of knowledge is relatively true of any part of it. Any given result of research, once produced, is only capable of that slow and relative consumption which consists in its being ultimately superseded by subsequent discovery.

A third difficulty in the way of making knowledge an exchangeable commodity is this. The *savant* may, of course, communicate to others his results and the methods by which he has arrived at them. And in order to give them a marketable value, it has been suggested by some persons that scientific observers should keep their discoveries secret until an adequate price is offered for them by the purchaser. But there are insuperable difficulties arising out of the unique and exceptional character of knowledge, in the way of making it a saleable commodity even on these terms. If a scientific man were to come forward and say, "I have discovered a most important truth, the knowledge of which is likely to revolutionize science, and all our views of human life and well-being. And if you will give me the moderate sum of £10,000 I will tell you what it is." Let us suppose that a purchaser appears who is willing to pay the price demanded, provided he can be convinced that the article is worth it. How is he to be convinced of this without having the discovery explained to him? whilst if it is explained to him, he not only has inspected the commodity which he proposes to purchase, he has already, *ipso facto*, appropriated it. Knowledge, then, by this contrivance, can only be really bought marketably by that small class of purchasers who do not object to buying what is called "a pig in a poke."

These are some of the difficulties—for there are many other subsidiary ones—which affect the exchangeable value of new knowledge, in what I may call its first two stages. In the first stage it can only be bought by labour, as well as money; in the second stage

it cannot be really transferred to the purchaser, it cannot be consumed, and it can only be bought in the dark. No wonder, then, that it should not be held, as Mill says, in sufficient general estimation to command any price in the market.

To sum up. It would appear that the conclusions to which the consideration of the whole subject have led us are these:—

1. That the various artificial means by which scientific research has been hitherto supported are attended with grave disadvantages to science itself.

2. That, therefore, the only means of maintaining knowledge which remains, is that of public endowment.

3. And that the application of endowments to the maintenance of scientific research is economically sound, because, although knowledge is a kind of wealth, there are apparently insuperable difficulties in the way of making it an exchangeable commodity, out of the sale of which the scientific observer can make a living.

If to these conclusions we add the further considerations which have not been hitherto distinctly adverted to—viz. that the public fund out of which such an endowment of knowledge pure and simple might be effected, in this country already exists at the old universities, and does not require to be raised by taxation; that the funds were originally bequeathed for the purposes to which we contend that they might be beneficially applied; that they have been gradually usurped by the higher education for which they were not designed, and *the quality and wages of which they tend to bring down*<sup>1</sup>—the general practical conclusion which an economic view of this question cannot fail to lead to, is that these large funds should be made to revert to their original destination. And, there is no doubt that that statesman who shall have sufficient courage to effect this reversion, however unpopular the measure may be whilst it is being carried out, will earn the lasting gratitude of his country, and of mankind.

C. E. APPLETON."

(1) See Smith's *Wealth of Nations*, bk. v., ch. 1. This portion of the subject will be discussed by the present writer hereafter.

## BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.

### CHAPTER IX.

#### MORNING AT SEA UNDER THE ALPS.

THE breeze blew steadily, enough to swell the sails and sweep the vessel on smoothly. The night air dropped no moisture on deck.

Nevil Beauchamp dozed for an hour. He was awakened by light on his eyelids, and starting up beheld the many pinnacles of grey and red rocks\* and shadowy high white regions at the head of the gulf waiting for the sun; and the sun struck them. One by one they came out in crimson flame, till the vivid host appeared to have stepped forward. The shadows on the snow-fields deepened to purple below an irradiation of rose and pink and dazzling silver. There of all the world you might imagine gods to sit. A crown of mountains endless in range, erect, or flowing, shattered and arid, or leaning in smooth lustre, hangs above the gulf. The mountains are sovereign Alps, and the sea is beneath them. The whole gigantic body keeps the sea, as with a hand, to right and left.

Nevil's personal rapture craved for Renée with the second long breath he drew; and now the curtain of her tent-cabin parted, and greeting him with half a smile, she looked out. The Adriatic was dark, the Alps had heaven to themselves. Crescents and hollows, rosy mounds, white shelves, shining ledges, domes and peaks, all the towering heights were in illumination from Friuli into farthest Tyrol; beyond earth to the stricken senses of the gazers. Colour was steadfast on the massive front ranks: it wavered in the remoteness, and was quick and dim as though it fell on beating wings; but there too divine colour seized and shaped forth solid forms, and thence away to others in uttermost distances where the incredible flickering gleam of new heights arose, that soared, or stretched their white uncertain curves in sky like wings traversing infinity.

It seemed unlike morning to the lovers, but as if night had broken with a revelation of the kingdom in the heart of night. While the broad smooth waters rolled unlighted beneath that transfigured upper sphere, it was possible to think the scene might vanish like a view caught out of darkness by lightning. Alp over burning Alp, and around them a hueless dawn! The two exulted; they threw off the load of wonderment, and in looking they had the delicious sensation of flight in their veins.

Renée stole towards Nevil. She was mystically shaken and at his



mercy ; and had he said then, " Over to the other land, away from Venice ! " she would have bent her head.

She asked his permission to rouse her brother and madame, so that they should not miss the scene.

Roland lay in the folds of his military greatcoat, too completely happy to be disturbed, Nevil Beauchamp chose to think ; and Rosamund Culling, he told Renée, had been separated from her husband last on these waters.

" Ah ! to be unhappy here," sighed Renée. " I fancied it when I begged her to join us. It was in her voice."

The impressionable girl trembled. He knew he was dear to her, and for that reason, judging of her by himself, he forbore to urge his advantage, conceiving it base to fear that loving him she could yield her hand to another ; and it was the critical instant. She was almost in his grasp. A word of sharp entreaty would have swung her round to see her situation with his eyes, and detest and shrink from it. He committed the capital fault of treating her as his equal in passion and courage, not as metal ready to run into the mould under temporary stress of fire.

Even later in the morning, when she was cooler and he had come to speak, more than her own strength was needed to resist him. The struggle was hard. The boat's head had been put about for Venice, and they were among the dusky-red Chioggian sails in fishing quarters, expecting momentarily a campanile to signal the sea-city over the level. Renée waited for it in suspense. To her it stood for the implacable key of a close and stifling chamber, so different from this brilliant boundless region of air, that she sickened with the apprehension ; but she knew it must appear, and soon, and there-with the contraction and the gloom it indicated to her mind. He talked of the beauty. She fretted at it, and was her petulant self again in an epigrammatic note of discord.

He let that pass.

" Last night you said ' one night, ' " he whispered. " We will have another sail before we leave Venice."

" One night, and in a little time one hour ! and next one minute ! and there's the end," said Renée.

Her tone alarmed him. " Have you forgotten that you gave me your hand ? "

" I gave my hand to my friend."

" You gave it to me for good."

" No ; I dared not ; it is not mine."

" It is mine," said Beauchamp.

Renée pointed to the dots and severed lines and isolated columns of the rising city, black over bright sea.

" Mine there as well as here," said Beauchamp, and looked at her

with the fiery zeal of eyes intent on minutest signs for a confirmation, to shake that sad negation of her face.

"Renée, you cannot break the pledge of the hand you gave me last night."

"You tell me how weak a creature I am."

"You are me, myself; more, better than me. And say, would you not rather coast here and keep the city under water?"

She could not refrain from confessing that she would be glad never to land there.

"So, when you land, go straight to your father," said Beauchamp, to whose conception it was a simple act resulting from the avowal.

"Oh! you torture me," she cried. Her eyelashes were heavy with tears. "I cannot do it. Think what you will of me! And, my friend, help me. Should you not help me? I have not once actually disobeyed my father, and he has indulged me, but he has been sure of me as a dutiful girl. That is my source of self-respect. My friend can always be my friend."

"Yes, while it's not too late," said Beauchamp.

She observed a sudden stringing of his features. He called to the chief boatman, made his command intelligible to that portly capitano, and went on to Roland, who was puffing his after-breakfast cigarette in conversation with the tolerant English lady.

"You condescend to notice us, signor?" said Roland. "The vessel is up to some manoeuvre?"

"We have decided not to land," replied Beauchamp. "And Roland," he checked the Frenchman's shout of laughter, "I think of making for Trieste. Let me speak to you, to both. Renée is in misery. She must not go back."

Roland sprang to his feet, stared, and walked over to Renée.

"Nevil," said Rosamund Culling, "do you know what you are doing?"

"Perfectly," said he. "Come to her. She is a girl, and I must think and act for her."

Roland met them.

"My dear Nevil, are you in a state of delusion? Renée denies . . ."

"There's no delusion, Roland. I am determined to stop a catastrophe. I see it as plainly as those Alps. There is only one way, and that's the one I have chosen."

"Chosen! my friend. But allow me to remind you that you have others to consult. And Renée herself . . ."

"She is a girl. She loves me, and I speak for her."

"She has said it?"

"She has more than said it."

"You strike me to the deck, Nevil. Either you are downright

mad—which seems the likeliest—or we are all in a nightmare. Can you suppose I will let my sister be carried away the deuce knows where, while her father is expecting her, and to fulfil an engagement affecting his pledged word ? ”

Beauchamp simply replied :

“ Come to her.”

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## CHAPTER X.

### A SINGULAR COUNCIL.

THE four sat together under the shadow of the helmsman, by whom they were regarded as voyagers in debate upon the question of some hours further on salt water. “ No bore,” he threw in at intervals, to assure them that the obnoxious wind of the Adriatic need not disturb their calculations.

It was an extraordinary sitting, but none of the parties to it thought of it so when Nevil Beauchamp had plunged them into it. He compelled them, even Renée—and she would have flown had there been wings on her shoulders—to feel something of the life and death issues present to his soul, and submit to the discussion, in plain language of the market-place, of the most delicate of human subjects for her, for him, and hardly less for the other two. An overmastering fervour can do this. It upsets the vessel we float in, and we have to swim our way out of deep waters by the directest use of the natural faculties, without much reflection on the change in our habits. To others not under such an influence the position seems impossible. This discussion occurred. Beauchamp opened the case in a couple of sentences, and when the turn came for Renée to speak, and she shrank from the task in manifest pain, he spoke for her, and no one heard her contradiction. She would have wished the fearful impetuous youth to succeed if she could have slept through the storm he was rousing.

Roland appealed to her. “ You, my sister ! it is you that consent to this wild freak, enough to break your father’s heart ? ”

He had really forgotten his knowledge of her character—what much he knew—in the dust of the desperation flung about her by Nevil Beauchamp.

She shook her head ; she had not consented.

“ The man she loves is her voice and her will,” said Beauchamp. “ She gives me her hand and I lead her.”

Roland questioned her. It could not be denied that she had given her hand, and her bewildered senses made her think that it had been with an entire abandonment ; and in the heat of her conflict

of feelings, the deliciousness of yielding to him curled round and enclosed her, as in a cool humming sea-shell.

"Renée!" said Roland.

"Brother!" she cried.

"You see that I cannot suffer you to be borne away."

"No; do not!"

But the boat was flying fast from Venice, and she could have fallen at his feet and kissed them for not countermanding it.

"You are in my charge, my sister."

"Yes."

"And now, Nevil, between us two," said Roland.

Beauchamp required no challenge. He seemed, to Rosamund Culling, twice older than he was, strangely adept, yet more strangely wise of worldly matters, and eloquent too. But it was the eloquence of frenzy, madness, in Roland's ear. The arrogation of a terrible foresight that harped on present and future to persuade him of the righteousness of this headlong proceeding advocated by his friend, vexed his natural equanimity. The argument was out of the domain of logic. He could hardly sit to listen, and tore at his moustache at each end. Nevertheless his sister listened. The mad Englishman accomplished the miracle of making her listen, and appear to consent.

Roland laughed scornfully. "Why Trieste? I ask you, why Trieste? You can't have a Catholic priest at your bidding, without her father's sanction."

"We leave Renée at Trieste, under the care of madame," said Beauchamp, "and we return to Venice, and I go to your father. This method protects Renée from annoyance."

"It strikes me that if she arrives at any determination she must take the consequences."

"She does. She is brave enough for that. But she is a girl; she has to fight the battle of her life in a day, and I am her lover, and she leaves it to me."

"Is my sister such a coward?" said Roland.

Renée could only call out his name.

"It will never do, my dear Nevil;" Roland tried to deal with his unreasonable friend affectionately. "I am responsible for her. It's your own fault—if you had not saved my life I should not have been in your way. Here I am, and your proposition can't be heard of. Do as you will, both of you, when you step ashore in Venice."

"If she goes back she is lost!" said Beauchamp, and he attacked Roland on the side of his love for Renée, and for him.

Roland was inflexible. Seeing which, Renée said, "To Venice, quickly, my brother!" and now she almost sighed with relief to think that she was escaping from this hurricane of a youth, who swept her off her feet and wrapt her whole being in a delirium.

"We were in sight of the city just now!" cried Roland, staring and frowning. "What's this?"

Beauchamp answered him calmly, "The boat's under my orders."

"Talk madness, but don't act it," said Roland. "Round with the boat at once. Hundred devils! You haven't your wits."

To his amazement, Beauchamp refused to alter the boat's present course.

"You heard my sister?" said Roland.

"You frighten her," said Beauchamp.

"You heard her wish to return to Venice, I say."

"She has no wish that is not mine."

It came to Roland's shouting his command to the men, while Beauchamp pointed the course on for them.

"You will make this a ghastly pleasantry," said Roland.

"I do what I know to be right," said Beauchamp.

"You want an altercation before these fellows?"

"There won't be one; they obey me."

Roland blinked rapidly in wrath and doubt of mind.

"Madame," he stooped to Rosamund Culling, with a happy inspiration, "convince him; you have known him longer than I, and I desire not to lose my friend. And tell me, madame—I can trust you to be truth itself, and you can see it is actually the time for truth to be spoken—is he justified in taking my sister's hand? You perceive that I am obliged to appeal to you. Is he not dependent on his uncle? And is he not, therefore, in your opinion, bound in reason as well as in honour to wait for his uncle's approbation before he undertakes to speak for my sister? And, since the occasion is urgent, let me ask you one thing more: whether, by your knowledge of his position, you think him entitled to presume to decide upon my sister's destiny? She, you are aware, is not so young but that she can speak for herself . . ."

"There you are wrong, Roland," said Beauchamp; "she can neither speak nor think for herself: you lead her blindfolded."

"And you, my friend, suppose that you are wiser than any of us. It is understood. I venture to appeal to madame on the point in question."

The poor lady's heart beat dismally. She was constrained to answer, and said, "His uncle is one who must be consulted."

"You hear that, Nevil," said Roland.

Beauchamp looked at her sharply, angrily, Rosamund feared. She had struck his hot brain with the vision of Everard Romfrey as with a bar of iron. If Rosamund had inclined to the view that he was sure of his uncle's support, it would have seemed to him a simple confirmation of his sentiments, but he was not of the same temper now as when he exclaimed, "Let him see her!" and could imagine,

give him only Renée's love, the world of men subservient to his wishes.

Then he was dreaming; he was now in fiery earnest, for that reason accessible to facts presented to him; and Rosamund's reluctantly-spoken words brought his stubborn uncle before his eyes, inflicting a sense of helplessness of the bitterest kind.

They were all silent. Beauchamp stared at the lines of the deck-planks.

His scheme to rescue Renée was right and good; but was he the man that should do it? And was she, moreover, he thought, speculating on her bent head, the woman to be forced to brave the world with him, and poverty? She gave him no sign. He was assuredly not the man to pretend to powers he did not feel himself to possess, and though from a personal, and still more from a lover's, inability to see all round him at one time and accurately to weigh the forces at his disposal, he had gone far, he was not a wilful dreamer nor so very selfish a lover. The instant his consciousness of a superior strength failed him he acknowledged it.

Renée did not look up. She had none of those lightnings of primitive energy, nor the noble rashness and reliance on her lover, which his imagination had filled her with; none. That was plain. She could not even venture to second him. Had she done so he would have held out. He walked to the head of the boat without replying.

Soon after this the boat was set for Venice again.

When he rejoined his companions he kissed Rosamund's hand, and Renée, despite a confused feeling of humiliation and anger, loved him for it.

Glittering Venice was now in sight. The dome of Sta. Maria Salute shining like a globe of salt.

Roland flung his arm round his friend's neck, and said, "Forgive me."

"You do what you think right," said Beauchamp.

"You are a perfect man of honour, my friend, and a woman would adore you. Girls are straws. It's part of Renée's religion to obey her father. That's why I was astonished! . . . I owe you my life, and I would willingly give you my sister in part payment, if I had the giving of her; most willingly. The case is, that she's a child, and you?" . . .

"Yes, I'm dependent," Beauchamp assented. "I can't act, I see it. That scheme wants two to carry it out: she has no courage. I feel that I could carry the day with my uncle, but I can't subject her to the risks, since she dreads them; I see it. Yes, I see that! I should have done well, I believe; I should have saved her."

"Run to England, get your uncle's consent, and then try."

"No; I shall go to her father."

"My dear Nevil, and supposing you have Renée to back you—supposing it, I say—won't you be falling on exactly the same bayonet-point?"

"If I leave her!" Beauchamp interjected. He perceived the quality of Renée's unformed character which he could not express.

"But we are to suppose that she loves you?"

"She is a girl."

"You return, my friend, to the place you started from, as you did on the canal without knowing it. In my opinion, frankly, she is best married. And I think so all the more after this morning's lesson. You understand plainly that if you leave her she will soon be pliant to the legitimate authorities; and why not?"

"Listen to me, Roland. I tell you she loves me. I am bound to her, and when—if ever I see her unhappy, I will not stand by and look on quietly."

Roland shrugged. "The future not being born, my friend, we will abstain from baptizing it. For me, less privileged than my fellows, I have never seen the future. Consequently I am not in love with it, and to declare myself candidly I do not care for it one snap of the fingers. Let us follow our usages, and attend to the future at the hour of its delivery. I prefer the sage-femme to the prophet. From my heart, Nevil, I wish I could help you. We have charged great guns together, but a family arrangement is something different from a hostile battery. There's Venice! and, as soon as you land, my responsibility's ended. Reflect, I pray you, on what I have said about girls. Upon my word, I discover myself talking wisdom to you. Girls are precious fragilities. Marriage is the mould for them; they get shape, substance, solidity: that is to say, sense, passion, a will of their own: and grace and tenderness, delicacy; all out of the rude, raw, quaking creatures we call girls. Paris! my dear Nevil. Paris! It's the book of women."

The grandeur of the decayed sea-city, where folly had danced Parisianly of old, spread brooding along the waters in morning light; beautiful; but with that inner light of history seen through the beauty Venice was like a lowered banner. The great white dome and the campanili watching above her were still brave emblems. Would Paris leave signs of an ancient vigour standing to vindicate dignity when her fall came? Nevil thought of Renée in Paris.

She avoided him. She had retired behind her tent-curtains, and reappeared only when her father's voice hailed the boat from a gondola. The count and the marquis were sitting together, and there was a spare gondola for the voyagers, so that they should not

have to encounter another Babel of the riva. Salutes were performed with lifted hats, nods, and bows.

"Well, my dear child, it has all been very wonderful and uncomfortable?" said the count.

"Wonderful; papa; splendid."

"No qualms of any kind?"

"None, I assure you."

"And madame?"

"Madame will confirm it, if you find a seat for her."

Rosamund Culling was received in the count's gondola, cordially thanked, and placed beside the marquis.

"I stay on board and pay these fellows," said Roland.

Renée was told by her father to follow madame. He had jumped into the spare gondola and offered a seat to Beauchamp.

"No," cried Renée, arresting Beauchamp, "it is I who mean to sit with papa."

Up sprang the marquis with an entreating, "Mademoiselle!"

"M. Beauchamp will entertain you, M. le marquis."

"I want him here," said the count; and Beauchamp showed that his wish was to enter the count's gondola, but Renée had recovered her aplomb, and decisively said "No," and Beauchamp had to yield.

That would have been an opportunity of speaking to her father without a formal asking of leave. She knew it as well as Nevil Beauchamp.

Renée took his hand to be assisted in the step down to her father's arms, murmuring:

"Do nothing—nothing! until you hear from me."

## CHAPTER XI.

CAPTAIN BASKELETT.

OUR England, meanwhile, was bustling over the extinguished war, counting the cost of it, with a rather rueful eye on Manchester, and soothing the taxed by an exhibition of heroes at brilliant feasts. Of course, the first to come home had the cream of the praises. She hugged them in a manner somewhat suffocating to modest men, but heroism must be brought to bear upon these excesses of maternal admiration; modesty, too, when it accepts the place of honour at a public banquet, should not protest overmuch. To be just, the earliest arrivals, which were such as reached the shores of Albion before her war was at an end, did cordially reciprocate the hug. They were taught, and they believed most naturally, that it was quite as well to repose upon her bosom as to have stuck to their posts.



Surely there was a conscious weakness in the Spartans, who were always at pains to discipline their men in heroical conduct, and rewarded none save the standfasts. A system of that sort seems to betray the sense of poverty in the article. Our England does nothing like it. All are welcome home to her so long as she is in want of them. Besides, she has to please the taxpayer. You may track a shadowy line or crazy zigzag of policy in almost every stroke of her domestic history: either it is the forethought finding it necessary to stir up an impulse, or else dashing impulse gives a lively pull to the afterthought: policy becomes evident somehow, clumsily very possibly. How can she manage an enormous middle-class, to keep it happy, other than a little clumsily? The managing of it at all is the wonder. And not only has she to stupify the taxpayer by a timely display of feasting and fireworks, she has to stop all that nonsense (to quote a satiated man lightened in his purse) at the right moment, about the hour when the old standfasts, who have simply been doing duty, return, poor jog-trot fellows, and a complimentary motto or two is the utmost she can present to them. On the other hand, it is true she gives her first loves, those early birds, fully to understand that a change has come in their island mother's mind. If there is a balance to be righted, she leaves that business to society, and if it be the season for the gathering of society, it will be righted more or less; and if no righting is done at all, perhaps the Press will incidentally toss a leaf of laurel on a name or two: thus in the exercise of grumbling doing good.

With few exceptions, Nevil Beauchamp's heroes received the motto instead of the sweetmeat. England expected them to do their duty: they did it, and she was not dissatisfied,—nor should they be. Beauchamp, at a distance from the scene, chafed with customary vehemence concerning the unjust measure dealt to his favourites: Captain Hardist, of the *Diomed*, twenty years a captain, still a captain! Young Michell denied the Cross! Colonel Evans Cuff, on the heights from first to last, and not advanced a step! But Prancer, and Plunger, and Lammakin were thoroughly *well taken care of*, this critic of the war wrote savagely, reviving an echo of a queer small circumstance occurring in the midst of the high dolour and anxiety of the whole nation, and which a politic country preferred to forget, as we will do, for it was but an instance of strong family feeling in high quarters; and is not the unity of the country founded on the integrity of the family sentiment? Is it not certain, which the master tells us, that a line is but a continuation of a number of dots? Nevil Beauchamp was for insisting that great Government officers had paid more attention to a dot or two than to the line. He appeared to be at war with his country after the peace. So far he had a lively ally in his uncle Everard; but these remarks of his were a

portion of a letter, whose chief burden was the request that Everard Romfrey would back him in proposing for the hand of a young French lady, she being, Beauchamp smoothly acknowledged, engaged to a wealthy French marquis, under the approbation of her family. Could mortal folly outstrip a petition of that sort? And apparently, according to the wording and emphasis of the letter, it was the mature age of the marquis which made Mr. Beauchamp so particularly desirous to stop the projected marriage and take the girl himself. He appealed to his uncle on the subject in a 'really-really' remonstrative tone, quite overwhelming to read. "It ought not to be permitted: by all the laws of chivalry, I should write to the girl's father to interdict it: I really am *particeps criminis* in a sin against nature if I don't!" Mr. Romfrey interjected in burlesque of his ridiculous nephew, with collapsing laughter. But he expressed an indignant surprise at Nevil for allowing Rosamund to travel alone.

"I can take very good care of myself," Rosamund protested.

"You can do hundreds of things you should never be obliged to do while he's at hand, or I, ma'am," said Mr. Romfrey. "The fellow's insane. He forgets a gentleman's duty. Here's his 'humanity' dogging a French frock, and pooh!—the age of the marquis! Fifty? A man's beginning his prime at fifty, or there never was much man in him. It's the mark of a fool to take everybody for a bigger fool than himself—or he wouldn't have written this letter to me. He can't come home yet, not yet, and he doesn't know when he can! Has he thrown up the service? I am to preserve the alliance between England and France by getting this French girl for him in the teeth of her marquis, at my peril if I refuse!"

Rosamund asked, "Will you let me see where Nevil says that, sir?"

Mr. Romfrey tore the letter to strips. "He's one of your fellows who cock their eyes when they mean to be cunning. He sends you to do the wheedling, that's plain. I don't say he has hit on a bad advocate; but tell him I back him in no mortal marriage till he shows a pair of epaulettes on his shoulders. Tell him lieutenants are fledglings—he's not marriageable at present. It's a very pretty sacrifice of himself he intends for the sake of the alliance—tell him that—but a lieutenant's not quite big enough to establish it. You will know what to tell him, ma'am. And say, it's the fellow's best friend that advises him to be out of it and home quick. If he makes one of a French trio, he's dished. He's too late for his luck in England. Have him out of that mire, we can't hope for more now."

Rosamund postponed her mission to plead. Her heart was with Nevil; her understanding was easily led to side against him, and for better reasons than Mr. Romfrey could be aware of: so she

was assured by her experience of the character of *Mademoiselle de Croisnel*. A certain belief in her personal arts of persuasion had stopped her from writing on her homeward journey to inform him that Nevil was not accompanying her, and when she drove over *Steynham Common*, triumphal arches and the odour of a roasting ox richly browning to celebrate the hero's return afflicted her mind with all the solid arguments of a common-sense country in contravention of a wild lover's vaporous extravagances. Why had he not come with her? The disappointed ox put the question in a wavering drop of the cheers of the villagers at the sight of the carriage without their bleeding hero. Mr. Romfrey, at his hall-doors, merely screwed his eyebrows; for it was the quality of this gentleman to foresee most human events, and his capacity to stifle astonishment when they trifled with his prognostics. Rosamund had left Nevil fast bound in the meshes of the young French sorceress, no longer leading, but submissively following, expecting blindly, seeing strange new virtues in the lurid indication of what appeared to border on the reverse. How could she plead for her infatuated darling to one who was common sense in person? Everard's pointed interrogations reduced her to speak defensively, instead of attacking and claiming his aid for the poor enamoured young man. She dared not say that Nevil continued to be absent because he was now encouraged by the girl to remain in attendance on her, and was more than half inspired to hope, and too artfully assisted to deceive the count and the marquis under the guise of simple friendship. Letters passed between them in books given into one another's hands with an audacious openness of the saddest augury for the future of the pair, and Nevil could be so lost to reason as to glory in Renée's intrepidity, which he justified by their mutual situation, and cherished for a proof that she was getting courage. In fine, Rosamund abandoned her task of pleading. Nevil's communications gave the case a worse and worse aspect: Renée was prepared to speak to her father; she delayed it; then the two were to part; they were unable to perform the terrible sacrifice and slay their last hope; and then Nevil wrote of destiny—language hitherto unknown to him, evidently the tongue of Renée. He slipped on from Italy to France. His uncle was besieged by a series of letters, and his cousin, Cecil Baskett, a captain in England's grand reserve force—her Horse Guards of the Blue division—helped Everard Romfrey to laugh over them. It was not difficult, alack! Letters of a lover in an extremity of love, crying for help, are as curious to cool, strong men as the contortions of the proved heterodox tied to a stake must have been to their chastening clerical judges. Why go to the fire when a recantation will save you from it? Why not break the excruciating faggot-bands, and escape, when you

have only to decide to do it? We naturally ask why. Those martyrs of love or religion are madmen. Altogether, Nevil's adjurations and supplications, his threats of wrath and appeals to reason, were an odd mixture. "He won't lose a chance while there's breath in his body," Everard said, quite good-humouredly, though he deplored that the chance for the fellow to make his hero-parade in society, and haply catch an heiress, was waning. There was an heiress at Steynham, on her way with her father to Italy, very anxious to see her old friend Nevil—Cecilia Halkett: and very inquisitive this young lady of sixteen was to know the cause of his absence. She heard of it from Cecil.

"And one morning last week mademoiselle was running away with him, and the next morning she was married to her marquis!"

Cecil was able to tell her that.

"I used to be so fond of him," said the ingenuous young lady. She had to thank Nevil for a Circassian dress and pearls, which he had sent to her by the hands of Mrs. Culling—a pretty present to a girl in the nursery, she thought, and in fact she chose to be a little wounded by the cause of his absence.

"He's a good creature—really," Cecil spoke on his cousin's behalf. "Mad; he always will be mad. A dear old savage; always amuses me. He does! I get half my entertainment from him."

Captain Baskelett was gifted with the art, which is a fine and a precious one, of priceless value in society, and not wanting a benediction upon it in our elegant literature, namely, the art of stripping his fellow-man and so posturing him as to make every movement of the comical wretch puppet-like, constrained, stiff, and foolish. He could present you heroic actions in that fashion; for example:

"A long-shanked trooper, bearing the name of John Thomas Drew, was crawling along under fire of the batteries. Out pops old Nevil, tries to get the man on his back. It won't do. Nevil insists that it's exactly one of the cases that ought to be, and they remain arguing about it like a pair of nine-pins while the Muscovites are at work with the bowls. Very well. Let me tell you my story. It's perfectly true, I give you my word. So Nevil tries to horse Drew, and Drew proposes to horse Nevil, as at school. Then Drew offers a compromise. He would much rather have crawled on, you know, and allowed the shot to pass over his head; but he's a Briton, old Nevil the same; but old Nevil's peculiarity is that, as you are aware, he hates a compromise—won't have it—retro Sathanas! and Drew's proposal to take his arm instead of being carried picka or piggy-back—I am ignorant how Nevil spells it—disgusts old Nevil. Still it won't do to stop where they are, like the cocoa-nut and the pincushion of our friends, the gipsies, on the downs:

so they take arms and commence the journey home, resembling the best of friends on the evening of a holiday in our native clime—two steps to the right, half-a-dozen to the left, etcetera.”

Thus, with scarce a variation from the facts, with but a flowery chaplet cast on a truthful narrative, as it were, Captain Baskett could render ludicrous that which in other quarters had obtained honourable mention. Nevil and Drew being knocked down by the wind of a ball near the battery, “Confound it!” cries Nevil, jumping on his feet, “it’s because I consented to a compromise!”—a transparent piece of fiction this, but so in harmony with the character stripped naked for us that it is accepted. Imagine Nevil’s love-affair in such hands! Recovering from a fever, Nevil sees a pretty French girl in a gondola, and immediately thinks, “By jingo, I’m marriageable.” He hears she is engaged. “By jingo, she’s marriageable too.” He goes through a sum in addition, and the total is a couple; so he determines on a marriage. “You can’t get it out of his head; he must be married instantly, and to her, because she is going to marry somebody else. Sticks to her, follows her, will have her, in spite of her father, her marquis, her brother, aunts, cousins, religion, country, and the young woman herself. I assure you, a perfect model of male fidelity! She is married. He is on her track. He knows his time will come; he has only to be handy. You see, old Nevil believes in Providence, is perfectly sure he will one day hear it cry out, ‘Where’s Beauchamp?’ ‘Here I am!’ ‘And here’s your marquise!’ ‘I knew I should have her at last,’ says Nevil, calm as Mont Blanc on a reduced scale.”

The secret of Captain Baskett’s art would seem to be to show the automatic human creature at loggerheads with a necessity that winks at remarkable pretensions, while condemning it perpetually to doll-like action. You look on men from your own elevation as upon a quantity of our little wooden images, unto whom you affix puny characteristics, under restrictions from which they shall not escape, though they attempt it with the enterprising vigour of an extended leg, or a pair of raised arms, or a head awry, or a trick of jumping; and some of them are extraordinarily addicted to these feats; but for all they do the end is the same, for necessity rules that exactly so, under stress of activity, must the doll Nevil, the doll Everard, or the dolliest of dolls, fair woman, behave. The automatic creature is subject to the laws of its construction, you perceive. It can this, it can that, but it cannot leap out of its mechanism. One definition of the art is, *humour made easy*, and that may be why Cecil Baskett indulged in it, and why it is popular with those whose humour consists of a readiness to laugh.

The fun between Cecil Baskett and Mr. Romfrey over the doll Nevil threatened an intimacy and community of sentiment that

alarmed Rosamund on behalf of her 'darling's material prospects. She wrote to him, entreating him to come to Steynham. Nevil Beauchamp replied to her both frankly and shrewdly: "I shall not pretend that I forgive my Uncle Everard, and therefore it is best for me to keep away. Have no fear. The baron likes a man of his own tastes: they may laugh together, if it suits them; he never could be guilty of treachery, and to disinherit me would be that. If I were to become his open enemy to-morrow, I should look on the estates as mine—unless I did anything to make him disrespect me. You will not suppose it likely. I foresee I shall want money. As for Cecil, I give him as much rope as he cares to have. I know very well Uncle Everard will see where the point of likeness between them stops. I apply for a ship the moment I land."

To test Nevil's judgment of his uncle, Rosamund ventured on showing this letter to Mr. Romfrey. He read it, and said nothing, but subsequently asked, from time to time, "Has he got his ship yet?" It assured her that Nevil was not wrong, and dispelled her notion of the vulgar imbroglia of a rich uncle and two thirsty nephews. She was hardly less relieved in reflecting that he could read men so soberly and accurately. The desperation of the youth in love had rendered her one little bit doubtful of the orderliness of his wits. After this she smiled on Cecil's assiduities. Nevil obtained his appointment to a ship bound for the coast of Africa to spy for slavers. He called on his uncle in London, and spent the greater part of the hour's visit with Rosamund; seemed cured of his passion, devoid of rancour, glad of the prospect of a run among the slaving hulls. He and his uncle shook hands manfully, at the full outstretch of their arms, in a way so like them, to Rosamund's thinking—that is, in a way so unlike any other possible couple of men so situated—that the humour of the sight eclipsed all the pleasantries of Captain Baskelett. "Good bye, sir," Nevil said heartily; and Everard Romfrey was not behindhand with the cordial ring of his "Good bye, Nevil;" and upon that they separated. Rosamund would have been willing to speak to her beloved of his false Renée—the Frenchwoman, she termed her, *i.e.*, generically false, needless to name; and one question quivered on her tongue's tip: "How, when she had promised to fly with you, *how could she* the very next day step to the altar with him now her husband?" And, if she had spoken it, she would have added, "Your uncle could not have set his face against you, had you brought her to England." She felt strongly the mastery Nevil Beauchamp could exercise even over his Uncle Everard. But when he was gone, unquestioned, merely caressed, it came to her mind that he had all through insisted on his possession of this particular power, and she accused herself of having wantonly helped to ruin his hope—a matter to be rejoiced at in the

abstract; but what suffering she had inflicted on him! To quiet her heart, she persuaded herself that for the future she would never fail to believe in him and second him blindly, as true love should; and contemplating one so brave, far-sighted, and self-assured, her determination seemed to impose the lightest of tasks.

Practically humane though he was, and especially towards cattle and all kinds of beasts, Mr. Romfrey entertained no profound fellow-feeling for the negro, and, except as the representative of a certain amount of working power commonly requiring the whip to wind it up, he inclined to despise that black spot in the creation, with which our civilisation should never have had anything to do. So he pronounced his mind, and the long habit of listening to oracles might grow us ears to hear and discover a meaning in it. Nevil's captures and releases of the grinning freights amused him for awhile. He compared them to strings of bananas, and presently put the vision of the whole business aside by talking of Nevil's banana-wreath. He desired to have Nevil out of it. He and Cecil handed Nevil in his banana-wreath about to their friends. Nevil, in his banana-wreath was set preaching 'humanitmtity.' At any rate, they contrived to keep the remembrance of Nevil Beauchamp alive during the period of his disappearance from the world, and in so doing they did him a service.

There is a pause between the descent of a diver and his return to the surface, when those who would not have him forgotten by the better world above him do rightly to relate anecdotes of him, if they can, and to provoke laughter at him. The encouragement of the humane sense of superiority over an object of interest, which laughter gives, is good for the object; and besides, if you begin to tell sly stories of one in the deeps who is holding his breath to fetch a pearl or two for you all, you divert a particular sympathetic oppression of the chest, that the extremely sensitive are apt to suffer from, and you dispose the larger number to keep in mind a person they no longer see. Otherwise it is likely that he will, very shortly after he has made his plunge, fatigue the contemplative brains above, and be shuffled off them, even as great ocean smooths away the dear vanished man's immediate circle of foam, and rapidly confounds the rippling memory of him with its other agitations. And in such a case the apparition of his head upon our common level once more will almost certainly cause a disagreeable shock; nor is it improbable that his first natural snorts in his native element, though they be simply to obtain his share of the breath of life, will draw down on him condemnation for eccentric behaviour and unmannerly; and this in spite of the jewel he brings, unless it be an exceedingly splendid one. The reason is, that our brave world cannot pardon a breach of continuity for any petty bribe.

Thus it chanced, owing to the prolonged efforts of Mr. Romfrey and Cecil Baskett to get fun out of him, at the cost of considerable in-jentiveness, that the electoral Address of the candidate, signing himself "R. C. S. Nevil Beauchamp," to the borough of Bevisham, did not issue from an altogether unremembered man.

He had been cruising in the Mediterranean, commanding the *Ariadne*, the smartest corvette in the service. He had, it was widely made known, met his marquise in Palermo. It was presumed that he was dancing the round with her still, when this amazing Address appeared on Bevisham's walls, in anticipation of the general election. The Address, moreover, was ultra-Radical: museums to be opened on Sundays; ominous references to the Land question, &c.; no smooth passing mention of Reform, such as the Liberal, become stately, adopts in speaking of that property of his, but swinging blows on the heads of many a denounced iniquity.

Cecil forwarded the Address to Everard Romfrey without comment.

Next day the following letter, dated from Itchincope, the house of Mr. Grancey Lespel, on the borders of Bevisham, arrived at Steynham:—

"I have dispatched you the proclamation, folded neatly. The electors of Bevisham are summoned, like a town at the sword's point, to yield him their votes. Proclamation is the word. I am your born representative! I have completed my political education on salt water, and I tackle you on the Land question. I am the heir of your votes, gentlemen!—I forgot, and I apologize; he calls them fellow-men. Fraternal, and not so risky. Here at Lespel's we read the thing with shouts. It hangs in the smoking-room. We throw open the curaçoa to the intelligence and industry of the assembled guests; we carry the right of the multitude to our host's cigars by a majority. C'est un farçeur que notre bon petit cousin. Lespel says it is sailor-like to do something of this sort after a cruise. Nevil's Radicalism would have been clever anywhere out of Bevisham. Of all boroughs! Grancey Lespel knows it. He and his family were Bevisham's Whig M.P.'s before the day of Manchester. In Bevisham an election is an arrangement made by Providence to square the accounts of the voters, and settle arrears. They reckon up the health of their two members and the chances of an appeal to the country when they fix the rents and leases. You have them pointed out to you in the street, with their figures attached to them like titles. Mr. Tomkins, the twenty-pound man; an elector of uncommon purity. I saw the ruffian yesterday. He has an extra breadth to his hat. He has never been known to listen to a member under £20,\* and is respected enormously—like the lady of the mythology, who was an intolerable Tartar of virtue, because her price was nothing less than a god, and money down. Nevil will



have to come down on Bevisham in the Jupiter style. Bevisham is downright the dearest of boroughs—'vaulting-boards,' as Stukely Culbrett calls them—in the kingdom. I assume we still say 'kingdom.'

"He dashed into the Radical trap exactly two hours after landing. I believe he was on his way to the Halketts at Mount Laurels. A notorious old rascal revolutionist, retired from his licensed business of slaughterer—one of your *gratis* doctors—met him on the high road, and told him he was the man. Up went Nevil's enthusiasm like a bottle rid of the cork. You will see a great deal about faith in the proclamation; 'faith in the future,' and 'my faith in you.' When you become a Radical you have faith in any quantity, just as an alderman gets turtle soup. It is your badge, like a livery-servant's cockade or a corporal's sleeve-stripes—your badge and your bellyful. Calculations were gone through at the Liberal newspaper-office, old Nevil adding up hard, and he was informed that he was elected by something like a topping eight or nine hundred and some fractions. I am sure that a fellow who can let himself be gulled by a pile of figures trumped up in a Radical newspaper-office must have great faith in the fractions. Out came Nevil's proclamation.

"I have not met him, and I would rather not. I shall not pretend to offer you advice, for I have the habit of thinking your judgment can stand by itself. We shall all find this affair a nuisance. Nevil will pay through the nose. We shall have the ridicule spattered on the family. It would be a safer thing for him to invest his money on the Turf, and I shall advise his doing it if I come across him.

"Perhaps the best course would be to telegraph for the marquise!"

Cecil added a postscript—

"Seriously, the 'mad lieutenant' has not an ace of a chance. Grancey and I saw some Working Men (you have to write them in capitals, king and queen small); they were reading the Address on a board carried by a red-nosed man, and shrugging. They are not such fools.

"By the way, I am informed Shrapnel has a young female relative living with him, said to be a sparkler. I bet you, sir, she is not a Radical. Do you take me?"

Rosamund Culling drove to the railway station on her way to Bevisham within an hour after Mr. Romfrey's eyebrows had made acute play over this communication.

GEORGE MEREDITH.



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ON THE HYPOTHESIS THAT ANIMALS ARE  
AUTOMATA, AND ITS HISTORY.

THE first half of the seventeenth century is one of the great epochs of biological science. For though suggestions and indications of the conceptions which took definite shape at that time are to be met with in works of earlier date, they are little more than the shadows which coming truth casts forward; men's knowledge was neither extensive enough, nor exact enough, to show them the solid body of fact which threw these shadows.

But, in the seventeenth century, the idea that the physical processes of life are capable of being explained in the same way as other physical phenomena, and, therefore, that the living body is a mechanism, was proved to be true for certain classes of vital actions; and, having thus taken firm root in irrefragable fact, this conception has not only successfully repelled every assault which has been made upon it, but has steadily grown in force and extent of application, until it is now the expressed or implied fundamental proposition of the whole doctrine of scientific Physiology.

If we ask to whom mankind are indebted for this great service, the general voice will name William Harvey. For, by his discovery of the circulation of the blood in the higher animals, by his explanation of the nature of the mechanism by which that circulation is effected, and by his no less remarkable, though less known, investigation of the process of development, Harvey solidly laid the foundations of all those physical explanations of the functions of sustentation and reproduction which modern physiologists have achieved.

But the living body is not only sustained and reproduced: it adjusts itself to external and internal changes; it moves and feels. The attempt to reduce the endless complexities of animal motion and feeling to law and order is, at least, as important a part of the task of

the physiologist as the elucidation of what are sometimes called the vegetative processes. Harvey did not make this attempt himself; but the influence of his work upon the man who did make it is patent and unquestionable. This man was René Descartes, who, though by many years Harvey's junior, died before him; and yet, in his short span of fifty-four years, took an undisputed place not only among the chiefs of philosophy, but amongst the greatest and most original of mathematicians; while, in my belief, he is no less certainly entitled to the rank of a great and original physiologist; inasmuch as he did for the physiology of motion and sensation that which Harvey had done for the circulation of the blood, and opened up that road to the mechanical theory of these processes, which has been followed by all his successors.

Descartes was no mere speculator, as some would have us believe: but a man who knew of his own knowledge what was to be known of the facts of anatomy and physiology in his day. He was an unwearied dissector and observer; and, it is said, that, on a visitor once asking to see his library, Descartes led him into a room set aside for dissections, and full of specimens under examination. "There," said he, "is my library."

I anticipate a smile of incredulity when I thus champion Descartes' claim to be considered a physiologist of the first rank. I expect to be told that I have read into his works what I find there, and to be asked, Why is it that we are left to discover Descartes' deserts at this time of day, more than two centuries after his death? How is it that Descartes is utterly ignored in some of the latest works which treat expressly of the subject in which he is said to have been so great?

It is much easier to ask such questions than to answer them, especially if one desires to be on good terms with one's contemporaries; but, if I must give an answer, it is this: the growth of physical science is now so prodigiously rapid, that those who are actively engaged in keeping up with the present, have much ado to find time to look at the past, and even grow into the habit of neglecting it. But, natural as this result may be it is none the less detrimental. The intellect loses, for there is assuredly no more effectual method of clearing up one's own mind on any subject than by talking it over, so to speak, with men of real power and grasp, who have considered it from a totally different point of view. The parallax of time helps us to the true position of a conception, as the parallax of space helps us to that of a star. And the moral nature loses no less. It is well to turn aside from the fretful stir of the present and to dwell with gratitude and respect upon the services of those "mighty men of old who have gone down to the grave with their weapons of war," but who, while they yet lived, won splendid

victories over ignorance. It is well, again, to reflect that the fame of Descartes filled all Europe, and his authority overshadowed it, for a century; while now, most of those who know his name think of him, either as a person who had some preposterous notions about vortices and was deservedly annihilated by the great Sir Isaac Newton; or as the apostle of an essentially vicious method of deductive speculation; and that, nevertheless, neither the chatter of shifting opinion, nor the silence of personal oblivion, have in the slightest degree affected the growth of the great ideas of which he was the instrument and the mouthpiece.

It is a matter of fact that the greatest physiologist of the eighteenth century, Haller, in treating of the functions of nerve, does little more than reproduce and enlarge upon the ideas of Descartes. It is a matter of fact that David Hartley, in his remarkable work the "Essay on Man," expressly, though still insufficiently, acknowledges the resemblance of his fundamental conceptions to those of Descartes; and I shall now endeavour to show that a series of propositions, which constitute the foundation and essence of the modern physiology of the nervous system, are fully expressed and illustrated in the works of Descartes.

I. *The brain is the organ of sensation, thought, and emotion; that is to say, some change in the condition of the matter of this organ is the invariable antecedent of the state of consciousness to which each of these terms is applied.*

In the "Principes de la Philosophie" (§ 169), Descartes says:—<sup>1</sup>

"Although the soul is united to the whole body, its principal functions are, nevertheless, performed in the brain; it is here that it not only understands and imagines, but also feels; and this is effected by the intermediation of the nerves, which extend in the form of delicate threads from the brain to all parts of the body, to which they are attached in such a manner, that we can hardly touch any part of the body without setting the extremity of some nerve in motion. This motion passes along the nerve to that part of the brain which is the common sensorium, as I have sufficiently explained in my Treatise on Dioptrics; and the movements which thus travel along the nerves, as far as that part of the brain with which the soul is closely joined and united, cause it, by reason of their diverse characters, to have different thoughts. And it is these different thoughts of the soul, which arise immediately from the movements that are excited by the nerves in the brain, which we properly term our feelings, or the perceptions of our senses."

Elsewhere,<sup>2</sup> Descartes, in arguing that the seat of the passions is not (as many suppose) the heart, but the brain, uses the following remarkable language:—

"The opinion of those who think that the soul receives its passions in the

(1) I quote, here and always, Cousin's edition of the works of Descartes, as most convenient for reference. It is entitled "Œuvres complètes de Descartes," publiées par Victor Cousin. 1824.

(2) "Les Passions de l'Âme," Article xxxiii.

heart, is of no weight, for it is based upon the fact that the passions cause a change to be felt in that organ; and it is easy to see that this change is felt, as if it were in the heart, only by the intermediation of a little nerve which descends from the brain to it; just as pain is felt, as if it were in the foot, by the intermediation of the nerves of the foot; and the stars are perceived, as if they were in the heavens, by the intermediation of their light and of the optic nerves. So that it is no more necessary for the soul to exert its functions immediately in the heart, to feel its passions there, than it is necessary that it should be in the heavens to see the stars there."

This definite allocation of all the phenomena of consciousness to the brain as their organ, was a step the value of which it is difficult for us to appraise, so completely has Descartes' view incorporated itself with every-day thought and common language. A lunatic is said to be "crack-brained" or "touched in the head," a confused thinker is "muddle-headed," while a clever man is said to have "plenty of brains;" but it must be remembered that at the end of the last century a considerable, though much over-estimated, anatomist, Bichat, so far from having reached the level of Descartes, could gravely argue that the apparatuses of organic life are the sole seat of the passions, which in no way affect the brain, except so far as it is the agent by which the influence of the passions is transmitted to the muscles.<sup>1</sup>

Modern physiology, aided by pathology, easily demonstrates that the brain is the seat of all forms of consciousness, and fully bears out Descartes' explanation of the reference of those sensations in the viscera which accompany intense emotion, to these organs. It proves, directly, that those states of consciousness which we call sensations are the immediate consequent of a change in the brain excited by the sensory nerves; and, on the well-known effects of injuries, of stimulants, and of narcotics, it bases the conclusion that thought and emotion are, in like manner, the consequents of physical antecedents.

II. *The movements of animals are due to the change of form of muscles, which shorten and become thicker; and this change of form in a muscle arises from a motion of the substance contained within the nerves which go to the muscle.*

In the "Passions de l'Âme," Art. vii., Descartes writes:—

"Moreover, we know that all the movements of the limbs depend on the muscles, and that these muscles are opposed to one another in such a manner, that when one of them shortens, it draws along the part of the body to which it is attached, and so gives rise to a simultaneous elongation of the muscle which is opposed to it. Then, if it happens, afterwards, that the latter shortens, it causes the former to elongate, and draws towards itself the part to which it is attached. Lastly, we know that all these movements of the muscles, as all the senses, depend on the nerves, which are like little threads or tubes, which

(1) "Recherches physiologiques sur la Vie et la Mort." Par Xav. Bichat. Art. sixième.

all come from the brain, and, like it, contain a certain very subtle air or wind, termed the animal spirits."

The property of muscle mentioned by Descartes now goes by the general name of contractility, but his definition of it remains untouched. The long-continued controversy whether contractile substance, speaking generally, has an inherent power of contraction, or whether it contracts only in virtue of an influence exerted by nerve, is now settled in Haller's favour; but Descartes' statement of the dependence of muscular contraction on nerve holds good for the higher forms of muscle, under normal circumstances: so that, although the structure of the various modifications of contractile matter has been worked out with astonishing minuteness—although the delicate physical and chemical changes which accompany muscular contraction have been determined to an extent of which Descartes could not have dreamed, and have quite upset his hypothesis that the cause of the shortening and thickening of the muscle is the flow of animal spirits into it from the nerves—the important and fundamental part of his statement remains perfectly true.

The like may be affirmed of what he says about nerve. We know now that nerves are not exactly tubes, and that "animal spirits" are myths; but the exquisitely refined methods of investigation of Dubois-Reymond and of Helmholtz have no less clearly proved that the antecedent of ordinary muscular contraction is a motion of the molecules of the nerve going to the muscle; and that this motion is propagated with a measurable, and by no means great, velocity, through the substance of the nerve towards the muscle.

With the progress of research, the term "animal spirits" gave way to "nervous fluid," and "nervous fluid" has now given way to "molecular motion of nerve-substance." Our conceptions of what takes place in nerve have altered in the same way as our conceptions of what takes place in a conducting wire have altered, since electricity was shown to be not a fluid, but a mode of molecular motion. The change is of vast importance, but it does not affect Descartes' fundamental idea, that a change in the substance of a motor nerve propagated towards a muscle is the ordinary cause of muscular contraction.

### III. *The sensations of animals are due to a motion of the substance of the nerves which connect the sensory organs with the brain.*

In "La Dioptrique" (Discours Quatrième), Descartes explains, more fully than in the passage cited above, his hypothesis of the mode of action of sensory nerves:—

"It is the little threads of which the inner substance of the nerves is composed which subserve sensation. You must conceive that these little threads,

being inclosed in tubes, which are always distended and kept open by the animal spirits which they contain, neither press upon nor interfere with one another, and are extended from the brain to the extremities of all the members which are sensitive—in such a manner, that the slightest touch which excites the part of one of the members to which a thread is attached, gives rise to a motion of the part of the brain whence it arises, just as by pulling one of the ends of a stretched cord, the other end is instantaneously moved. . . . And we must take care not to imagine that, in order to feel, the soul needs to behold certain images sent by the objects of sense to the brain, as our philosophers commonly suppose; or, at least, we must conceive these images to be something quite different from what they suppose them to be. For, as all they suppose is that these images ought to resemble the objects which they represent, it is impossible for them to show how they can be formed by the objects received by the organs of the external senses and transmitted to the brain. And they have had no reason for supposing the existence of these images except this: seeing, that the mind is readily excited by a picture to conceive the object which is depicted, they have thought that it must be excited in the same way to conceive those objects which affect our senses by little pictures of them formed in the head; instead of which we ought to recollect that there are many things besides images which may excite the mind, as for example signs and words, which have not the least resemblance to the objects which they signify.”<sup>1</sup>

Modern physiology amends Descartes' conception of the mode of action of sensory nerves, in detail, by showing that their structure is the same as that of motor nerves; and that the changes which take place in them, when the sensory organs with which they are connected are excited, are of just the same nature as those which occur in motor nerves, when the muscles to which they are distributed are made to contract: there is a molecular change which in the case of the sensory nerve is propagated towards the brain. But the great fact insisted upon by Descartes, that no likeness of external things is, or can be, transmitted to the mind by the sensory organs; but that between the external cause of a sensation and the sensation, there is interposed a mode of motion of nervous matter, of which the state of consciousness is no likeness, but a mere symbol, is of the profoundest importance. It is the physiological foundation of the doctrine of the relativity of knowledge, and a more or less complete idealism is a necessary consequence of it.

For of two alternatives one must be true. Either, consciousness is the function of a something distinct from the brain, which we call the soul, and a sensation is the mode in which this soul is affected by the motion of a part of the brain; or, there is no soul, and a sensation is something generated by the mode of motion of a part of the brain. In the former case, the phenomena of the senses are purely spiritual affections; in the latter, they are, something manufactured by the mechanism of the body, and as unlike the causes which set

(1) Locke (*"Human Understanding,"* Book II., chap. viii. 37) uses Descartes' illustration for the same purpose, and warns us that "most of the ideas of sensation are no more the likeness of something existing without us, than the names that stand for them are the likeness of our ideas, which yet, upon hearing, they are apt to excite in us," a declaration which paved the way for Berkeley.

that mechanism in motion, as the sound of a repeater is unlike the pushing of the spring which gives rise to it.

The nervous system stands between consciousness and the assumed external world, as an interpreter who can talk with his fingers stands between a hidden speaker and a man who is stone deaf—and Realism is equivalent to a belief on the part of the deaf man, that the speaker must also be talking with his fingers. "*Les extrêmes se touchent*;" the shibboleth of materialists that "thought is a secretion of the brain," is the Fichtean doctrine that "the phenomenal universe is the creation of the Ego," expressed in other language.

IV. *The motion of the matter of a sensory nerve may be transmitted through the brain to motor nerves, and thereby give rise to contraction of the muscles to which these motor nerves are distributed; and this reflection of motion from a sensory into a motor nerve may take place without volition, or even contrary to it.*

In stating these important truths, Descartes defined that which we now term "reflex action." Indeed he almost uses the term itself, as he talks of the "animal spirits" as "*réfléchis*,"<sup>1</sup> from the sensory into the motor nerves. And that this use of the word "reflected" was no mere accident, but that the importance and appropriateness of the idea it suggests was fully understood by Descartes' contemporaries, is apparent from a passage in Willis' well-known essay, "*De Animâ Brutorum*," published in 1672, in which, in giving an account of Descartes' views, he speaks of the animal spirits being diverted into motor channels, "*velut undulatione reflexâ*."<sup>2</sup>

Nothing can be clearer in statement, or in illustration, than the view of reflex action which Descartes gives in the "*Passions de l'Âme*," Art. xiii.

After recapitulating the manner in which sensory impressions transmitted by the sensory nerves to the brain give rise to sensation, he proceeds:—

"And in addition to the different feelings excited in the soul by these different motions of the brain, the animal spirits, without the intervention of the soul, may take their course towards certain muscles, rather than towards others, and thus move the limbs, as I shall prove by an example. If some one moves his hand rapidly towards our eyes, as if he were going to strike us, although we know that he is a friend, that he does it only in jest, and that he will be very careful to do us no harm, nevertheless it will be hard to keep from

(1) "*Passions de l'Âme*," Art. xxxvi.

(2) "*Quaecumque Bruti actionem, velut automati mechanici motum artificialem, in eo consistere quod se primò sensibilo aliquod spiritus animales afficiens, eosque introrsum convertens, sensationem excitat, à qua mox iidem spiritus, velut undulatione reflexâ denuo retrorsum commoti atque pro concinno ipsius fabricæ organorum, et partium ordine, in certos nervos musculosque determinati, respectivos membrorum motus perficiunt.*"—WILLIS: "*De Animâ Brutorum*," p. 5. 1763.



winking. And this shows, that it is not by the agency of the soul that the eyes shut, since this action is contrary to that volition which is the only, or at least the chief, function of the soul; but it is because the mechanism of our body is so disposed, that the motion of the hand towards our eyes excites another movement in our brain, and this sends the animal spirits into those muscles which cause the eyelids to close."

Since Descartes' time, experiment has eminently enlarged our knowledge of the details of reflex action. The discovery of Bell has enabled us to follow the tracks of the sensory and motor impulses, along distinct bundles of nerve fibres; and the spinal cord, apart from the brain, has been proved to be a great centre of reflex action; but the fundamental conception remains as Descartes left it, and it is one of the pillars of nerve physiology at the present day.

V. *The motion of any given portion of the matter of the brain excited by the motion of a sensory nerve, leaves behind a readiness to be moved in the same way, in that part. Anything which resuscitates the motion gives rise to the appropriate feeling. This is the physical mechanism of memory.*

Descartes imagined that the pineal body (a curious appendage to the upper side of the brain, the function of which, if it have any, is wholly unknown) was the instrument through which the soul received impressions from, and communicated them to, the brain. And he thus endeavours to explain what happens when one tries to recollect something:—

"Thus when the soul wills to remember anything, this volition, causing the [pineal] gland to incline itself in different directions, drives the [animal] spirits towards different regions of the brain, until they reach that part in which are the traces, which the object which it desires to remember has left. These traces are produced thus: those pores of the brain through which the [animal] spirits have previously been driven, by reason of the presence of the object, have thereby acquired a tendency to be opened by the animal spirits which return towards them, more easily than other pores, so that the animal spirits, impinging on these pores, enter them more readily than others. By this means they excite a particular movement in the pineal gland, which represents the object to the soul, and causes it to know what it is which it desired to recollect.<sup>1</sup>

That memory is dependent upon some condition of the brain is a fact established by many considerations—among the most important of which are the remarkable phenomena of aphasia. And that the condition of the brain on which memory depends, is largely determined by the repeated occurrence of that condition of its molecules, which gives rise to the idea of the thing remembered, is no less certain. Every boy who learns his lesson by repeating it exemplifies the fact. Descartes, as we have seen, supposes that the pores of a given part of the brain are stretched by the animal spirits, on the occurrence of

a sensation, and that the part of the brain thus stretched, being imperfectly elastic, does not return to exactly its previous condition, but remains more distensible than it was before. Hartley supposes that the vibrations, excited by a sensory, or other, impression, do not die away, but are represented by smaller vibrations or "vibratuncules," the permanency and intensity of which are in relation with the frequency of repetition of the primary vibrations. Haller has substantially the same idea, but contents himself with the general term "mutationes," to express the cerebral change which is the cause of a state of consciousness. These "mutationes" persist for a long time after the cause which gives rise to them has ceased to operate, and are arranged in the brain according to the order of coexistence and succession of their causes. And he gives these persistent "mutationes" the picturesque name of *vestigia rerum*, "quæ non in mente sed in ipso corpore et in medulla quidem cerebri ineffabili modo incredibiliter minutis notis et copia infinita, inscriptæ sunt."<sup>1</sup> I do not know that any modern theory of the physical conditions of memory differs essentially from these, which are all children—*mutatis mutandis*—of the Cartesian doctrine. Physiology is, at present, incompetent to say anything positively about the matter, or to go further than the expression of the high probability, that every molecular change which gives rise to a state of consciousness, leaves a more or less persistent structural modification, through which the same molecular change may be regenerated by other agencies than the cause which first produced it.

Thus far, the propositions respecting the physiology of the nervous system which are stated by Descartes have simply been more clearly defined, more fully illustrated, and, for the most part, demonstrated, by modern physiological research. But there remains a doctrine to which Descartes attached great weight, so that full acceptance of it became a sort of note of a thorough-going Cartesian, but which, nevertheless, is so opposed to ordinary prepossessions that it attained more general notoriety, and gave rise to more discussion, than almost any other Cartesian hypothesis. It is that doctrine, that brute animals are mere machines or automata, devoid not only of reason, but of any kind of consciousness, which is stated briefly in the "Discours de la Méthode," and more fully in the "Réponses aux Quatrièmes Objections," and in the correspondence with Henry More.<sup>2</sup>

The process of reasoning by which Descartes arrived at this startling conclusion is well shown in the following passage of the "Réponses :"—

(1) Haller, "Prima Linca," ed. iii. *Sensus Interni*, diviii.

(2) "Réponse de M. Descartes à M. Morus." 1649. "Œuvres," tome x. p. 204. "Mais le plus grand de tous les préjugés que nous ayons retenus de notre enfance, est celui de croire que les bêtes pensent," &c.

"But as regards the souls of beasts, although this is not the place for considering them, and though, without a general exposition of physics, I can say no more on this subject than I have already said in the fifth part of my *Treatise on Method*; yet, I will further state, here, that it appears to me to be a very remarkable circumstance that no movement can take place, either in the bodies of beasts, or even in our own, if these bodies have not in themselves all the organs and instruments by means of which the very same movements would be accomplished in a machine. So that, even in us, the spirit, or the soul, does not directly move the limbs, but only determines the course of that very subtle liquid which is called the animal spirits, which, running continually from the heart by the brain into the muscles, is the cause of all the movements of our limbs, and often may cause many different motions, one as easily as the other.

"And it does not even always exert this determination; for among the movements which take place in us, there are many which do not depend on the mind at all, such as the beating of the heart, the digestion of food, the nutrition, the respiration, of those who sleep; and, even in those who are awake, walking, singing, and other similar actions, when they are performed without the mind thinking about them. And, when one who falls from a height throws his hands forwards to save his head, it is in virtue of no ratiocination that he performs this action; it does not depend upon his mind, but takes place merely because his senses being affected by the present danger, some change arises in his brain which determines the animal spirits to pass thence into the nerves, in such a manner as is required to produce this motion, in the same way as in a machine, and without the mind being able to hinder it. Now since we observe this in ourselves, why should we be so much astonished if the light reflected from the body of a wolf into the eye of a sheep has the same force to excite in it the motion of flight?

"After having observed this, if we wish to learn by reasoning, whether certain movements of beasts are comparable to those which are effected in us by the operation of the mind, or, on the contrary, to those which depend only on the animal spirits and the disposition of the organs, it is necessary to consider the difference between the two, which I have explained in the fifth part of the *Discourse on Method* (for I do not think that any others are discoverable), and then it will easily be seen, that all the actions of beasts are similar only to those which we perform without the help of our minds. For which reason we shall be forced to conclude, that we know of the existence in them of no other principle of motion than the disposition of their organs and the continual affluence of animal spirits produced by the heat of the heart, which attenuates and subtilises the blood; and, at the same time, we shall acknowledge that we have had no reason for assuming any other principle, except that, not having distinguished these two principles of motion, and seeing that the one, which depends only on the animal spirits and the organs, exists in beasts as well as in us, we have hastily concluded that the other, which depends on mind and on thought, was also possessed by them."

Descartes' line of argument is perfectly clear. He starts from reflex action in man, from the unquestionable fact that, in ourselves, co-ordinate, purposive, actions may take place, without the intervention of consciousness or volition, or even contrary to the latter. As actions of a certain degree of complexity are brought about by mere mechanism, why may not actions of still greater complexity be the result of a more refined mechanism? What proof is there that brutes are other than a superior race of marionettes, which eat without pleasure, cry without pain, desire nothing, know

nothing, and only simulate intelligence as a bee simulates a mathematician ?<sup>1</sup>

The Port Royalists adopted the hypothesis that brutes are machines, and are said to have carried its practical applications so far, as to treat domestic animals with neglect, if not with actual cruelty. As late as the middle of the eighteenth century, the problem was discussed very fully and ably by Bouillier, in his "*Essai philosophique sur l'Âme des Bêtes*," while Condillac deals with it in his "*Traité des Animaux* ;" but since then it has received little attention. Nevertheless, modern research has brought to light a great multitude of facts, which not only show that Descartes' view is defensible, but render it far more defensible than it was in his day.

It must be premised, that it is wholly impossible absolutely to prove the presence or absence of consciousness in anything but one's own brain, though, by analogy, we are justified in assuming its existence in other men. Now if, by some accident, a man's spinal cord is divided, his limbs are paralyzed, so far as his volition is concerned, below the point of injury ; and he is incapable of experiencing all those states of consciousness, which, in his uninjured state, would be excited by irritation of those nerves which come off below the injury. If the spinal cord is divided in the middle of the back, for example, the skin of the feet may be cut, or pinched, or burned, or wetted with vitriol, without any sensation of touch, or of pain, arising in consciousness. So far as the man is concerned, therefore, the part of the central nervous system which lies beyond the injury is cut off from consciousness. It must indeed be admitted, that, if anyone think fit to maintain that the spinal cord below the injury is conscious, but that it is cut off from any means of making its consciousness known to the other consciousness in the brain, there is no means of driving him from his position by logic. But assuredly there is no way of proving it, and in the matter of consciousness, if in anything, we may hold by the rule, "*De non apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio.*" However near the brain the spinal cord is injured, consciousness remains intact, except that the irritation of parts below the injury is no longer represented by sensation. On the other hand, pressure upon the anterior division of the brain, or extensive injuries to it, abolish consciousness. Hence, it is a highly probable conclusion, that consciousness in man depends upon the integrity of the anterior

(1) Malebranche states the view taken by orthodox Cartesians in 1689 very forcibly : "*Ainsi dans les chiens, les chats, et les autres animaux, il n'y a ny intelligence, ny âme spirituelle comme on l'entend ordinairement. Ils mangent sans plaisir ; ils crient sans douleur ; ils croissent sans le sçavoir ; ils ne désirent rien ; ils ne connoissent rien ; et s'ils agissent avec adresse et d'une manière qui marque l'intelligence, c'est que Dieu les faisant pour les conserver, il a conformé leurs corps de telle manière, qu'ils évitent organiquement, sans le sçavoir, tout ce qui peut les détruire et qu'ils semblent craindre.*" ("*Feuillet de Conches. Méditations Métaphysiques et Correspondance de N. Malebranche. Neuvième Méditation.*" 1841.)

division of the brain, while the middle and hinder divisions of the brain, and the rest of the nervous centres, have nothing to do with it. And it is further highly probable, that what is true for man is true for other vertebrated animals.

We may assume, then, that in a living vertebrated animal, any segment of the cerebro-spinal axis (or spinal cord and brain) separated from that anterior division of the brain which is the organ of consciousness, is as completely incapable of giving rise to consciousness, as we know it to be incapable of carrying out volitions. Nevertheless, this separated segment of the spinal cord is not passive and inert. On the contrary, it is the seat of extremely remarkable powers. In our imaginary case of injury, the man would, as we have seen, be devoid of sensation in his legs, and would have not the least power of moving them. But, if the soles of his feet were tickled, the legs would be drawn up, just as vigorously as they would have been before the injury. We know exactly what happens when the soles of the feet are tickled; a molecular change takes place in the sensory nerves of the skin, and is propagated along them and through the posterior roots of the spinal nerves, which are constituted by them, to the grey matter of the spinal cord. By means of that grey matter, the molecular motion is reflected into the anterior roots of the same nerves, constituted by the filaments which supply the muscles of the legs, and, travelling along these motor filaments, reaches the muscles, which at once contract, and cause the limbs to be drawn up.

In order to move the legs in this way, a definite co-ordination of muscular contractions is necessary; the muscles must contract in a certain order and with duly proportioned force; and moreover, as the feet are drawn away from the source of irritation, it may be said that the action has a final cause, or is purposive.

Thus it follows, that the grey matter of the segment of the man's spinal cord, though it is devoid of consciousness, nevertheless responds to a simple stimulus by giving rise to a complex set of muscular contractions, co-ordinated towards a definite end, and serving an obvious purpose.

If the spinal cord of a frog is cut across, so as to provide us with a segment separated from the brain, we shall have a subject parallel to the injured man, on which experiments can be made without remorse; as we have a right to conclude that a frog's spinal cord is not likely to be conscious, when a man's is not.

Now the frog behaves just as the man did. The legs are utterly paralyzed, so far as voluntary movement is concerned; but they are vigorously drawn up to the body, when any irritant is applied to the foot. But let us study our frog a little further. Touch the skin of the side of the body with a little acetic acid, which gives rise to

all the signs of great pain in an uninjured frog. In this case there can be no pain, because the application is made to a part of the skin supplied with nerves which come off from the cord below the point of section; nevertheless, the frog lifts up the limb of the same side, and applies the foot to rub off the acetic acid; and, what is still more remarkable, if the limb be held so that the frog cannot use it, it will, by-and-by, move the limb of the other side, turn it across the body, and use it for the same rubbing process. It is impossible that the frog, if it were in its entirety and could reason, should perform actions more purposive than these; and yet we have most complete assurance that, in this case, the frog is not acting from purpose, has no consciousness, and is a mere automatic machine.

But now suppose that, instead of making a section of the cord in the middle of the body, it had been made in such a manner as to separate the hindermost division of the brain from the rest of the organ, and suppose the foremost two-thirds of the brain entirely taken away. The frog is then absolutely devoid of any spontaneity; it sits upright in the attitude which a frog habitually assumes; and it will not stir unless it is touched; but it differs from the frog which I have just described in this, that, if it be thrown into the water, it begins to swim, and swims just as well as the perfect frog does. But swimming requires the combination and successive co-ordination of a great number of muscular actions. And we are forced to conclude, that the impression made upon the sensory nerves of the skin of the frog by the contact with the water into which it is thrown, causes the transmission to the central nervous apparatus of an impulse, which sets going a certain machinery by which all the muscles of swimming are brought into play in due co-ordination. If the frog be stimulated by some irritating body, it jumps or walks as well as the complete frog can do. The simple sensory impression, acting through the machinery of the cord, gives rise to these complex combined movements.

It is possible to go a step further. Suppose that only the anterior division of the brain—so much of it as lies in front of the “optic lobes”—is removed. If that operation is performed quickly and skilfully, the frog may be kept in a state of full bodily vigour for months, or it may be for years; but it will sit unmoved. It sees nothing; it hears nothing. It will starve sooner than feed itself, although food put into its mouth is swallowed. On irritation, it jumps or walks; if thrown into the water it swims. If it be put on the hand, it sits there, crouched, perfectly quiet, and would sit there for ever. If the hand be inclined very gently and slowly, so that the frog would naturally tend to slip off, the creature’s fore paws are shifted on to the edge of the hand, until he can just prevent himself from falling. If the turning of the hand be slowly

continued, he mounts up with great care and deliberation, putting first one leg forward and then another, until he balances himself with perfect precision upon the edge; and, if the turning of the hand is continued, over he goes through the opposite set of operations, until he comes to be seated in security, upon the back of the hand. The doing of all this requires a delicacy of co-ordination, and precision of adjustment of the muscular apparatus of the body, which is only comparable to that of a rope-dancer. To the ordinary influences of light, the frog, deprived of its central hemispheres, appears to be blind. Nevertheless, if the creature be put upon a table with a book at some little distance between it and the light, and the skin of the hinder part of its body is then irritated, it will jump forward, avoiding the book by passing to the right or left of it. Although the frog, therefore, appears to have no sensation of light, visible objects act through its brain upon the motor mechanism of its body.<sup>1</sup>

It is obvious, that had Descartes been acquainted with these remarkable results of modern research, they would have furnished him with far more powerful arguments than he possessed in favour of his view of the automatism of brutes. The habits of a frog, leading its natural life, involve such simple adaptations to surrounding conditions, that the machinery which is competent to do so much, automatically, might well do all. And this argument, is vastly strengthened by what has been learned in recent times of the marvellously complex operations which are performed mechanically, and to all appearance without consciousness, by men, when, in consequence of injury or disease, they are reduced to a condition more or less comparable to that of a frog, in which the anterior part of the brain has been removed. A case has recently been published by an eminent French physician, Dr. Mesnet, which illustrates this condition so remarkably, that I make no apology for dwelling upon it at considerable length.<sup>2</sup>

A sergeant of the French army, F——, twenty-seven years of age, was wounded during the battle of Bazeilles, by a ball which fractured his left parietal bone. He ran his bayonet through the Prussian soldier who wounded him, but almost immediately his right arm became paralyzed; after walking about two hundred yards, his right leg became similarly affected, and he lost his senses.

(1) See the remarkable essay of Gültz, "Beiträge zur Lehre von den Functionen der Nervencentren des Frosches," published in 1869. I have repeated Gültz's experiments, and obtained the same results.

(2) "De l'Automatisme de la Mémoire et du Souvenir, dans le Somnambulisme pathologique." Par le Dr. E. Mesnet, Médecin de l'Hôpital Saint-Antoine. *L'Union Médicale*, Juillet 21 et 23, 1874. My attention was first called to a summary of this remarkable case, which appeared in the *Journal des Débats* for the 7th of August, 1874, by my friend General Strachey, F.R.S.

When he recovered them, three weeks afterwards, in hospital at Mayence, the right half of the body was completely paralyzed, and remained in this condition for a year. At present, the only trace of the paralysis which remains is a slight weakness of the right half of the body. Three or four months after the wound was inflicted, periodical disturbances of the functions of the brain made their appearance, and have continued ever since. The disturbances last from fifteen to thirty hours; the intervals at which they occur being from fifteen to thirty days.

For four years, therefore, the life of this man has been divided into alternating phases—short abnormal states intervening between long normal states.

In the periods of normal life, the ex-sergeant's health is perfect; he is intelligent and kindly, and performs, satisfactorily, the duties of a hospital attendant. The commencement of the abnormal state is ushered in by uneasiness and a sense of weight about the forehead, which the patient compares to the constriction of a circle of iron; and, after its termination, he complains, for some hours, of dulness and heaviness of the head. But the transition from the normal to the abnormal state takes place in a few minutes, without convulsions or cries, and without anything to indicate the change to a bystander. His movements remain free and his expression calm, except for a contraction of the brow, an incessant movement of the eyeballs, and a chewing motion of the jaws. The eyes are wide open, and their pupils dilated. If the man happens to be in a place to which he is accustomed, he walks about as usual; but if he is in a new place, or if obstacles are intentionally placed in his way, he stumbles gently against them, stops, and then, feeling over the objects with his hands, passes on one side of them. He offers no resistance to any change of direction which may be impressed upon him, or to the forcible acceleration, or retardation, of his movements. He pats, drinks, smokes, walks about, dresses and undresses himself, rises and goes to bed at the accustomed hours. Nevertheless, pins may be run into his body, or strong electric shocks sent through it, without causing the least indication of pain; no odorous substance, pleasant or unpleasant, makes the least impression; he eats and drinks with avidity whatever is offered, and takes asafoetida, or vinegar, or quinine, as readily as water; no noise affects him; and light influences him only under certain conditions. Dr. Mesnet remarks, that the sense of touch alone seems to persist, and indeed to be more acute and delicate than in the normal state; and it is by means of the nerves of touch, almost exclusively, that his organism is brought into relation with the external world. Here a difficulty arises. It is clear from the facts detailed, that the nervous apparatus by which, in the normal state, sensations of touch are excited, is that by which



external influences determine the movements of the body, in the abnormal state. But does the state of consciousness, which we term a tactile sensation, accompany the operation of this nervous apparatus in the abnormal state? or is consciousness utterly absent, the man being reduced to a pure mechanism?

It is impossible to obtain direct evidence in favour of the one conclusion or the other; all that can be said is, that the case of the frog shows that the man may be devoid of any kind of consciousness.

A further difficult problem is this. The man is insensible to sensory impressions made through the ear, the nose, the tongue, and, to a great extent, the eye; nor is he susceptible of pain from causes operating during his abnormal state. Nevertheless, it is possible so to act upon his tactile apparatus, as to give rise to those molecular changes in his sensorium, which are ordinarily the causes of associated trains of ideas. I give a striking example of this process in Dr. Mesnet's words:—

"Il se promenait dans le jardin, sous un massif d'arbres, on lui remet à la main sa canne qu'il avait laissé tomber quelques minutes avant. Il la palpe, promène à plusieurs reprises la main sur la poignée coudée de sa canne—devient attentif—semble prêter l'oreille—et, tout-à-coup, appelle "Henri!" Puis, "Les voilà! Ils sont au moins une vingtaine! à nous deux, nous en viendrons à bout!" Et alors portant la main derrière son dos comme pour prendre une cartouche, il fait le mouvement de charger son arme, se couche dans l'herbe à plat ventre, la tête cachée par un arbre, dans la position d'un tireur, et suit, l'arme épaulée, tous les mouvements de l'ennemi qu'il croit voir à courte distance."

In a subsequent abnormal period, Dr. Mesnet caused the patient to repeat this scene by placing him in the same conditions. Now, in this case, the question arises whether the series of actions constituting this singular pantomime was accompanied by the ordinary states of consciousness, the appropriate train of ideas, or not? Did the man dream that he was skirmishing? or was he in the condition of one of Vaucanson's automata—a mechanism worked by molecular changes in his nervous system? The analogy of the frog shows that the latter assumption is perfectly justifiable.

The ex-sergeant has a good voice, and had, at one time, been employed as a singer at a café. In one of his abnormal states he was observed to begin humming a tune. He then went to his room, dressed himself carefully, and took up some parts of a periodical novel, which lay on his bed, as if he were trying to find something. Dr. Mesnet, suspecting that he was seeking his music, made up one of these into a roll and put it into his hand. He appeared satisfied, took up his cane and went down-stairs to the door. Here Dr. Mesnet turned him round, and he walked quite contentedly, in the opposite direction, towards the room of the concierge. The light of the sun shining through a window now happened to fall upon him,

and seemed to suggest the footlights of the stage on which he was accustomed to make his appearance. He stopped, opened his roll of imaginary music, put himself into the attitude of a singer, and sang, with perfect execution, three songs, one after the other. After which he wiped his face with his handkerchief and drank, without a grimace, a tumbler of strong vinegar and water which was put into his hand.

An experiment which may be performed upon the frog deprived of the forepart of its brain, well known as Goltz's "*Quak-versuch*," affords a parallel to this performance. If the skin of a certain part of the back of such a frog, is gently stroked with the finger, it immediately croaks. It never croaks unless it is so stroked, and the croak always follows the stroke, just as the sound of a repeater follows the touching of the spring. In the frog, this "*song*" is innate—so to speak *à priori*—and depends upon a mechanism in the brain governing the vocal apparatus, which is set at work by the molecular change set up in the sensory nerves of the skin of the back by the contact of a foreign body.

In man there is also a vocal mechanism, and the cry of an infant is in the same sense innate and *à priori*, inasmuch as it depends on an organic relation between its sensory nerves and the nervous mechanism which governs the vocal apparatus. Learning to speak, and learning to sing, are processes by which the vocal mechanism is set to new tunes. A song which has been learned has its molecular representative, which potentially represents it in the brain, just as a musical box wound up potentially represents overtures. Touch the stop and the overture begins; send a molecular impulse along the proper afferent nerve and the singer begins his song.

Again, the manner in which the frog, though apparently insensible to light, is yet, under some circumstances, influenced by visual images, finds a singular parallel in the case of the ex-sergeant.

Sitting at a table, in one of his abnormal states, he took up a pen, felt for paper and ink, and began to write a letter to his general, in which he recommended himself for a medal, on account of his good conduct and courage. It occurred to Dr. Mesnet to ascertain experimentally how far vision was concerned in this act of writing. He therefore interposed a screen between the man's eyes and his hands; under these circumstances he went on writing for a short time, but the words became illegible, and he finally stopped, without manifesting any discontent. On the withdrawal of the screen he began to write again where he had left off. The substitution of water for ink in the inkstand had a similar result. He stopped, looked at his pen, wiped it on his coat, dipped it in the water, and began again, with the same effect.

On one occasion, he began to write upon the topmost of ten super-

imposed sheets of paper. After he had written a line or two, this sheet was suddenly drawn away. There was a slight expression of surprise, but he continued his letter on the second sheet exactly as if it had been the first. This operation was repeated five times, so that the fifth sheet contained nothing but the writer's signature at the bottom of the page. Nevertheless, when the signature was finished, his eyes turned to the top of the blank sheet, and he went through the form of reading over what he had written, a movement of the lips accompanying each word; moreover, with his pen, he put in such corrections as were needed, in that part of the blank page which corresponded with the position of the words which required correction, in the sheets which had been taken away. If the five sheets had been transparent, therefore, they would, when superposed, have formed a properly written and corrected letter.

Immediately after he had written his letter, F—— got up, walked down to the garden, made himself a cigarette, lighted and smoked it. He was about to prepare another, but sought in vain for his tobacco-pouch, which had been purposely taken away. The pouch was now thrust before his eyes and put under his nose, but he neither saw nor smelt it; but, when it was placed in his hand, he at once seized it, made a fresh cigarette, and ignited a match to light the latter. The match was blown out, and another lighted match placed close before his eyes, but he made no attempt to take it; and, if his cigarette was lighted for him, he made no attempt to smoke. All this time the eyes were vacant, and neither winked, nor exhibited any contraction of the pupils. From these and other experiments Dr. Mesnet draws the conclusion that his patient sees some things and not others; that the sense of sight is accessible to all things which are brought into relation with him by the sense of touch, and, on the contrary, insensible to things which lie outside this relation. He sees the match he holds, and does not see any other.

Just so the frog "sees" the book which is in the way of his jump, at the same time that isolated visual impressions take no effect upon him.<sup>1</sup>

(1) Those who have had occasion to become acquainted with the phenomena of somnambulism and of mesmerism, will be struck with the close parallel which they present to the proceedings of F. in his abnormal state. But the great value of Dr. Mesnet's observations lies in the fact that the abnormal condition is traceable to a definite injury to the brain, and that the circumstances are such as to keep us clear of the cloud of voluntary and involuntary fictions in which the truth is too often smothered in such cases. In the unfortunate subjects of such abnormal conditions of the brain, the disturbance of the sensory and intellectual faculties is not unfrequently accompanied by a perturbation of the moral nature, which may manifest itself in a most astonishing love of lying for its own sake. And, in this respect, also, F.'s case is singularly instructive, for though, in his normal state, he is a perfectly honest man, in his abnormal condition he is an inveterate thief, stealing and hiding away whatever he can lay hands on, with much dexterity, and with an absurd indifference as to whether the property is his own or not. Hofmann's terrible conception of the "Doppelt-gänger" is realised by men in this

As I have pointed out, it is impossible to prove that F—— is absolutely unconscious in his abnormal state, but it is no less impossible to prove the contrary; and the case of the frog goes a long way to justify the assumption that, in the abnormal state, the man is a mere machine.

If such facts as these had come under the knowledge of Descartes, would they not have formed an apt commentary upon that remarkable passage in the "*Traité de l'Homme*," which I have quoted elsewhere,<sup>1</sup> but which is worth repetition?—

"All the functions which I have attributed to this machine (the body), as the digestion of food, the pulsation of the heart and of the arteries; the nutrition and the growth of the limbs; respiration, wakefulness, and sleep; the reception of light, sounds, odours, flavours, heat, and such like qualities, in the organs of the external senses; the impression of the ideas of these in the organ of common sensation and in the imagination; the retention or the impression of these ideas on the memory; the internal movements of the appetites and the passions; and lastly the external movements of all the limbs, which follow so aptly, as well the action of the objects which are presented to the senses, as the impressions which meet in the memory, that they imitate as nearly as possible those of a real man; I desire, I say, that you should consider that these functions in the machine naturally proceed from the mere arrangement of its organs, neither more nor less than do the movements of a clock, or other automaton, from that of its weights and its wheels; so that, so far as these are concerned, it is not necessary to conceive any other vegetative or sensitive soul, nor any other principle of motion or of life, than the blood and the spirits agitated by the fire which burns continually in the heart, and which is no wise essentially different from all the fires which exist in inanimate bodies."

And would Descartes not have been justified in asking why we need deny that animals are machines, when men in a state of unconsciousness perform, mechanically, actions as complicated and as rational-seeming as those of any animals?

But though I do not think that Descartes' hypothesis can be positively refuted, I am not disposed to accept it. The doctrine of continuity is too well established for it to be permissible to me to suppose that any complex natural phenomenon comes into existence suddenly, and without being preceded by simpler modifications; and very strong arguments would be needed to prove that such complex phenomena as those of consciousness first make their appearance in man. We know, that, in the individual man,

state—who live two lives, in the one of which they may be guilty of the most criminal acts while, in the other, they are eminently virtuous and respectable. Neither life knows anything of the other. Dr. Mesnet states that he has watched a man in his abnormal state elaborately prepare to hang himself, and has let him go on until asphyxia set in, when he cut him down. But on passing into the normal state the would-be suicide was wholly ignorant of what had happened. The problem of responsibility is here as complicated as that of the prince-bishop, who swore as a prince and not as a bishop. "But, highness, if the prince is damned, what will become of the bishop?" said the peasant.

(1) "*Lay Sermons, Essays and Reviews*," p. 355.

consciousness grows from a dim glimmer to its full light, whether we consider the infant advancing in years, or the adult emerging from slumber and swoon. We know, further, that the lower animals possess, though less developed, that part of the brain which we have every reason to believe to be the organ of consciousness in man; and as, in other cases, function and organ are proportional, so we have a right to conclude it is with the brain; and that the brutes, though they may not possess our intensity of consciousness, and though, from the absence of language, they can have no trains of thoughts, but only trains of feelings, yet have a consciousness which, more or less distinctly, foreshadows our own.

I confess that, in view of the struggle for existence which goes on in the animal world, and of the frightful quantity of pain with which it must be accompanied, I should be glad if the probabilities were in favour of Descartes' hypothesis; but, on the other hand, considering the terrible practical consequences to domestic animals which might ensue from any error on our part, it is as well to err on the right side, if we err at all, and deal with them as weaker brethren, who are bound, like the rest of us, to pay their toll for living, and suffer what is needful for the general good. As Hartley finely says, "We seem to be in the place of God to them;" and we may justly follow the precedents He sets in nature, in to disagree with Descartes' hypo-

But though we may see conscious machines, it does not follow that thesis that brutes in regarding them as automata. They may be more he was wrong, sensitive, automata; and the view that they are or less conscious machines is that which is implicitly, or explicitly, such as by most persons. When we speak of the actions of the lower animals being guided by instinct and not by reason, what we really mean is that, though they feel as we do, yet their actions are the results of their physical organization. We believe, in short, that they are machines, one part of which (the nervous system) not only sets the rest in motion, and co-ordinates its movements in relation with changes in surrounding bodies, but is provided with special apparatus, the function of which is the calling into existence of those states of consciousness which are termed sensations, emotions, and ideas. I believe that this generally accepted view is the best expression of the facts at present known.

It is experimentally demonstrable—any one who cares to run a pin into himself may perform a sufficient demonstration of the fact—that a mode of motion of the nervous system is the immediate antecedent of a state of consciousness. All but the adherents of "Occasionalism," or of the doctrine of "Pre-established Harmony" (if any such now exist), must admit that we have as much reason for regarding the mode of motion of the nervous system as the cause

of the state of consciousness, as we have for regarding any event as the cause of another. How the one phenomenon causes the other we know, as much or as little, as in any other case of causation; but we have as much right to believe that the sensation is an effect of the molecular change, as we have to believe that motion is an effect of impact; and there is as much propriety in saying that the brain evolves sensation, as there is in saying that an iron rod, when hammered, evolves heat.

As I have endeavoured to show, we are justified in supposing that something analogous to what happens in ourselves takes place in the brutes, and that the affections of their sensory nerves give rise to molecular changes in the brain, which again give rise to, or evolve, the corresponding states of consciousness. Nor can there be any reasonable doubt that the emotions of brutes, and such ideas as they possess, are similarly dependent upon molecular brain changes. Each sensory impression leaves behind a record in the structure of the brain—an “ideagenous” molecule, so to speak, which is competent, under certain conditions, to reproduce, in a fainter condition, the state of consciousness which corresponds with that sensory impression; and it is these “ideagenous molecules” which are the physical basis of memory.

It may be assumed, then, that molecular changes in the brain are the causes of all the states of consciousness of brutes. Is there any evidence that these states of consciousness may, conversely, cause those molecular changes which give rise to muscular motion? I see no such evidence. The frog walks, hops, swims, and goes through his gymnastic performances quite as well without consciousness, and consequently without volition, as with it; and if a frog, in his natural state, possesses anything corresponding with what we call volition, there is no reason to think that it is anything but a concomitant of the molecular changes in the brain which form part of the series involved in the production of motion.

The consciousness of brutes would appear to be related to the mechanism of their body simply as a collateral product of its working, and to be as completely without any power of modifying that working, as the steam-whistle which accompanies the work of a locomotive engine is without influence upon its machinery. Their volition, if they have any, is an emotion indicative of physical changes, not a cause of such changes.

This conception of the relations of states of consciousness with molecular changes in the brain—of *psychoses* with *neuroses*—does not prevent us from ascribing free will to brutes. For an agent is free when there is nothing to prevent him from doing that which he desires to do. And if a greyhound chases a hare, he is a free agent, because his action is in entire accordance with his strong desire to

catch the hare; while so long as he is held back by the leash he is not free, being prevented by external force from following his inclination. And the ascription of freedom to the greyhound under the former circumstances is by no means inconsistent with the other aspect of the facts of the case—that he is a machine impelled to the chase, and caused, at the same time, to have the desire to catch the game by the impression which the rays of light proceeding from the hare make upon his eyes, and through them upon his brain.

Much ingenious argument has, at various times, been bestowed upon the question: How is it possible to imagine that volition, which is a state of consciousness, and, as such, has not the slightest community of nature with matter in motion, can act upon the moving matter of which the body is composed, as it is assumed to do in voluntary acts? But if, as is here suggested, the voluntary acts of brutes—or, in other words, the acts which they desire to perform—are as purely mechanical as the rest of their actions, and are simply accompanied by the state of consciousness called volition, the inquiry, so far as they are concerned, becomes superfluous. Their volitions do not enter into the chain of causation of their actions at all.

The hypothesis that brutes are conscious automata is perfectly consistent with any view that may be held respecting the often discussed and curious question *whether* souls are immortal or not. It is they have souls, *whether* with the most literal adherence to the text of obviously harmonious “the beast that perisheth;” but it is not Scripture concerning the amiable conviction ascribed by Pope to his inconsistent wit, “that when he passes to the happy hunting-untutored he sky, “his faithful dog shall bear him company.” If grounds have consciousness and no souls, then it is clear that, in them, consciousness is a direct function of material changes; while, if they possess immaterial subjects of consciousness, or souls, then, as consciousness is brought into existence only as the consequence of molecular motion of the brain, it follows that it is an indirect product of material changes. The soul stands related to the body as the bell of a clock to the works, and consciousness answers to the sound which the bell gives out when it is struck.

Thus far I have strictly confined myself to the problem with which I proposed to deal at starting—the automatism of brutes. The question is, I believe, a perfectly open one, and I feel happy in running no risk of either Papal or Presbyterian condemnation for the views which I have ventured to put forward. And there are so very few interesting questions which one is, at present, allowed to think out scientifically—to go as far as reason leads, and stop where evidence comes to an end—without speedily being deafened by the tattoo of “the drum ecclesiastic”—that I have luxuriated in my rare

freedom, and would now willingly bring this disquisition to an end if I could hope that other people would go no further. Unfortunately, past experience debars me from entertaining any such hope, even if

“ . . . . that drum's discordant sound  
Parading round and round and round,”

were not, at present, as audible to me, as it was to the mild poet who ventured to express his hatred of drums in general, in that well-known couplet.

It will be said, that I mean that the conclusions deduced from the study of the brutes are applicable to man, and that the logical consequences of such application are fatalism, materialism, and atheism—whereupon the drums will beat the *pas de charge*.

One does not do battle with drummers; but I venture to offer a few remarks for the calm consideration of thoughtful persons, untrammelled by foregone conclusions, unpledged to shore-up tottering dogmas, and anxious only to know the true bearings of the case.

It is quite true that, to the best of my judgment, the argumentation which applies to brutes holds equally good of men; and, therefore, that all states of consciousness in us, as in them, are immediately caused by molecular changes of the brain-substance. It seems to me that in men, as in brutes, there is no proof that any state of consciousness is the cause of change in the motion of the matter of the organism. If these positions are well based, it follows that our mental conditions are simply the symbols in consciousness of the changes which take place automatically in the organism; and that, to take an extreme illustration,\* the feeling we call volition is not the cause of a voluntary act, but the symbol of that state of the brain which is the immediate cause of that act. We are conscious automata, endowed with free will in the only intelligible sense of that much-abused term—inasmuch as in many respects we are able to do as we like—but none the less parts of the great series of causes and effects which, in unbroken continuity, composes that which is, and has been, and shall be—the sum of existence.

As to the logical consequences of this conviction of mine, I may be permitted to remark that logical consequences are the scarecrows of fools and the beacons of wise men. The only question which any wise man can ask himself, and which any honest man will ask himself, is whether a doctrine is true or false. Consequences will take care of themselves; at most their importance can only justify us in testing with extra care the reasoning process from which they result.

So that if the view I have taken did really and logically lead to fatalism, materialism, and atheism, I should profess myself a fatalist, materialist, and atheist; and I should look upon those who, while



they believed in my honesty of purpose and intellectual competency, should raise a hue and cry against me, as people who by their own admission preferred lying to truth, and whose opinions therefore were unworthy of the smallest attention.

But, as I have endeavoured to explain on other occasions, I really have no claim to rank myself among fatalistic, materialistic, or atheistic philosophers. Not among fatalists, for I take the conception of necessity to have a logical, and not a physical foundation; not among materialists, for I am utterly incapable of conceiving the existence of matter if there is no mind in which to picture that existence; not among atheists, for the problem of the ultimate cause of existence is one which seems to me to be hopelessly out of reach of my poor powers. Of all the senseless babble I have ever had occasion to read, the demonstrations of those philosophers who undertake to tell us all about the nature of God would be the worst, if they were not surpassed by the still greater absurdities of the philosophers who try to prove that there is no God.

And if this personal disclaimer should not be enough, let me further point out that a great many persons whose acuteness and learning will not be contested, and whose Christian piety, and, in some cases, strict orthodoxy, is above suspicion, have held more or less definitely the view that man is a conscious automaton.

It is held, for example, in substance, by the whole school of predestinarian theologians, typified by St. Augustine, Calvin, and Jonathan Edwards—the great work of the latter on the will showing in this, as in other cases, that the growth of physical science has introduced no new difficulties of principle into theological problems, but has merely given visible body, as it were, to those which already existed.

Among philosophers, the pious Geulinx and the whole school of occasionalist Cartesians held this view; the orthodox Leibnitz invented the term “*automate spirituel*,” and applied it to man; the fervent Christian, Hartley, was one of the chief advocates and best expositors of the doctrine; while another zealous apologist of Christianity in a sceptical age, and a contemporary of Hartley, Charles Bonnet, the Genevese naturalist, has embodied the doctrine in language of such precision and simplicity, that I will quote the little-known passage of his “*Essai de Psychologie*” at length:—

“ANOTHER HYPOTHESIS CONCERNING THE MECHANISM OF IDEAS.”

“Philosophers accustomed to judge of things by that which they are in themselves, and not by their relation to received ideas, would not be shocked if they met with the proposition that the soul is a mere spectator of the movements of its body: that the latter performs of itself all that series of actions which constitutes life: that it moves of itself: that it is the body alone which

(1) “*Essai de Psychologie*,” chap. xxvii.

reproduces ideas, compares and arranges them ; which forms reasonings, imagines and executes plans of all kinds, &c. This hypothesis, though perhaps of an excessive boldness, nevertheless deserves some consideration.

It is not to be denied that Supreme Power could create an automaton which should exactly imitate all the external and internal actions of man.

I understand by external actions, all those movements which pass under our eyes ; I term internal actions, all the motions which in the natural state cannot be observed because they take place in the interior of the body—such as the movements of digestion, circulation, sensation, &c. Moreover, I include in this category the movements which give rise to ideas, whatever be their nature.

In the automaton which we are considering everything would be precisely determined. Everything would occur according to the rules of the most admirable mechanism : one state would succeed another state, one operation would lead to another operation, according to invariable laws ; motion would become alternately cause and effect, effect and cause ; reaction would answer to action, and reproduction to production.

Constructed with definite relations to the activity of the beings which compose the world, the automaton would receive impressions from it, and, in faithful correspondence thereto, it would execute a corresponding series of motions.

Indifferent towards any determination, it would yield equally to all, if the first impressions did not, so to speak, wind up the machine and decide its operations and its course.

The series of movements which this automaton could execute would distinguish it from all others formed on the same model, but which not having been placed in similar circumstances would not have experienced the same impressions, or would not have experienced them in the same order.

The senses of the automaton, set in motion by the objects presented to it, would communicate their motion to the brain, the chief motor apparatus of the machine. This would put in action the muscles of the hands and feet, in virtue of their secret connection with the senses. These muscles, alternately contracted and dilated, would approximate or remove the automaton from the objects, in the relation which they would bear to the conservation or the destruction of the machine.

The motions of perception and sensation which the objects would have impressed on the brain, would be preserved in it by the energy of its mechanism. They would become more vivid according to the actual condition of the automaton, considered in itself and relatively to the objects.

Words being only the motions impressed on the organ of hearing and that of voice, the diversity of these movements, their combination, the order in which they would succeed one another, would represent judgments, reasoning, and all the operations of the mind.

A close correspondence between the organs of the senses, either by the opening into one another of their nervous ramifications, or by interposed springs (*ressorts*), would establish such a connection in their working, that, on the occasion of the movements impressed on one of these organs, other movements would be excited, or would become more vivid in some of the other senses.

Give the automaton a soul which contemplates its movements, which believes itself to be the author of them, which has different volitions on the occasion of the different movements, and you will on this hypothesis construct a man.

But would this man be free ? Can the feeling of our liberty, this feeling which is so clear and so distinct and so vivid as to persuade us that we are the authors of our actions, be conciliated with this hypothesis ? If it removes the difficulty which attends the conception of the action of the soul on the body, on the other hand it leaves untouched that which meets us in endeavouring to conceive the action of the body on the soul."

But if Leibnitz, Jonathan Edwards, and Hartley—men who rank among the giants of the world of thought—could see no antagonism between the doctrine under discussion and Christian orthodoxy, is it not just possible that smaller folk may be wrong in making such a coil about “logical consequences”? And, seeing how large a share of this clamour is raised by the clergy of one denomination or another, may I say, in conclusion, that it really would be well if ecclesiastical persons would reflect that ordination, whatever deep-seated graces it may confer, has never been observed to be followed by any visible increase in the learning or the logic of its subject. Making a man a Bishop, or entrusting him with the office of ministering to even the largest of Presbyterian congregations, or setting him up to lecture to a Church congress, really does not in the smallest degree augment such title to respect as his opinions may intrinsically possess. And when such a man prestumes on an authority which was conferred upon him for other purposes, to sit in judgment upon matters his incompetence to deal with which is patent, it is permissible to ignore his sacerdotal pretensions, and to tell him, as one would tell a mere common, unconsecrated, layman: that it is not necessary for any man to occupy himself with problems of this kind unless he so choose. Life is filled full enough by the performance of its ordinary and obvious duties. But that, if a man elect to become a judge of these grave questions; still more, if he assume the responsibility of attaching praise or blame to his fellow-men for the conclusions at which they arrive touching them, he will commit a sin more grievous than most breaches of the Decalogue, unless he avoid a lazy reliance upon the information that is gathered by prejudice and filtered through passion, unless he go back to the prime sources of knowledge—the facts of nature, and the thoughts of those wise men who for generations past have been her best interpreters.

T. H. HUXLEY.

## • MUST WE THEN BELIEVE CASSANDRA? <sup>1</sup>

AN eminent man, long known as one of the best political writers in England, and to whom many would still be inclined to give that title—though personally I should; characterizing him in this year 1874, rather emphasize the words *best* and *writer*, than the word political—has lately placed before us his views, as to the future of this country, in three remarkable papers, which have, with a certain number of *pièces justificatives*, been collected into a volume, under the title of *Rocks Ahead; or, the Warnings of Cassandra*. There is much in the book which is worthy of consideration, and I should be very sorry to take up a controversial attitude towards its author. At the same time I think the prospect that not he, but the prophetess, who speaks through him, holds before his countrymen, is far too uniformly grey, and I wish, feeling certain that many of you have either read the papers, as they originally appeared, or have seen large extracts from them in the newspapers, to put in those brighter lights which seem to me wanted, in order to make their picture agree with my own anticipations. Would, for your sake, I could imitate that charming style, in which art is so thoroughly concealed by art.

The three national dangers to which Cassandra attaches most importance are—

- I. The political supremacy of the lower classes ;
- II. The approaching industrial decline of England ;
- III. The divorce of the intelligence of the country from its religion.

Of all these I shall have something to say in their order, but I do not propose to dwell at any length upon the first of them, because in order to discuss it we should have to come close up to the edge of party politics, which would certainly not be desirable on an occasion like this, and because it is the part of the work in which there is, as it seems to me, least to interest. What Cassandra has to say, is little more than a restatement of the views that have been maintained by able men, of a Conservative turn of mind, all through history I must allow her to describe her own first rock ahead in her own words. She says—

“The Reform Bill of 1867 takes the command of the representation out of the hands of the propertied classes, and puts it into the hands of the wage-receiving classes. It gives it over from the upper and middle ranks of the community to

(1) This address was delivered at the opening of the annual course of lectures in the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh on the 30th October, 1874.

the lower ranks. It transfers electoral preponderance, that is, in fact, electoral supremacy, from property to proletarianism, from capital to labour. And it does this not one whit the less undeniably and irretrievably, in that it does it (thus far) only potentially and prospectively."

Now, there have always been people who thought "that political power lies naturally with intellect and property;" and so no doubt they ought to do, provided the intellect were faultless, and the property complete; unhappily, however, the problem to be solved is is not so easy. You have to adjust the competing claims of a great mass of property and intellect in comparatively few hands and heads, with those of a great mass of intellect and property in many million hands and heads.

Politics is an art. It is not a science dealing with the form of government which might be best in the abstract. It deals with the best possible; often, that is, with something by no means very good at all. When the philosopher has done speculating, the statesman must begin acting—taking account, no doubt, if he be a real statesman, of everything the philosopher has said, but making more allowance than any philosopher, who is not actually working at the art of politics, can do, for the materials with which he has to build. It would all be so very easy and so very delightful if you could settle it by the formula, "Political power lies naturally with intellect and property;" but when did it do so in England? and how can statesmen do better than from time to time roughly to adjust political power according to the circumstances of the community in which they live?

Nobody that I know of, ever maintained that the settlement of 1867 was in any way a perfect or ideal settlement. I, for one, made a speech for the express purpose of pointing out that we all had been led into doing something different from what we meant to do. Speaking on the 13th of May, in what Cassandra would call the year of our English revolution, after pointing out that an extended franchise was a political necessity, and would do good in various important ways, and that nevertheless, when the great cataclysm which had been predicted was over, things would look very much as they did then, I went on to say—

"How many people are there in the House of Commons who really *ex animo* desire to go beyond the £6 rental borough franchise of the hon. member for Leeds and of Lord Palmerston's Bill? I am sure at this moment the majority of the House is conjugating to itself, 'I don't want, thou dost not want, he does want, we do not want, you do not want, they do not want,' to do so.

"And yet who does not see that the old £6 limit is 'gone, frozen, dead for ever'?"

The fact is, that when enormous political forces are in motion, you cannot be very precise in determining how, or how far, they will go. Enough, if you are satisfied that the general direction is right,

and that the channel, so to speak, along which they will move is wide enough to prevent any great overflow of force.

If Cassandra and those who listened to her had not prevented the proposed settlement of 1866, it would have been, as I venture to think, much better; not at all because that settlement would have been, as it would no doubt have been, rather less democratic, but because that settlement would have excluded a considerable number of persons who have no political beliefs at all, and are consequently altogether influenced by the passing feeling of the hour, which may have nothing to do with politics properly so called. The presence of this class in the electorate will no doubt cause the majorities in favour of this or that party to fluctuate more than they have done, especially in the English boroughs, as may be seen by comparing the returns of 1868 and 1874; but as for the fears that Cassandra expresses of a struggle between the have-nots and the haves, they appear to me to be quite visionary. She seems to forget that the division into the upper, middle, and lower classes is purely arbitrary, is merely a loose though convenient way of lumping together an immense variety of social strata which are again laterally divided in innumerable ways. No doubt if the electors below the old £10 limit, whom she so much dreads, were unanimously to combine to plunder their more fortunate countrymen under forms of law, it would be very alarming; but there is not the ghost of a reason to suppose that they will ever do anything of the kind. Curran's fleas, if unanimous, might, we know, have pulled him out of bed—but they didn't.

No doubt Cassandra is perfectly right in saying that it would have been better if the new electors, admitted by the settlement of 1867, had been more educated. Of course it would. Nobody knew that better than these very electors, and it was by their help that those of us who had been working away at the subject for several Parliaments got in the last Parliament various measures passed, which, with all their imperfections, for the first time created something like a national system of education from the Land's End to John o'Groats.

This is a strange oversight, and hardly less strange is Cassandra's oversight about the Poor Laws.

"Do not," she asks, "the Poor Laws virtually give to the poor a first mortgage on all the property of the rich? And how will it fare with us when the masses, preponderating at the poll, selecting the House of Commons, swaying the lawyers, dictating the laws, nominating our rulers, shall be in a position to determine how the Poor Laws shall be administered."

One would really fancy from this that the Poor Laws had been a modern democratic invention, which had been the cause of much more mischief since our first great democratic step in 1832. But is that correct? Is it not as far as possible from being correct?

Were not things ten times worse in the good old times before the New Poor Law ?

Cassandra is alarmed at the idea of the average elector interfering in the details of Indian and foreign questions ; but nothing is more improbable than that he ever would desire to do so. Was even the electorate, before 1832 or between 1832 and 1868, a body so constituted that one could have willingly seen it take a very active part in the details of such questions ? Did it do so ? And is it at all likely that, on the Continent of Europe at least, we shall ever have questions so calculated to move the average elector as many of those which came up for settlement between 1847 and 1867 ? It is wholly impossible that the average elector could interfere in the details of either foreign or Indian questions, if he wished to do so. He could not even do so if you introduced the "referendum" of the Zürich Constitution—a step which no one, demagogue or other, has, so far as I know, proposed to take in these islands.

On broad questions of foreign policy, and these are the only ones with which he can possibly deal, my opinion is that the average elector will be usually right, provided those whose business it is to keep him right do their duty. Those public men, however, who have to deal specially with the foreign affairs of the country, even when they have a real interest in the subject, still keep up rather too much the old reticent system—a system which was very good and right in days when our diplomatists were not obliged to reckon nearly so much with the Press, but which is of more doubtful wisdom when the espousal of a particular cause by two or three leading newspapers may give public opinion a bias which it is afterwards very difficult for those who really know the whole truth to remove.

As for Indian questions, all who have tried to talk about India in public know that they are one of the least popular topics upon which any one can address an audience of his countrymen. Every few years some speaker arises who thinks that he can make a good oratorical investment by talking India. There was Mr. George Thompson, a very good speaker, and there have been others ; but it doesn't answer, and it won't answer, except for very humble purposes, hardly to be dignified by the name political. The difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of interesting the people of one country, however well and kindly disposed, about the affairs of another, would be one of the strongest arguments which a wise statesman would now urge ; if the question, Shall we or shall we not take possession of India ? could come up as a new question ; and the tendency, as our own representation becomes more real, will rather be to diminish than to increase the desire to interfere in matters which do not immediately affect the quite obvious and palpable interests of the people of these kingdoms.

I think that this parochialising of politics has its bad side; but no one will deny that all forms of government have their special dangers, and representative governments, founded upon a wide democratic basis, are not exempt from the common lot.

On the other hand, those who have most experience of large constituencies will, I think, bear me out in saying that they have a good deal more instinct for statesmanship than Cassandra or perhaps Mr. Greg himself quite knows, provided statesmanship is put before them in a suitable way. Sure I am that in Scotland, at least, every man who wants to succeed with a popular audience should make the best and most statesmanlike speech that he can. I say nothing of England, because I have no experience of large popular audiences in that country. I know that a distinguished Frenchman told a friend of mine that he found a great difference between audiences on the two sides of the Tweed; but, for all I can say to the contrary, this may have merely been a remnant of the partiality of the "Ancient League," although the speaker was no friend to France of the Lilies and the Crown.

I should be sorry to make any exaggerated claims for the change in our polity, which was made by the settlement of 1867, but really, after the result of the last election, it is very strange to find that it should be described as violently revolutionary. No doubt, Cassandra would say that democracy "*recule pour mieux sauter*;" but I, who cannot see that any of the measures which were passed by the last administration, even when it was borne along by the full tide of popularity, were at all of a dangerous or revolutionary character, must be permitted to look forward to its next leap with something more than equanimity. Even Cassandra herself will admit that the vast improvements of the last hundred years have synchronized in a rather suspicious way with the advance of her dreaded foe.

The second rock ahead which the prophetess thinks she perceives, is the approaching industrial exhaustion or decline of Great Britain.

"What," she asks, "are the qualities and advantages that have given us our manufacturing supremacy; that have enabled us to produce what every country in the world wants, better and cheaper and more abundantly than any other country? Mainly three—

"1. Abundant coal and iron, both cheap and in proximity.

"2. The indefatigable industry and *workmanship*—by which I mean the blended skill and conscientiousness—of our artisans.

"3. Our enormous command of capital.

"Now in all these points we are losing our *relative* and in some our *positive* supremacy."

Any one who takes the trouble to look into the facts, will see that Cassandra takes the very gloomiest possible view about the future of



our coal supply ; but on this point the answer of Mr. Arthur Arnold, in the September number of the *Contemporary*, is so complete that I will not further allude to it.

Surely, too, Mr. Greg almost sufficiently answers Cassandra. He clearly sees that, as soon as coal begins seriously to rise in price, two very different agencies will come into play. New mines will be opened on the one hand, while appliances for diminishing the expense of raising coal, and the waste of coal when raised, will be devised on the other. Thus no cataclysmal change will take place in our industry ; there will be no ruinously sudden collapse affecting a population, "not as now of thirty, but of sixty millions." No reasonable man doubts that a time will come when our cheap coal will be exhausted, when we shall, in all likelihood, cease to be the great workshop of the world. All I contend for is, that that time is so far off, that it is idle to speculate at present about it. Long ere it arrives the whole political condition of the world may be so entirely altered, the transference of population from one part of the globe to another, where it is more wanted, may be so much a matter of course, that the very word emigration may have become obsolete, and that our children may smile as much at the idea of any mother objecting to her children going to America, as we now do, when we hear of a mother in Kent objecting to her children going into the Midland counties. "Please God," said such a one to a benevolent lady recently, "no child of mine shall ever go down into the Shires."

Then I want to know why it should be assumed that the greatness of this country is to be for ever dependent on her manufacturing industry, and on the iron and coal that feed them. That is the present form of our greatness ; but we were great before our manufactures, and we will, if we are true to ourselves, be great after them. Coal and iron are but instruments in the hands of that energy which is the true source of our national strength. Coal and iron did not defeat the Armada, did not conquer India, nor colonise America.

As to the deterioration in the character of British labour, I will cite Cassandra's own words. She says—

"By 'character' we mean efficiency and conscientiousness. Here again the causes are in operation, but the effects are only beginning to be obvious ; and as there is much to screen or confuse them, it is our habit to doubt or disbelieve them. English labour, beyond that of every other nation, used to be dogged, untiring, thorough, and honest. Its *quality* could be relied upon, and its willing, persevering energy was unrivalled. English workmen were never very sober, and therefore by no means exactly to be called steady ; but they were manageable by their employers, and exceptionally intelligent ; they were not given, like so many continental labourers, to holiday-making or pleasure-seeking ; when they did work, they worked with a will ; they neither shirked their task nor scamped it. If half we hear, and much we see, be true, this can scarcely be said now, as a rule, of any class of British labourers except navvies. In many departments

of industry, we are assured, the chief aim of the operatives, and the distinct purpose of their trade regulations, is to work as short hours as they can, and to do as little in those hours as they can contrive in return for the wages they receive. Probably the statement is exaggerated or coloured, but no one can say that it is groundless."

The first thing that strikes one about this is, that it is no new assertion. It has been repeated again and again. Still in spite of the assertion, and in spite of such substratum of fact as there may be below the assertion, the world does somehow go on preferring most English to most not English goods; and what is more, many kinds of English goods go on improving in perfection and finish to such a degree as to excite the wrath of certain very competent critics. Here Mr. Ruskin, for instance :—

"Reader, look round this English room of yours, about which you have been proud so often, because the work of it was so good and strong, and the ornaments of it so finished. Examine again all those accurate mouldings and perfect polishings, and merring adjustments of the seasoned wood and tempered steel. Many a time you have exulted over them, and thought how great England was, because her slightest work was done so thoroughly. Alas! if read rightly, these perfectnesses are signs of a slavery in our England a thousand times more bitter and more degrading than that of the scourged African or helot Greek."

Now Mr. Ruskin's views may or may not be correct, but if his facts are correct—and we can all test them for ourselves—it does not look as if many of our manufacturers failed in doggedness, untiringness, thoroughness, or honesty. Much probably that is said against English labour generally, is founded upon hasty generalisations from the building trades in London and some other places.

Cassandra next proceeds to deal at some length with the subject of strikes, with the abuses of Trades Unions, and with the tendency of some of the more unenlightened proceedings of these bodies to increase the cost of production in this country :—

"These proceedings," she says, "are several—none perhaps very serious taken singly, but in their aggregate effect by no means contemptible. First come various absurd regulations to hinder workmen from putting forth their full strength and skill, lest they should raise the standard of average requirement, as against their less qualified fellows—of which the law prevalent among bricklayers of forbidding unionists fully to use both hands in their task may be taken as an extreme sample.

"Next may be specified the analogous and widely extended discouragement of piece-work, and the systematic endeavour to enforce a uniform rate of wages without reference to the varying capacities of different men and of the quality of their labour—a practice which arose, no doubt, out of some confused notion of fair play or kindness to the weaker brethren, but which a few moments' reflection will show to be cruelly unjust to the more energetic, competent, ambitious or heavily burdened workman, as well as singularly noxious in diminishing the efficiency of labour, and thereby enhancing the cost of the article to which that labour is applied. The rules, very general at one time, and still extensively in operation, for limiting the number of apprentices which each skilled workman

was allowed to instruct in his own trade, and the prohibition of any one not regularly apprenticed from practising that trade, operate sensibly in the same direction, and were introduced avowedly for preventing anything like free competition and the effect it was feared it must produce in reducing wages. All these restrictions, the number and vexatious character of which only those who have studied the subject somewhat in detail can fully estimate, being fetters upon the masters' freedom as to the most profitable mode of carrying on his business, add to the necessary cost of manufacture involved, discourage the capitalist, and place him at a disadvantage in the struggle with less hampered rivals."

Now these rules are bad and foolish enough, but after all they are merely the first thoughts of uneducated men, who must go through the stage of thinking these foolish thoughts before they get to anything better.

How long is it since the most intelligent people in Europe defended judicial torture, thought that the exaction of interest for money was a wicked action, that the State was bound to enforce compliance with the religion which it patronised, and that a witch should not be suffered to live? It is only a very few generations since your statesmen and judges got beyond these follies—which appeared to them mere primary truths, and are we to hold up our hands and prophesy the industrial decline of England, because mechanics have not learned in a day to use their liberty wisely? Are you sure that superstitious as bad as the worst of these are quite dead amongst our better classes? I know that repeated suggestions with reference to the expediency of some form of torture being applied to discover the Road murder were made to the Home Secretary of that day. And there exist hosts of worthy people who, when they hear of any particular form of crime becoming suddenly more prevalent than usual, immediately think that nothing is wanted except to increase its punishment. Proposals of the kind are even perpetually made to the legislature. Half, indeed, of the mistakes that are committed in politics arise from following the natural impulses of ignorance, to do the obvious and therefore the presumed right thing. "Why it is common sense!" says the Philistine, and gives his idiotic vote as if the labours of a thousand thoughtful men had not proved his common sense to be common nonsense. There is probably not one of the rules censured so justly by Cassandra which any one, who considered the subject for the first time from the workman's point of view, would not consider to be righteous and wise.

Then as to strikes. Strikes are a great evil, no doubt, but the stage of strikes must be gone through before we get to better industrial conditions. They are the natural result of industrial freedom in its adolescence, used as unwisely as adolescents who have been curbed too tight are apt to use their freedom.

With reference to Cassandra's alarms about the reduction in the length of the working day, individuals may hold their own opinions.

as to the expediency on non-expediency of the Act of last session, as to the propriety, that is, of the State intervening to settle the question of the length of the working day; but there is immensely more to be said for the shortening the hours of labour than Mr. Greg admits or than I have time to say here.

The last of Cassandra's economic fears is that our peculiar advantage in the possession of an unusually large amount of capital is gone. She says:—

“The unrivalled amount of capital possessed by the British manufacturer was one of his special advantages in the industrial rivalry with foreign nations. His command of capital is greater than ever, but it is no longer his exclusively,—for not only are other countries growing rich almost as rapidly as England,—not only is the wealth of Germany and Italy augmenting fast, not only is America in ordinary years *making* as much money as we are, and France *saving* perhaps more,—but British capital is at the command of the American, the French, the Italian, and the German manufacturer almost as freely, and more than as profitably, as at that of the Englishman. In truth, any country that wishes for capital, and can use it well, may have it for the asking. Here, then, our peculiar advantage is gone, as in other elements of cheap production we have shown that it is going.”

That sounds all very dreadful, but are there not some tendencies which are more and more transferring capital to England? Is not the London money market more the money market of the world than it was even five years ago? Is it not obvious that wealthy persons abroad are more and more tempted by the comparative immunity from disturbance of this island to transfer large amounts of property to our shores? Is it not notorious that the number of persons whose deaths singly affect the Budget of the Chancellor of the Exchequer is steadily on the increase?

Let us look at the figures of the Clearing-house. In the year ending on the 30th of April, 1868, these figures stood in round numbers at three billions two hundred and fifty-seven millions. In the next year they had increased by two hundred and seventy-seven millions. In the year after that, they had increased by another one hundred and eighty-six millions. In '70-71, they increased by another two hundred and ninety-eight millions. Then in '71-72 they went up by a great bound of thirteen hundred and forty-one millions; and by the 30th of April, 1873—when that period of national disaster and humiliation which was coincident, as Cassandra's friends would say, with the Gladstone administration, was beginning to draw to a close—they passed six billions. That means that between the 30th of April, 1868, and the 30th of April, 1873, they had increased by the moderate and reasonable amount of two billions seven hundred and forty-six millions.

What is it that terrifies our prophetess? Surely she is not misled by the fallacy that it is bad for England that other nations should grow rich. If she is, she may comfort herself by reflecting that the

disparity is still great. Even now, or rather somewhat more than a year ago, the London Loan Fund in banks which published their accounts was—I take the figures from Mr. Bagehot's "*Lombard Street*"—one hundred and twenty millions as against thirteen millions in Paris, forty millions in New York, and eight millions in Germany. Nor is there any doubt, if we could get at the deposits of the banks which do not publish their accounts, the enormous disproportion would be made still more apparent.

I hope I have done no wrong to Cassandra in the presentment of her prophécies as to the industrial decline of England which I have laid before you, and I hope also that I have shown that she takes too gloomy a view.

My own method of parrying such mischiefs as I admit to require to be parried under this head, may be summed up as follows:—

1. Education,
2. Wise government,
3. Patience.

By education I do not mean merely or chiefly the teaching of the children of the poorer classes to read, write, and do arithmetic. Much more, I mean teaching the children of the rich what it is most important they should know as citizens. School-managers, who never heard of Bastiat, and to whom political economy is the dismal science *par excellence*, are just the men to turn out scholars ripe for the acceptance of every form of political and social misbelief. Once let your great schools give a thoroughly manly training to your youth, making them fit to do the duties of British gentlemen in a time when the position of gentlemen is being challenged as it never has been before, a time instinct with change which may be admirably beneficial, but may also be extremely dangerous, and you will find the trade of agitation become a very bad one.

Looking back to the hopes which I cherished thirteen years ago, when I got the Palmerston Government to appoint the first Public Schools Commission, and seeing how little has been done, how beneath contempt is still the amount of really desirable knowledge with which an average boy leaves nearly all the great old public schools, although some of the first men of the country have been instant in urging change, both as members of the Public Schools Executive Commission and as members of the various governing bodies,—when I hear of a great ecclesiastic objecting to botany being taught to boys because it is too easy, just as the same person or one like minded advocated the teaching of Greek, not for the treasures which Greek contains, but simply because it is difficult,—when I see that all the efforts of persons like Lord Salisbury and the Archbishop of York and Sir John Lubbock are met by a body of masters who, with some most honourable exceptions, fight for worn-out methods

and subjects with a determination which would be admirable if it were not absurd,—I seem to see a far greater danger to the country in its race with rivals, than any which comes from the unaided errors of the artisan. There never was a time when those whom fortune has placed in a good position in the world, more wanted personal merit to keep their position, or had more need of the warning given in the line of the poet—

“O rois, soyez grands, car le peuple grandit.”

By good government I mean, above all, government which does not set before itself incompatible ideals, which does not, for example, insist on having at one and the same time all the advantages of the system of Cobden and all the advantages of the system of Castlereagh—a government which has made up its mind as to whether the real object of our policy is to be to rule the British islands, the British colonies, and India, or whether its object is to make us what some one called “man’s firm defence from wrong,”—in other words, to be the knight-errant of the universe. A government which has really made up its mind on these matters will find a financial, naval, military, and foreign policy ready to its hand. If it prefers the aims of Castlereagh, it cannot well do better than to adopt the policy of Castlereagh. That was consistent enough. If it prefer the system of Cobden, it has only to build on the lines of 1846—only to develop to its logical consequence the policy of free trade.

To that end it must steadily lean towards substituting direct for indirect taxation, in so far as our vast national indebtedness will permit, and as it diminishes indirect, must constantly lower the limit of exemption from direct taxation, so that all citizens above abject poverty may contribute something. No doubt those politicians are right who believe that a large national expenditure, fed by indirect taxation, is more willingly borne than one fed by direct taxation. But the consistent development of the principles of free trade would lead to a considerable diminution in the expense of our army, when we had, in virtue of these principles, gradually got rid of all national entanglements inconsistent with the policy on which we had elected to act.

That policy requires a supreme navy, an army sufficiently large for India and the fortresses which we have scattered about the world, and sufficiently large to make, in connection with the navy, the idea of a descent upon this country hopelessly absurd. But it does not involve an army sufficiently large to be used on the European continent.

It further requires a much greater attention to our foreign policy, the adoption of a clear line of action, and not the hopeless drifting that we have too often seen substituted for a clear line of action, so

that it may well happen that a statesman is carried into the Foreign Office by the cry of a spirited foreign policy, and that when he has got there his whole thoughts should be concentrated in dropping down the stream so as to avoid running into anything, here just not grazing the bank, and there fending off another boat. To make our foreign policy all it should be, to make our foreign minister the centre of the very best information from every part of the world, would no doubt require an addition to our diplomatic and consular estimates; but it would not require the addition of the price of half an ironclad a year, to make those services, if wisely handled at head-quarters, as efficient for their purpose as, to use the words of Lord Odö Russell, "the Prussian army or the Society of Jesus!" The adoption of such a system of government would tend more and more every year to make this country the great emporium of the universe, the reservoir of capital, and the best place at once for the artisan and for the capitalist to live in.

Cassandra is perfectly right in thinking that England will not remain for an indefinite period the great workshop of the world; but the adoption of a wise policy now will keep England its great workshop for a long time to come, and will give us such a start over all our rivals in the possession of capital and mercantile connection, as may keep us, when taken in connection with certain advantages, which nothing but our own unwisdom can take away, in the front rank of the world, long after other nations have come to surpass us as centres of manufacturing industry.

The third method of meeting such evils as I acknowledge really to exist under Cassandra's second head, was, I said, patience; by which I mean, that because there are certain unpleasant phenomena in our present industrial condition, we should not run away with the idea that we are exceptionally afflicted. There is not a country in Europe which either has not or will not have the same difficulty from strikes and combinations, except in cases where our painful experience shall have put others in the way of profiting by what we have gone through. In industrial as well as in political organization, it is our fate, and a proud fate, to lead the way. Our descendants will in all probability grumble as little at the industrial troubles through which this generation of Englishmen is going as we grumble at the good blood which, two hundred years ago, flowed in the words of the poet—

"So hot from Royalist and Puritan."

There is one very strange note in the paper which I am examining. Cassandra says—

"Of course it is possible that competing nations may be as foolish as ourselves, following our suicidal footsteps in the shape of strikes, inflated wages,

shorter hours, and exhausting conflicts between the two great productive powers, capital and labour, and may thus retard our comparative decline. But if their artisans are no wiser than ours, their governments, so far, at least, are stronger."

Does she then seriously believe that any government, from the Atlantic to the Ural, is at this moment stronger than ours in the sense of being better able to keep the peace within its own borders, without compromising the peace of the future? So far from believing this to be the case, I do not think there is any country whose social condition in the future does not give more cause for uneasiness. Take even Germany, so admirable in so many respects; but who that is acquainted with that country does not see that she has still to settle with herself some very awkward political questions, which we have settled long ago, and which may complicate her social difficulties in a very serious way.

The third portion of Mr. Greg's book is the one which will perhaps be read with most general interest. He says—

"I allege that in England the highest intelligence of the nation is not only not in harmony with the nation's creed, but is distinctly at issue with it, does not accept it largely, indeed, repudiates it in the distinctest manner, or, for peace and prudence's sake, discountenances it by silence, even where it does not demur to it in words, and that in this disharmony and divorce lies a grave and undeniable peril for the future. The fact is not new, but its dimensions are; the disharmony is spreading to many classes, and is assuming a more pronounced significance, no candid observer will deny it, and no wise patriot or statesman will regard it as a matter to be ignored."

Now if all Mr. Greg means is, that the highest intelligence of the country has of late been moving with extreme rapidity, and that its ideas about the highest matters naturally keeping pace with its ideas about other matters, it is further in advance of the mass of less active minds than has been the case at most periods of history, then I entirely agree with him, and think he has stated his case with great moderation. There is no doubt a movement in progress which is destined to grow stronger, and to produce results not only great but permanent. I do not believe that there is a single position which has been won by modern science from the domain of blind authority, which will ever be won back again; while, with regard to many of the raids which the great masters of historical criticism have made into territory once considered sacred, the verdict of the next century will, I am persuaded, be in the spirit of the words—

"Nor blade of grass again was seen  
Where Alaric and his hosts had been."

It is when we come to speculate upon the ultimate result of the simplifying process which is going on that I part company, not with Mr. Greg, but with Mr. Greg in the particular mood in which he



determined to come before the world as Cassandra. I think he immensely underrates the permanent and indestructible element in Christendom. Why, when all has been said that any man of science has yet propounded as a man of science—as anything but a guesser into realms confessedly unknown, how little has been done to shake the foundations upon which the highest forms of religion in Western Europe really rest!

You find, for instance, a person or persons endowed with very keen faculties for enjoyment, who attain, after just enough difficulty to make the attainment most pleasurable, the realization of their utmost wishes. They remain for a time in the possession of what appears to others and to themselves almost perfect happiness; then, however, circumstances change, and they are overwhelmed by calamity. From the prostration which was the first result of this calamity, they gradually rise, till at length they attain, through what they would describe as the life of faith, such perfect happiness that their previous happiness seems in comparison as nothing. Now let any one demonstrate, as might no doubt in the case I am thinking of, and in a thousand others, be sufficiently easily demonstrated, that the view of history usually connected with the particular set of religious ideas which this person or these persons held was hopelessly defective—that the astronomy with which that particular set of religious ideas was long and authoritatively connected was eminently absurd—that the cosmogony with which such religious ideas were connected was no better—in short, that nine-tenths of the opinions usually held by people of that way of thinking were wildly preposterous, and that nothing better could happen to these opinions than that they should vanish on the wind's wings—what, I should like to know, have those who compel their vanishing done to shake the intimate personal conviction of communion with the Unseen, upon which the spiritual life of such persons is really founded? If historical criticism, if physical science, after they have chased away these accessory ideas on the wind's wings, go a step further and say, "Those things which you believe to be so eternally true that they seem truer to you than all else beside, are not true," then historical criticism and physical science, which have hitherto been entirely *dans leur droit*, become just as much unjustifiable invaders as is the doctor of the Church when he presumes to pronounce an opinion *ex cathedra*, which historical criticism and science can show, as they have done ten thousand times, to be simply false.

It appears to me that there are many ideas which are now enunciated by the foremost teachers of the world which will, when they get hold of the minds of men, be fatal to certain forms in which the religious sentiment presents itself in Western Europe—fatal, for example, in all likelihood, to everything like political organization

in the matters of the soul; but I know no idea which rises above a mere conjecture, which can be fatal to the religious sentiment itself, as seen in the highest forms of Christian life and practice.

Many people who are very much alarmed at the change in opinion which is going on around them, and whose alarm is oddly enough reflected on the author of the "Creed of Christendom," might be a good deal comforted if they would only ponder on the large admissions of their opponents. He *was* not exactly a *persona grata* in orthodox circles who wrote last century on the fly-leaf of his copy of the "Système de la Nature," which is still preserved in St. Petersburg, the words, "S'il n'y avait pas un Dieu, il faudrait l'inventer;" and he *is* not exactly a *persona grata* in the orthodox circles of this century who penned the memorable sentence, "L'Eglise a été dépassée, et s'est dépassée elle-même. Le Christ n'a pas été dépassé."

And in the address which frightened the other day half the clergy of an Irish town, do we not find the following paragraph?—

"To yield this religious sentiment reasonable satisfaction is the problem of problems at the present hour. And grotesque in relation to scientific culture as many of the religions of the world have been and are,—dangerous, nay destructive, to the dearest privileges of freemen as some of them undoubtedly have been, and would, if they could, be again,—it will be wise to recognise them as the forms of a force, mischievous if permitted to intrude on the region of knowledge, over which it holds no command, but capable of being guided by liberal thought to noble issues in the region of emotion, which is its proper sphere. It is vain to oppose this force with a view to its extirpation. What we should oppose, to the death if necessary, is every attempt to found upon this elemental bias of man's nature a system which should exercise despotic sway over his intellect."

These admissions, and such as these, coming from men whose works are "full-welling fountain-heads of change," should surely go for something—should surely show that whatever is going to happen, however much may have to be given up, a great deal still remains. As long as deep religious feeling seems to be almost inseparable from the highest literary beauty, so long is there, to my mind, a very powerful argument in favour of that feeling, not only continuing to be strong, but even growing stronger with the increase of education and refinement.

I was looking, some months ago, through a long correspondence, most of which consisted of letters from persons who were quite unknown beyond the circle of their own intimate friends, but amongst which there were not a few letters from one of the most famous men of his generation. His letters were by no means inferior to his reputation, but they were distinctly not the most remarkable in the collection, either in matter or form. Surprised by this, I said to the person who showed me the correspondence, But tell me, in the name of wonder, how are these letters, and

these, and these, superior to those of this great orator and famous author? The answer which I received came in the shape of a quotation from, if I remember right, Joubert. Anyhow it ran as follows:—"Plus l'âme est près de Dieu, plus la pensée est près de l'âme, plus le style est près de la pensée, plus tout cela est beau."

Well, I don't know how it strikes others, but it strikes me that as long as that can be said, and can't be contradicted, as long as the particular vein of feeling which is peculiar to the highest forms of Christianity is not remotely approached by modes of thought really antagonistic to Christianity, so long nothing essential can be lost. Observe, again, how entirely the mocking Mephistophelian vein has died out in those who are most strongly opposed to existing beliefs—how reverent is the tone of the very men who are prayed for and preached about in the Churches. To find a Capaneus or Heaven-stormer, you must look away from the leaders of the revolutionary movement to followers who do not fully understand their own principles, or the serious nature of the work they are doing.

Those sad and stately lines which Strauss wrote the other day on his death-bed,<sup>1</sup> would have been called deeply religious if they had come down from heathen antiquity,—if, for instance, they had been the production of him—and as far as poetical merit goes they might have been—

"Who dropped his plummet down the broad  
Deep Universe, and said—No God!  
Finding no bottom; who denied  
Divinely the Divine, and died  
Chief poet on the Tiber side."

In the warfare of this world it is often wise to hold for a time positions which are not really defensible. We all quote, with approbation, the example of the old Scottish warrior, who, ordered to hold an untenable redoubt on the field of Steenkirk, went to his death with the words, "The will of the Lord be done." In the warfare, however, which "the Church militant" has to wage, surely the true strategy would be never to hold for a moment a position

- (1) "Dem ich dieses sage  
Weiss ich klage nicht,  
Dor ich dieses klage  
Weiss ich zage nicht.  
  
Nun heisst's bald verglimmen  
Wie ein Licht verglimmt,  
In die Luft verschwimmen  
Wie ein Ton verschimmt.  
  
Müge schwach wie immer,  
Aber hell and rein,  
Dieser letzte Schimmer  
Dieser Ton nur sein."

about which there can be any serious doubt. To me, at least, it seems that the strength of the place is so great, that it can well dispense with the dubious and dangerous aid of so-called outworks. Those who trust to outworks are apt to fall into strange absurdities. The following conversation took place, many years ago, between a great Indian official and a Mahommedan doctor of the law, who was defending his religion by one of *its* outworks, the infallibility of the Koran:—

“And how,” said the Nawab, “have people in modern days made all the discoveries you speak of in astronomy?”

“Chiefly, Nawab Sahib,” replied Colonel Sleeman, “by means of the telescope, which is an instrument of modern invention.”

“And do you suppose, sir, that I would put the evidence of one of your telescopes in opposition to that of the holy prophet? No, sir; depend upon it there is much fallacy in a telescope—it is not to be relied upon. I have conversed with many excellent European gentlemen; and their great fault seems to me to lie in the implicit faith they put in these *telescopes*—they hold their evidence above that of the prophets Moses, Abraham, and Elijah. It is dreadful to think what mischief these telescopes may do.”

Now astronomy is a very old science, and has attained the respectability which attaches to age. Many persons would smile at this story who would have been scandalized if they had listened, let us say, to Professor Owen the other day at the Orientalist Congress, while he calmly put aside, as unworthy of discussion, various venerable delusions in matters scientific, which many worthy people are still in the habit of connecting with a religion which can surely dispense with outworks much better than that which the mufti defended against Colonel Sleeman.

Cassandra, in her gloomy forecast, does not attach sufficient importance to the extreme complexity of the influences which are working in our generation. The currents cross each other in all directions. Theology, for example, is losing and will continue to lose its power over many provinces of thought and knowledge in which it once held sway; but, on the other hand, religion is as decidedly widening the area of its sway in the domain of human conduct.

All the higher forms of religion in Western Europe have been becoming more active since the French Revolution. Without dwelling on events which have occurred in Great Britain, just look at the change that has come over the Church of France—so lax before 1789, so irreproachable now in point of morals, whatever may have to be said of its intellectual characteristics. It is usual to talk of Paris as a sort of metropolis of revolt against all the old influences, and I am sure many good Germans in 1870-71 thought they were the ministers of Divine vengeance against a modern Babylon. Well, you know what I thought about the Franco-German war; but any-

thing more absurd than this sweeping condemnation of the French capital can hardly be imagined. Paris is an epitome of much that is best and worst in modern society. Nowhere does one see in sharper contrast the conflicting tendencies that are disputing the allegiance of us and our contemporaries. Well did one say—

*"Elle est riche en toutes choses, et elle peut donner indistinctement tout ce qu'on lui demande, depuis le mal dans son excès le plus pervers, jusqu'au bien dans son excès le plus sublime, depuis les extravagances les plus raffinées de la mode, jusqu'aux renoncements les plus extrêmes de la charité, depuis le plaisir sous son aspect le plus dangereux, jusqu'à la piété sous sa forme la plus parfaite. Elle encense le vice et la vanité plus qu'on n'ose le faire ailleurs, et cependant elle s'honore de pouvoir montrer des exemples de vertu, de dévouement et d'humilité presque uniques au monde."*

But the great contention which goes on in Paris goes on everywhere, with a thousand local variations. We are in the rush of the mid-stream, and it would be rash indeed to speculate as to the exact point to which we shall be carried.

I read the future, however, quite differently from Cassandra, though perhaps not very differently from Mr. Greg. I believe that the result of the contest of our age between authority and reason will be good for all of us, and that the mid-stream of change, in which we are, will land us on some far-off shore much nearer together—not divide us into two hostile camps. At no previous period in the history of the world has Christianity, as represented in the Gospels, or in the lives and works of the best of its followers, exercised so powerful an influence on public affairs as in the last thirty years; and I make this assertion without in the least forgetting the endless wars and troubles of that period. In legislation, in administration, in our way of carrying on war, in our treatment of inferior races, in our social relations, in our amusements, in our literature, in everything we are, though, Heaven knows, still far enough from it, nearer nevertheless to the Christian ideal than we ever have been before; and it is interesting to observe that the results of the very highest statesmanship and of the very highest forms of Christianity are often most curiously near each other. The settlement of the Alabama controversy on the part of England was, as has been well said, at once one of the best pieces of statecraft and one of the most Christian acts recorded in history.

I could quote, if there were time, views inspired simply by strong religious feeling, and which formed themselves forty years ago in the mind of a youth brought up in the very focus and centre of the European political and ecclesiastical reaction, which are identical with those to which the most enlightened statesmen of the Liberal party would now subscribe.

If Christianity is going to lose its power at once over the highest

intelligence of Western Europe and over the masses, just as it seems to be making itself more really felt in public affairs than it ever was in the so-called Ages of Faith, the course of this world is certainly the maddest piece of business. I confess, however, I do not believe one syllable of any such prophecy. The words once spoken amongst the Syrian hills will never lose their echo. The saying falsely attributed to Julian is profoundly true, "O Galilean! thou has conquered!" One must not forget, however, that the victory of the Galilean is the defeat of antichrist; and the worst antichrists of our days are the bungling sophists who denounce science and historical criticism, because they do not square with the vile little systems which they, and others like them, have built on those immortal words,—who yelp at our modern masters of those who know—our Darwins, Huxleys, and Tyndalls, as if these were not doing in their own way the work of God in the world, as much as even those who have in our times most perfectly echoed those divine words. This I say, believing that in no time have those divine words been more clearly echoed than they have in our own,—no, not by the writers of the great hymns of the Latin Church nor the author of the Imitation.

Do not let me be misunderstood. I am not speaking peace when there is no peace. As Professor Rothe, of Heidelberg, once said to me, "It may well take two generations to give the religion of Protestant Germany its ultimate form," and Protestant Germany is, after all, only one, although no doubt an enormously important, province of Christendom. There is an immense deal of fighting still to do before the time comes for anything approaching to the reconciliation of Christendom. With regard to the attempts at union of the Churches, about which we hear, they seem to me, one and all, to be as premature and as unlikely to lead to any worthy results as the labours of the alchymist, and I say this not forgetting that the illustrious name of Döllinger has of late been associated with them. The dissolvent process must, as it seems to me, go far further, and elements not thought of now must be considered before the process of theoretical reconstruction can begin.

Looking even to western Europe, it will surely take a very long time before even the best of the various forms of Christianity which we see around us become at all disposed to unite. Each seems now, at least, to be thinking more of how much it can retain of its own particular way of conceiving things, than of how much it can afford to throw away. But beyond western Christendom there is that vast communion which extends, as has been truly said, "from the ice-fields which grind against the walls of the Solovetsky Monastery to the burning jungles of Malabar." And beyond Eastern Christianity are the great religions of the East, a further knowledge of

which will most unquestionably modify, and modify considerably, the religious thought of the best minds in Europe.

The time for reconstruction is far, far ahead, in a happier age than ours. Our duty, as it seems to me, is while following each of us the best light he has, "driving," as Marcus Aurelius would have said, "at the practice and minding life more than notion," to assist in the destruction of what, after due study and consideration, he is persuaded to be actively mischievous. This is the first thing we have got to do, and the second is to promote in every possible way the knowledge of what is best alike in Christendom and beyond Christendom, in the spirit of the German maxim, "Traget Holz, und lass Gott kochen."

Cassandra's very low opinion of the great mass of her countrymen vitiates her argument on the religious question as much as it does on political and economic questions. She seems to think that, if the sanctions of religion were withdrawn, the great majority of her poorer neighbours would think of nothing but devouring her. Speaking of the doctrine of a future life, she says—

"What will be the result, what the possible catastrophe, when this doctrine is no longer accredited; when it is discarded as a delusion; when it is resented as a convenient deception and instrument of oppression; when the poor man is convinced that there is no wealth of gold and jewels awaiting him in the spiritual kingdom; that if he is wretched here, he is wretched altogether; that what he lacks now will never hereafter be made good to him; that the promises and hopes dangled before him to keep him quiet have been mere moonshine, and that in very truth the bank in which he had insured his fortune, in which he had invested all his savings, to have a provision in which he had toiled with indefatigable industry and endured with exemplary patience, is a fraudulent insolvent; when, in fine, he wakes up with a start to the bewildering conviction that if he is to rest, to be happy, to enjoy his fair share of the sunshine and the warmth of life, *he must do it now, here, at once, without a day's delay?* Will there not come upon him that sort of feverish haste to be in luxury and at peace, to *immediatize* all that earth can yield him, to sink the uncertain future in the passing present, which has been depicted in such vivid colours as pervading and maddening the daily thought and talk of the Socialists and Communists of the French metropolis? If his paradise is to be here or nowhere, why should there be a moment lost in beginning to construct it? and why, again, should any other man's wealth or welfare stand in his way? If he is not to have the upper hand elsewhere, why should he submit to be kept under now? Will there not come upon him, also, the ominous question—a question to which in his ignorance and his passion he will have no answer ready—"Why should not I, whose time is so short, *take* what it will need so many slow hard years to win?" And with all this will there not come—there did come in Paris—a fierce resentment at the flagrant inequalities around him, the comparative (often positive) wretchedness in which he has hitherto remained, and the fables which he has been told to pacify him, till he will hate as well as envy those above him, and learn to regard their spoliation as an act of righteous restitution?"

To this I reply, I don't believe that the time will ever come when either the highest intelligence or the masses of the people will believe that religion consisted in fables which were told to

pacify them; but if I did, I would re-read the famous passage in *Obermann* about the Swiss mastiffs, and say to myself, Are, then, men so infinitely inferior to their four-footed fellow-creatures? Cassandra seems altogether to ignore various forces, of which I will only mention one—*wise law*. I believe it would be very difficult to over-rate the influence of a thoroughly wise law, put into such a form as should be perfectly intelligible to the people. In the great country for which I start to-morrow morning, I mean our Indian Empire, I am assured that the operation of the codes in modifying popular ideas of right and wrong is most marked. We do not observe the same thing here to anything like the same extent, chiefly because, although our laws are for the most part good in substance, they are, in point of form and intelligibility, a disgrace to a civilised community.

Mr. Greg does attach very considerable importance to the habit of acquiescence in the existing state of things, though Cassandra thinks that that habit has been to some extent weakened. Well, I for one think that it has been rightly weakened, that our social system may in various ways be improved and made better for the less fortunate classes; but the laws that lie at the root of the laws that affirm the sacredness of property, I believe to be just as much part of the order of the universe as the attraction of gravitation; and that if some demagogue could succeed by waving a wand in dividing all the property in the country equally upon Monday morning, we should before Saturday night be far on our way to the old system of unequal distribution.

I hold that every law which is unjust, as between man and man, is fated to disappear; but with the disappearance of what is really unjust many things which look unjust at first sight, but are really profoundly righteous, will only be confirmed. Mr. Greg, before he again listens to Cassandra, should take, if I may slightly vary a phrase of Sir Philip Sidney's, a great passport of History. She is the grand consoler. She is ever saying to those who are panic-stricken at the evils of the present, or the near future,—

“O, passi graviores dabit Deus his quoque finem.”

The mistake that political speculators make when they calculate on the disappearance of the religious emotions has not often, so far as I know, been illustrated more forcibly than it was by Dean Merivale, who began the Boyle Lectures some years ago by asking who would have believed when Julius Cæsar made the speech in which he deprecated putting Catiline and his associates to death—because death ended all—that the Roman world would yet see the assembling of the Council of Nice?

An impatience of the slow labour of accumulating facts, very natural to one who speculates so well and composes so gracefully,



detracts not a little from Mr. Greg's merits as a political writer. Given rather more of what I would call *la grande curiosité*, and what he would call curiosity without the adjective, *plus* a Liberal constituency to keep him in accordance with the aspirations of his countrymen, and he would have had few equals. As it is, a telling answer might be made to his book by any one who would go back for the last two hundred years in the history of Great Britain, and show that at each period of twenty years a more gloomy view than his might have been and generally *was* taken, by many, of the near future. Yet, somehow, we have managed to get along, and things are a little better than they were in 1674.

Much comfort too may be got by looking a little away from our own shores, by looking abroad in space as well as in time. After my first perusal of my friend's pages, I half thought I would try to throw on paper, heads of a similar lament over each European country. I satisfied myself, however, with sitting down to sketch one for Russia, as the country least like Great Britain I could think of. The patriotic Russian then, as it seems to me, if of a pessimist turn, might maintain—I do not say correctly, but without any more manifest departure from right reason than is involved in many of Cassandra's views—

I. That the huge army which ~~M~~s Government thinks it necessary to keep up, altogether overweights the energies of the Empire, taking away from the most necessary forms of labour an enormous amount of strength, and that in a country which has little accumulated capital and grievously needs the hard, steady work of several generations to bring her up even to the level of her neighbour on the west.

II. That Russia's enormous territorial extension is a source not of strength, but of weakness; that central Asia is a fathomless gulf in which millions of rubles will every year disappear, without bringing the slightest real advantage to the State; that Siberia will one of these days throw off its allegiance to St. Petersburg and set up for itself; that Poland was scotched not crushed in 1863-64, and will inevitably rise again as soon as the classes which Milutine and his friends vainly hoped to bring over by vast material benefits to the side of the Government, have had time to get just that amount of education which will make them fit to comprehend why their immediate superiors, the so-called small nobility, were so hostile to the Russians in the two last rebellions.

III. That the dream of replacing the Cross upon St. Sophia was leading a large portion of his countrymen on an altogether wrong road; that it might have been possible enough for Russia to have got hold of the Eastern Peninsula, if, during the days of the Napoleonic wars, she had been as civilised as she is to-day. That

under such circumstances she might well have appeared a heaven-sent deliverer to Greeks, Bulgarians, Roumanians, and Servians alike; but that now each of these races had had time to develop ambitions of its own which would make it anything but a docile instrument in the hands of its northern co-religionist; that an attempt to possess itself of Constantinople now, or in any time coming, would, in all probability, fail, and would certainly, if it succeeded, precipitate that dissolution of the centralized Empire, which is one of the objects of not the least active faction it contains.

IV. That the foreign press, and, more especially some of the foolisher English papers, were much given to lamenting over the danger which the British Empire in India incurred from Russia's advance. Alas! alas! if they could only look at the matter from the stand-point of Moscow, instead of that of Calcutta, they would see that, if a war were to take place between the two nations, it would not be England that would have to tremble for her Asiatic dominions.

That the real difficulty which the English had got to face in India, was not to govern, but to govern according to the ideas that are accepted at home. If England were absurd enough to wish to push her Asiatic conquests farther, there was really nothing she could not do in the way of aggression. The classes in India who most hated her, would flock with enthusiasm to her standard. As for us Russians, she could sweep us across the Jaxartes in a summer campaign, and probably she could hardly do us a better turn.

V. That the only chance of a prosperous issue to Russia's foreign policy was the frank abandonment of the whole circle of ideas which are summed up in the so-called testament of Peter the Great—a paper which, although unquestionably a forgery, sufficiently well represents the aims and modes of action of persons who have been long very influential in Russian affairs.

VI. That the finances were getting into worse and worse order, and that free trade, the one sovereign remedy which ought to be applied, was simply impossible as long as so many persons of the first importance were interested in various industrial undertakings around the capital and elsewhere, which could only live in an atmosphere of the strictest protection.

VII. That the Russian nobility were not, and could never be, made sufficiently strong to be a real political power, and that this being so, the idea of copying in Russia the political organization of England was a mere dream.

VIII. That a vast and intensely democratic society, held together by a common devotion to the Imperial family, was a kind of polity which could not resist for an indefinite period the influence of the revolutionary ideas of the West, and that Russia was, thanks to its

want of education, and to the communistic form of its village institutions, the predestined theatre for the trial, on a large scale, of those anti-social schemes, which have not been without their effect in the far more strongly organized society of France.

IX. That the social unit of the Russian system, the *Mir* or community, was suitable enough to primeval life, but quite unsuitable to existing conditions; and that in Russia,\* as everywhere else where it has existed, it must die down before better things could grow up instead of it.

X. That the Russian Church is so corrupt that there is not the remotest chance that it can do anything to stem the torrent of revolutionary ideas as soon as the people have learnt to read; that, in the lower classes, the religion it teaches is a mere superstition, and that, in the upper, where it is a respectable sentiment, it has never taken sufficient hold of the intelligent part of the community to enable the Russian to point even to one single book which can give to the Western reader any idea as to the effect which Eastern Christianity produces upon characters favourably disposed to its teachings. That other nations had got their religious difficulties, but what religious difficulty in Europe was as embarrassing as the question of the Russian Dissidents? What other monarch had got, like the Czar, nine millions of subjects for most purposes beyond the pale of the law, and how in the world were they to be put on an equality with other citizens, as long as the Russian State and Church were but different aspects of the same power?

I do not say, observe, that I should agree with my patriotic Russian in all or perhaps in any of these opinions, but there is not one of them which a Russian of a rather pessimist turn of mind might not entertain and express without extravagance.

Mr. Greg, in this book, is what Coleridge would have called a third-thoughted, or rather a half third-thoughted, man. His first thoughts are liberal; then come doubts, hesitations, fears, whispered by his evil genius. At length he half gets over these and hopes for better things. That being so, Cassandra will not, like another Asiatic seer, bless in word those whom she fain would curse, but in act she will bless them; for Mr. Greg's own suggestions of better hopes here expressed in a note, there merely indicated by some turn of expression in the text, will, I am convinced, germinate in the minds of many of his readers, and overpower the alarms which Cassandra's warnings may have created. One who, like Mr. Greg, was the personal friend of M. de Tocqueville can hardly have forgotten a saying of that distinguished man, which I have quoted before in concluding a speech in Scotland, but which cannot be quoted too often: "I will not believe in the darkness, because I do not see the new day which is about to arise."

M. E. GRANT DUFF.

## THE THIRD FRENCH REPUBLIC.

"L'union des conservateurs républicains avec les républicains conservateurs doit bientôt délivrer l'Occident d'une fatale alternative entre le joug des démagogues rétrogrades et celui des rétrogrades démagogues."—COMTE.

On the 28th of this month the French Assembly meets again, and it is probable that the first days after its return to Versailles will be marked, as on several previous occasions, by important moves on the political chessboard. The exact meaning and relative importance of these will perhaps not be fully apprehended by English readers unless they have acquired and retained in their recollection a clear picture of the events that have recently occurred in France. The shape in which contemporary history now reaches us is not very favourable to such clear impressions. Curt telegrams and columns of disjointed gossip from correspondents leave much to be desired, and a distinct and orderly view of the march of events is not to be attained without close attention and some independent knowledge of the conditions under which it is taking place. The object of the following pages is to present in a compact shape the principal facts which should be remembered by those who would form a correct estimate of such events as may occur within a few days.

In a previous paper I advanced reasons for believing that during the eighty years preceding the fall of the Second Empire, Republicanism, in spite of apparent temporary checks, made a progress which may fairly be described as steady. That the same judgment must be pronounced on its growth during the period which has elapsed since the 4th September, 1870, will be very generally admitted. Public opinion in England on this subject, after rather violent oscillations, is for the moment in a state of sensible equilibrium. In the first half of 1871 it was generally believed that the republican bubble had burst for the third time, and that France, outside of a few cities, was overwhelmingly reactionary, and what is more, determined at last to impose her will on those few cities. The complementary elections of July, 1871, necessarily modified this view; and the almost uninterrupted tide of republican victories up to May of this year encouraged most confident assertions that even the peasants were definitively converted to modern ideas. Two elections in the summer did more than moderate this unreasonable elation. The republic was again declared to have no root in the country, and even the *Times*, the leading articles of which—as distinguished from its correspondence—have been remarkable for calm discernment and good sense, came to the conclusion that France was

turning to the Empire. The Maine-et-Loire plebiscion has since corrected this hasty assumption, and English opinion, after its double oscillation in the short space of three years and a half, pronounces at present that while republicanism has made, and is still making, solid progress, it cannot yet reckon with certainty upon a decisive preponderance of electoral support, if any means should be found of combining the three reactionary parties. It is not often that our judgments on foreign affairs happen to come so near the truth. In 1848-49 the republicans, as I lately gave grounds for believing, might be reckoned at about two-sevenths of the nation. In 1874 we shall not be far wrong if we say that the question is whether they amount to three or four sevenths. The difference between these latter fractions is no doubt all important, being a difference between a minority and a majority; but the rate of progress is one with which all except the most impatient may well rest satisfied.

The republic of 1870 did not come into being under favourable circumstances. It was a mistake, we are often told, to overthrow the Empire on the 4th of September; it should have been condemned to finish the war it had begun, and not allowed to shift upon the republic the odium of a disastrous termination. It is not indeed from sincere well-wishers to the republic that this criticism is heard, and it may be met by one or two very obvious reflections. Count Bismarck would certainly have preferred that the then existing Government should remain, and it does not follow because he rejected Bazaine's proposals in October that he would not have listened to them if they had come a month earlier from the Emperor and the Regency. In that case we cannot doubt what would have followed. Alsace-Lorraine would not have been saved, but the republicans would have had to endure a more sweeping proscription than even in 1852 and 1858. Not only had they a right to protect themselves, but it was an urgent duty not to permit France to be thus drained of her best blood for the third time within twenty years. Again, whatever temporary unpopularity may have been brought upon the republican party by the protracted resistance has been already more than compensated by the pride the nation feels in its glorious though unsuccessful struggle. It cannot be doubted that as the recollection of individual suffering and loss becomes dimmer year by year, the memories of national honour saved, and sympathetic admiration won from every people in Europe except the brutal victors, will grow dearer and more vivid. Round what name those memories will group themselves it is needless to say.

Whether the 4th of September was a mistake or not, the difficulties inseparable from a revolutionary origin, aggravated by national disasters that would have strained the best organized administrative machinery, undoubtedly placed the new Government at a great disadvantage. It was inevitable that with this double source of confu-

sion many blunders should be committed, many incapable or unworthy persons employed in positions where they could bring nothing but discredit on the cause, and furnish its opponents with materials for scoffs and invective of the most damaging kind. But the important point for us to notice in the present inquiry is, that through all this the republic has lived and even thrived. Whether its predecessor of 1848 was born viable may be open to dispute, but the innate vigour of a party which has survived such rude trials can hardly be denied.

I shall pass briefly over the presidency of M. Thiers. The attitude of parties and their leaders during that period was comparatively simple. In the retrospect, at all events, it presents no obscurity. Every one now understands the causes which led to the return of a monarchical majority at the election of February, 1871. The republican government was identified with *guerre à outrance*; the country was tired of it. Notwithstanding the legend which the squires have tried to float, and which has found such eager credence in England, about their patriotism and gallantry during the war, the stubborn fact remains that the peasant knew where to look for men who were safe to vote for peace at any price, and that he found them among the royalist nobility and gentry of France. The elections gave no measure of the strength of political parties.

The Paris insurrection was and still is grossly misunderstood. Its fundamental character was not socialist but republican. The people saw an assembly installed at Bordeaux, in which three-fourths of the deputies were anti-republicans. They were convinced that republican forms would only be maintained until Paris should be disarmed, and they were determined not to submit to disarmament. The Communalist doctrine was also widely spread, which claimed for Paris a large measure of municipal self-government, including the right to regulate education, to determine upon the ecclesiastical budget, and to exclude any troops from the city except its own National Guard. No doubt some of the most active leaders were earnest socialists of one school or another, and socialist ideas, generally vague enough, had considerable currency. But if there were any socialists who dreamed of imposing their theories on Paris, they might have waited a long time before they would have induced the National Guard to rise in insurrection. Nothing but the conviction that the republic was doomed at Bordeaux could have determined that movement.

What socialistic measures, after all, did the Commune adopt when it was in power? It postponed for a month the payment of bills of exchange falling due; it wiped out arrears of house-rent for the last three quarters; it restored gratis all articles up to the amount of twenty francs pledged at the *monts de piété* (which in France are State establishments); it decreed that factories deserted by their owners and lying idle should be worked under the authority of the

Commune; and it prohibited night-labour in bakehouses. Of all these measures, the last alone indicated any disposition to regulate the relations of capital and labour, and it was not passed without strong opposition from many members of the Commune. The other measures were all based on the temporary but imperious necessities of a population which had just endured one siege and was now entering on another.<sup>1</sup> It is a notorious fact that the Commune was divided into two parties, known as the majority and the minority; that the latter consisted of socialists, such as Jourde, Theisz, and Varlin, while the former was composed of republicans of the old Jacobinical stamp, who looked on socialism with coldness or even aversion. Moreover, contrary to what most Englishmen would expect, the socialist minority were the moderate party, who resisted as long as they could all violent measures, and are to this day reproached by the majority with having thereby fatally impeded the success of the insurrection. The principle of private property was never attacked or menaced by the Commune during any period of its existence, and would have remained as secure had that insurrection been victorious as it is at the present moment.

Although the Assembly was overwhelmingly monarchical, it was prevented from immediately abolishing the republic by two difficulties. The first was the mutual hostility of the two royalist factions; the second was the danger of driving the great towns to make common cause with Paris. M. Thiers was therefore installed in power, the royalists believing that a tacit understanding subsisted between him and them that he was to bring about a restoration of the monarchy. It is true he had protested most solemnly in his proclamation to insurgent Paris that he would lend himself to nothing of the kind. But they seem to have looked on these protestations as a perfectly natural and permissible stratagem for disarming the rebels. They remembered how after declaring the monarchy "*bien finie*" in 1848, he had diligently laboured for its restoration in the Constituent and Legislative Assemblies, and it was a good while before the terrible suspicion forced itself upon them that this time he had other intentions.<sup>2</sup>

(1) There were, it is said, one hundred and fifty thousand bills falling due in Paris, which the acceptors had no means of meeting. One postponement had already been decreed at the commencement of the German war, but the Versailles Assembly, which cared nothing for the commercial class of Paris, refused any further grace. Similarly it had refused any grace to tenants in arrear of rent, and thousands of persons who had been left in a state of temporary beggary by the siege were liable to be distrained upon by landlords who had, perhaps, been enjoying themselves far from the sound of the Prussian guns. The Assembly had to decree a compromise on both points in April. If this had been done sooner, the middle class in Paris would not have acquiesced in the Commune.

(2) The famous pamphlet, "*La vérité sur l'essai de Restauration Monarchique*" (p. 4), asserts that M. Thiers formally promised the Right to effect a restoration; and the Duke de la Rochefoucauld made the same charge in the Assembly on September 24th, 1872.

Perhaps we shall not be wrong in assuming that M. Thiers did not finally make up his mind to oppose a restoration till the complementary elections of July 2nd, 1871, had corrected the delusions of February, and suggested prospects of what might be in time effected by skilful management in the Assembly itself. On that day the electors of no less than fifty-one departments were summoned to fill up a hundred and nineteen vacancies in the Assembly. This was the result—

Republicans	.	.	72
Left Centre	.	.	25
Right Centre	.	.	18
Legitimist	.	.	1
Bonapartists	.	.	3

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During the remainder of the presidency of M. Thiers forty-two other elections took place—

Republicans	.	.	30
Left Centre	.	.	4
Right Centre	.	.	2
Legitimists	.	.	2
Bonapartists	.	.	4

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This almost unbroken movement alarmed as much as it irritated the reactionists. After several times manifesting their discontent in the Assembly, they sent a deputation to M. Thiers in June, 1872, headed by the Duke de Broglie, to remonstrate with him on his want of vigour, and to insist that he should make the influence of Government tell more decisively on the side of "order." The principal means indicated were that republican officials should make room for conservatives, and that conservative, by which they meant monarchical, candidates should be patronised by the government at elections. The response of the President was deemed unsatisfactory. From that time the reactionist leaders gave up all hope of using M. Thiers, and began to plot for his removal. Their first attack in November, 1872, was defeated, though by a narrow majority. A certain number of the Right Centre still hesitated to desert M. Thiers. They knew him to be thoroughly conservative. He had surrendered one minister after another to the exigencies of the Right. He never omitted to speak with severe disapproval of M. Gambetta. The republican press was harassed, and republican meetings were forbidden, while royalists were allowed to carry on their conspiracy for a restoration in open day. And then there was always the difficulty of finding a successor.

But while M. Thiers was thus coaxing and humouring the



majority, he was exhausting the patience of the republicans. They were tired of being trampled on to save his reputation for conservatism. They could not afford to submit to it any longer if the spirit of the party was to be kept up. So when, at the Paris election of April, 1873, the President imposed M. de Rémusat upon them, "almost as an "official candidate"—M. de Rémusat, who was an old Orleanist who had supported every reactionary measure for forty years, and who did not even now pronounce for the republic till he had been a fortnight in the field—the radical wing refused to accept him, and brought forward M. Barodet, ex-mayor of Lyons, whose office had just been suppressed by the Assembly with the cordial assent of the Government. A large number of the moderate republicans, clinging to M. Thiers though he thus vigorously dissembled his love for them, supported M. de Rémusat. But the latter was beaten by 180,000 to 135,000, the reactionist candidate, Colonel Stoffel, polling only 26,000. A fortnight later Lyons replied by electing M. Ranc. This manifestation on the part of the two great cities alarmed the hesitating members of the Right Centre, who had hitherto shrunk from the responsibility of displacing M. Thiers, but were now ready for a "gouvernement de combat." It was in vain that he dismissed his only remaining republican minister, M. Jules Simon, and made other modifications in his cabinet. The Right, Right Centre, and Bonapartists, on the 24th of May, carried a resolution requesting him to change his ministry, and he immediately resigned.

The Duke de Broglie, who led the attack, had besought M. Thiers not to resign, but to place himself at the head of the conservative majority. This was a piece of falseness characteristic of the man, for the conspirators had exchanged solemn pledges to refuse office if it was offered them, in order that the President might be driven to resign. He had always said that he would not take advantage of the Rivet-Vitet law, which he might have treated as an irrevocable fact. He was in truth confident that they would not be able to find any one to replace him, and that they would recoil at the last moment, or would have to ask him to come back on his own terms within a few hours. He had some reason for thinking so; for Marshal MacMahon, whose name had been whispered for six months in conservative circles, had been to him while the debate was going on, and had entreated him not to imagine that he would ever lend himself to any intrigues against the man who had rehabilitated him after Sedan, and placed him at the head of the armies of France, instead of sending him before a court-martial. Yet few will believe that the monarchists would have pushed matters to extremities, if they had not ascertained beforehand that they might rely upon the Marshal. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that M. Thiers

considered himself to have been betrayed, and that he has ever since harboured the bitterest resentment against his supplanter. This feeling has not been shared by his old supporters of the Left Centre. All his ministers, as I have been assured by one of their number, implored him to sacrifice them, but to stand firm himself. They consider that M. Thiers in a moment of passion and with an overweening confidence in his own importance, surrendered an impregnable position, and is responsible for the misgovernment which has since kept France on the verge of ruin, while his personal hostility to the Marshal has thrown the latter more completely into the hands of the reactionists, and discouraged him from seeking to plant one foot in the camp of the Left Centre.

M. Gambetta also has been charged with risking the prospects of the republic by supporting the Barodet candidature. But risks must be run sometimes. To know when they are to be run constitutes the difference between a great and a merely respectable statesman. The net result of the campaign of May, 1873, has been that M. Thiers, who, notwithstanding his eclipse in parliamentary circles, will again be proved, whenever a general election takes place, to be the most important personage in France, has been embroiled irreparably with his old associates of the Right Centre, and compelled to lean on the Left. The Left Centre, grumble as it will, has been forced to do the same. Those worthy but timid men stood shivering on the brink of republicanism, almost persuaded that the plunge must be made, but helplessly complaining of the temperature. M. Gambetta pushed them in, and there they must stay.

It is humiliating, when examining so broad and general a fact as the growth of republicanism in France, to be obliged to turn aside to speculation on cabinet intrigues and the personal aims of third-rate statesmen. But it is the sad lot of the central country of Europe that such mean forces may weigh heavily in the scale of her destinies. Since the 24th of May, 1873, the enormous influence of government has been wielded by an ignorant, prejudiced soldier, himself hitherto a tool in the hands of a singularly false and unscrupulous wire-puller. The aims of the Duke de Broglie have not always been very clear, and have at times been the subject of much wild guessing. But it is idle to rail at him for inconsistency, because he has tried more than one way of reaching the same end. That end is the monopoly of power by the richest class—in other words, a re-establishment of the system which perished in 1848. He no doubt recognises that the privileged circle was then too narrow, whence it followed that the Government was becoming more personal than parliamentary, and that a great number of people who might have been enrolled in the garrison were thrown into the camp of the assailants. He sees, however, that even

supposing he had *carte blanche* to draw up an electoral law, it would be impossible to devise one which, by its own automatic working, should insure to the richer classes a monopoly of power. He would, therefore, supplement his electoral law by a steady and all-pervading pressure of Government upon the constituencies, and he clings to the hope that if this could be kept up for seven years, the tone of public feeling in France might be radically altered.

It will be seen at once that between Orleanism, as interpreted by the Duke de Broglie, and the Bonapartism which we know so well there is no great difference, and it may be asked why those who are satisfied with one of the two should make any great difficulty about rallying to the other. That is just what the Duke thinks, though with his antecedents it is not easy for him to say it. His whole policy since the 30th of October, whether as premier or as wire-puller, has been to preach this doctrine by nods and winks to the great party of the "satisfied," who supported the Empire. To the leaders of that party his attitude is different. It is not likely that there can be room for M. Rouher and the Duke de Broglie in the same cabinet. The Emperor governed generally in the interest of the rich—as the Duke would do, but he also governed specially in the interest of a particular class of the rich, a close corporation which had no idea of sharing profits with such as M. de Broglie, and which, to do him justice, he did not desire to enter. Should an Orleans restoration prove impracticable, he would perhaps be ready to support Napoleon IV., provided the latter would throw over the old *entourage* of his father. It is evident that the Third Empire would in any case be something very different from the Second. The young "écolier de Woolwich" might reign, but he could hardly pretend to govern. And as his chance of doing either is precarious, he would perhaps not be above listening to overtures from the Duke de Broglie, if the latter should be in a position to give valuable assistance. Of course this would not suit M. Rouher, and, as we might expect, his journal, the *Ordre*, has never responded to the advances of the Neo-Orleanists.<sup>1</sup>

But the Duke de Broglie had more than one string to his bow, and the Prince Imperial was not the first of them. He was willing to try the Fusionist scheme in concert with the Dukes d'Audiffret-Pasquier and Decazes. It may be doubted whether he set much value on the support Legitimists had to offer in the country; but for any combination in the Assembly they were indispensable. Marshal MacMahon was put into the presidency as merely *locum tenens* to keep the door open for the king, and it is certain that in those days

(1) I have been told by a member of the Assembly that he once heard a group of deputies reproaching the Duke de Broglie for appointing Bonapartist prefects, and that he replied, "I had rather have the Empire again than be hanged."

he was ready to do so. Then ensued the famous "essai de restauration monarchique" during the summer vacation of last year. The Count de Paris, after long hesitation, took the eventful step which was destined to be the death-blow to his hopes. On the 5th of August he went to Frohsdorf, surrendered all his pretensions unconditionally, and accepted the Count de Chambord as the only representative of monarchy in France. The committee of nine deputies, chosen by the Right and Right Centre, met to organize the restoration. Both parties were full of mutual suspicion and distrust. The Right Centre was asked to accept verbal assurances conveyed through deputies of the Right that the Count de Chambord would make certain concessions of which the tricolour flag was the symbol. But no definite written pledges could be obtained, and the members of the Right, believing that since the visit to Frohsdorf they had the Right Centre at their mercy, began to assume an imperious tone. The Orleanists became more and more alarmed, but they had yet a trump card to play, and early in October Marshal MacMahon, prompted, no doubt, by the Duke de Broglie, informed the Committee of Nine that the army would not tolerate the white flag.<sup>1</sup>

A thunderbolt falling among the Legitimists would not have created more surprise and alarm. One of their number, M. Chesnelong, was immediately sent to the Count de Chambord to represent the necessity of some definite promise. He returned on the 16th with assurances, still verbal, which were deemed sufficient. On the 18th the united Right and Right Centre, forming a clear majority of the Assembly, communicated a formal note to the newspapers announcing that they had agreed to propose a restoration of Henry V. with the tricolour flag, which was not to be altered without the consent of the Assembly. All mystery was now dropped, the very ceremonial of the royal entry was arranged, the carriages for it bought, and the horses put into training for their sacred function.

In two speeches which the Duke de Broglie made in Normandy, towards the end of October, he protested most strongly that the Assembly would acknowledge no government "which did not accept the principles of modern societies." It was thought at the time that his object was to remove the alarm which the Legitimist spectre had spread through the country. But it seems clear now that his intention was to warn the Right that the Right Centre did not mean to be jockeyed.

On October 30th, less than a week before the Assembly was to open, the Count de Chambord's Salzburg letter appeared, in which he flatly denied that he had made any concessions in his interview

(1) This step of the Marshal, though it must have been known to many members both of the Right and Right Centre, was kept a profound secret till the 19th of last June, when the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier caused it to be communicated to the *Times*.

with M. Chesnelong. Few people will doubt that it was not so much scrupulosity that determined him to take this step as dissatisfaction with his prospects. The hostility of the peasants to him was intense. The army was either republican or Bonapartist. In four elections held in October the royalist candidates had been nowhere. The Left Centre had refused even to consider the proposals of the Committee of Nine. A secession from the Assembly and a republican insurrection might be regarded as certain; and, lastly, the Right Centre itself was evidently suspicious, and determined to exact guarantees.

The Count de Chambord having virtually excluded himself from the throne, the Right Centre proposed to make the Count de Paris Regent. It was a bitter dose for the Right, and some of them flatly refused to swallow it. "This, then," they said, "was your game all along; your prince gets ours to recognise him by submitting unconditionally, and then you begin to talk of conditions in order to avoid performing your part of the bargain." The question was settled by the refusal of all the Orleans princes to accept the proffered dignity. An Orleans regency would not have been received by the country with much more favour than the legitimate monarchy, for the Count de Chambord in his fall had with equal malice and dexterity dragged after him his cousin, to whom the left-handed compliments of the Salzburg letter will always cling like the shirt of Nessus.<sup>1</sup>

No course, therefore, was left to the majority but to prolong the powers of Marshal MacMahon. It was proposed at first to give him the title of Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom, in order at least to get rid of the republic; but the Marshal interposed, and insisted on the simple prolongation of his actual powers for a definite time. There can be no doubt that though the Duke de Broglie still wished to make the Legitimists believe that he was doing his best for an early restoration of their king, he had entirely dismissed that solution from his thoughts. He was fitting another and, as he considered, a much more satisfactory string to his bow. The marshalate seemed to him to be a better stepping-stone to an Orleans monarchy than a Legitimate monarchy would have been. If Henry V. had ascended the throne he would have surrounded himself with Legitimist ministers, and the Duke de Broglie would have had to wait for his turn till the next reign. Now, besides that the Duke is only a year younger than the Count de Chambord, this prospect of a cabinet of *chevaux-légers* was odious to him. But if the Marshal could only retain his power and his prime minister for a few years longer, the Duke was persuaded that the time could be employed to good purpose. He

(1) "On parle de conditions; m'en a-t-il parlé, ce jeune prince dont j'ai ressenti avec tant de bonheur la loyale étreinte, et qui, n'écoulant que son patriotisme, venait spontanément à moi" &c.

believed that the great "party of order" which had supported Napoleon III. might be rallied round the Marshal, and eventually round the Count de Paris. Even under the Empire it had pined for Parliamentary institutions, and it would therefore, he calculated, prefer the marshalate and Orleanism to either the Count de Chambord or Napoleon IV. With these plans in his head he prompted the Marshal, who was already beginning to take himself *au sérieux*, to refuse the lieutenantancy and demand the Septennate.

One would have thought that the Legitimists had had enough of "tacit understandings;" but it was their destiny to be once more dupes. Strange as it may seem, they were fully persuaded that the Marshal was to resign whenever Henry V. should request him to do so, and in this belief they continued for several months. In the meantime, though they did not like the Duke de Broglie—who does?—they were satisfied with his vigorous exertions in the cause of order.

Most of us, probably, judging from past precedents, expected that the assumption of power by the Broglie ministry would abruptly terminate the electoral successes of the republicans. A wholesale displacement of prefects and sub-prefects was effected without delay, and we had always been taught to believe that prefects and sub-prefects could, if they pleased, answer for the elections, except perhaps in two or three of the largest cities. It is true that prefectural influence has more than once failed to secure a parliamentary majority, as, for instance, in the elections of 1827 and 1830; but the art was supposed to have been carried to higher perfection since the days of Charles X. To give the new officials time for getting well into the saddle, no vacancies in the Assembly were to be filled up till the autumn, by which time it was hoped that France would have a king. Autumn came at last, but without a king; and of eight deputies returned before the end of the year every one was a republican.

This unexpected result proved those to be right who had for some time maintained that the political education of the French peasants had made considerable progress since the plébiscite of 1870. It was clear that many of them had begun to think for themselves, and were no longer content to vote just as they were told. But the hopes of the Duke de Broglie were not yet dashed. Let one more turn of the screw be given, and all would go right, even under a system of universal suffrage. Let the appointment of the mayors in every commune in France be withdrawn from the inhabitants, and vested in the Government; no rural population would be able to resist the pressure when thus intimately brought home to it. To an Englishman it does not very much matter on what terms he is with officials, great or small. Unless he goes out of his way to break the law, he passes through life in nine cases out of ten without ever coming into

contact with any of them except the tax-collector. But the mayor in France has numberless means of making himself unpleasant, or the reverse, to his neighbours. It is before him that arrested persons are taken for their first examination. It rests with him to "harass" the publicans and other tradesmen, or to wink at contraventions of regulations far more numerous and minute than we are used to here. Licences, needed for so many trades, can only be obtained on his recommendation. Inquiries, whether open or secret, as to the character of individuals are addressed to him; and, as no Frenchman can be sure that a complete record of his acts and analysis of his character is not pigeon-holed in the principal police-office of his department, he naturally cannot afford to be quite indifferent to the opinion of the persons who furnish the materials for such a document. The law respecting the mayors was passed early in January, and immediately carried into effect. The columns of the *Journal Officiel* were straightway crowded with announcements of municipal changes, evidently prepared in advance. Upwards of 10,000 new mayors and assistant-mayors were appointed before the end of April. Now at last it was confidently expected that official influence would re-assert its ancient sway.

The new functionaries were, for the most part, men who had filled the same posts under the Empire. They have not rallied round M. de Broglie as he flattered himself they would, but have used their influence in favour of imperialists. The general recrudescence of Bonapartism, of which so much has been made, merely means that there has been a slight change of colour in the conservative party. There is not the smallest reason to believe that the republicans have been losing ground, and it can make little difference to them by what *alias* the reactionists may, for the time, prefer to call themselves. At the elections in the Nièvre and Calvados the republicans, though beaten, polled almost exactly the same numbers as they did at the previous elections. It is this steadiness, as contrasted with the wild fluctuations and surgings from one reactionist camp to another, which warrants us in hoping that they may win at the general election, whenever it comes, even though they may not yet form a clear majority of the nation.

In February and March intimations, at first ambiguous, but gradually more distinct, were given by the Marshal and his ministers, that he really intended to serve his seven years, and even that the Septennate was irrevocable by the Assembly. It was now clear that the Legitimists had been duped for the third time. During the Easter vacation the Duke de Broglie used every effort to pacify them; and most of them shrank from breaking up the conservative majority. But when the Assembly met, fifty-five of the Extreme Right, in obedience to express orders from Frohsdorf, joined the republicans, and placed the ministry in a minority, on

the 16th of May. The resignation of the Duke de Broglie followed, but he has none the less continued since to direct the policy of the Marshal during the Cissey-Fourtou and Cissey-Chabaud administrations. That policy consists in the maintenance of the Septennate with Orleanist ministers, and in the attempt to get certain organic laws passed which would enable the Count de Paris to step into the Marshal's shoes in November, 1880, in an easy and natural manner, always supposing that the country has been by that time drilled into a state of "moral order." These organic laws were defined by M. de Fourtou in an interview with the Committee of Thirty, on the 10th of July, the day after the imperious message in which the Marshal plainly told the Assembly they could not depose him, and insisted on the organization of his power. The points specified as essential were the substitution of "scrutin par arrondissement," for "scrutin par département," in the election of deputies; a second chamber, of which a considerable portion should be nominated by the President; and that the President should have the right of dissolving the Assembly.

Here, then, we have the machinery with which the Duke de Broglie thinks he could govern the country. He would have, he believes, in his two chambers that compact parliamentary majority for want of which he is put to such shifts in the present Assembly. Relieved from the incessant hazards of party combinations, he could then devote himself to directing the operations of prefects, mayors, public prosecutors, priests, and schoolmasters against the republicans.

I have already said that, for the realisation of his plans, M. de Broglie depended, outside of the Assembly, not on the handful of Legitimist squires, but on the "party of order," which for twenty years was identified with Imperialism. It is not quite correct to describe him as seeking the patronage of Bonapartists. He was rather bidding against the generals of that party for the allegiance of their rank and file. Still it was impossible for him to pursue this track without incurring the suspicion of favouring the Empire. The Bonapartist leaders boldly proclaimed that the Marshal intended to hand over his power to Napoleon IV.; and they were, probably, not wrong in thinking that, provided he is allowed to take his seven years, it is a matter of indifference to him which pretender succeeds him. At the Nièvre election, on the 24th of May, he distinctly expressed his preference for the Imperialist candidate as against the republican. This was the first election since the war in which the influence of Government had not been thrown *against* the Bonapartist, and no one will have forgotten the sensation caused by the success of M. de Bourgoing, or the swaggering airs assumed by his party. It caused a new embarrassment to M. de Broglie. His own party, the Right Centre, were by no means universally disposed



to be confounded with the Bonapartists, and some of them, rather than run any risk of restoring that odious *régime*, showed a disposition to vote for the Casimir Périer motion, which proposed to organize the republic with the Marshal as President for seven years. In his own interest, the Marshal would have been wise to drop his stupid military prejudices and accept these terms, and we may yet see him do so; but to M. de Broglie's ultimate aims they would have been fatal. It was absolutely necessary, therefore, to reassure the Right Centre. So M. de Fourtou, who was for cultivating the Bonapartists, had to resign, General Chabaud-Latour and M. de Witt, personal friends of the Orleans Princes, were placed in the Ministry of the Interior, and the Prefect of Police talked about a prosecution of M. Rouher. This sufficed. The Right Centre defeated the Casimir-Périer proposition, and the Government, seeing the impossibility of getting any organic laws passed, consented to an adjournment.

During the vacation M. de Broglie has made desperate efforts to rally the "party of order" round the Septennate, hoping to be in a position to challenge a dissolution and general election before the end of the year. No sooner was the Casimir Périer proposition defeated than he hastened to renew his bids for Bonapartist support. The presumed anti-imperialism of MM. Chabaud-Latour and de Witt has turned out to be pure Broglieism, and the influence of the latter was given in favour of the Bonapartist candidate in Calvados on his simple promise to be loyal to the Septennate. All the influences of the administration have been exerted in the most shameless manner to impede republican candidatures, both for the legislature and the councils-general. Newspapers have been suspended on the most trivial pretexts; the *Chambrières*, or workmen's clubs in the South of France, which even the Empire did not molest, have been suppressed; and, worst of all, there has been an attempt to terrorize the republican party by dragging numbers of persons before courts-martial for acts of insurrection on the 4th of September, 1870, of which the ordinary tribunals could not have taken cognisance, the legal interval for doing so having long since expired. When some of these accused persons were acquitted at Marseilles, the president of the court, Colonel Deffis, was dismissed from his post.

It is pretty evident that all this evil energy has been wasted. The Marshal's journeys to the west and north evoked such universal demonstrations of republican feeling, that even his resolution appears to have been shaken. The incidents of the Maine-et-Loire election are fresh in every one's memory. At the final ballot the only pure Septennalist candidate who has yet come forward, supported by the united force of Orleanists and Bonapartists, and even by the great Legitimist wire-puller, M. de Falloux, was beaten by

51,000 votes to 47,000. The Duke de Broglie's pet scheme was fairly tested in a specially conservative department containing no manufacturing town, and that was the result.

The elections to the councils-general on the 4th of October were awaited with intense interest. Formerly those bodies were entirely conservative; but in October, 1871, the republicans entered them in great numbers. At that time M. Gambetta's prefects and mayors were still in office, and the Government of M. Thiers did not oppose moderate republicans. But last month the whole force of the administration was employed unscrupulously on the side of the conservatives. Moreover the two years' residential qualification lately imposed was expected to tell heavily against the republicans. Yet, with all these disadvantages, the balance of gains and losses has been slightly in their favour. They have now a majority in thirty-eight councils and the conservatives in forty-four, numbers being equal in the remaining three. This result seems to show that even if voting by arrondissement should be established the republicans may hope to hold their own, for the general councillors are elected by cantonal voting, which is even more subject to conservative influences.

The President must by this time be convinced that success will not attend the policy which, under the guidance of his Orleanist mentor, he has hitherto followed. Will he give it up, or will he try to impose it on the nation by force? I put this alternative, because we have lately been told that "MacMahon has only to give a few bangs on his big drum to drive away every vestige of liberty underground or across the seas." I do not doubt that such a solution has often presented itself to his mind, but it is not regarded with any apprehension by the republicans. A *coup d'état* is not to be made in France, as in Spain, by any soldier who happens to be in command. If the President were a Bourbon or an Orleans or a Bonaparte, or if he had swept the Germans out of France, it would be another thing. But he is only an incapable general, identified with the greatest military disaster in French history. His warmest friends do not claim for him any political sagacity. His old comrades would laugh at the idea of his setting up in his own name. When governor of Algeria he had the character of being violent and rancorous; but, like many such men, he has not the cool resolution necessary for playing a dangerous political game. There was, indeed, a momentary disquietude when he was thought to be in collusion with of the Bonapartists last July. A *coup d'état*, in the name of Napoleon IV., was and is possible, if the Marshal chose to lend himself to it. But he does not. "What has he to gain by it? All parties, except the extreme Legitimists, are willing to give him his seven years. Only, during those seven years, he must find some *modus vivendi* with the nominees of universal suffrage. He is an obstinate man, and it will cost him much to abandon the Duke de

Broglie. But to this it seems likely he will resign himself. His announcement at Lille that he intended to govern "by calling around him the moderate men of all parties," was the direct negative of his oft-repeated assertion that he would act with no Government outside of the majority of the 24th of May. In this new departure he is probably encouraged by the Duke Decazes, who insisted on the exclusion of Bonapartists from the cabinet last July, and by the Duke d'Audiffret-Pasquier, who has carefully refrained from endorsing the Broglie policy.

But with the present Assembly no ministry can get on. Every one knows that it does not satisfy the republicans; but what is not so generally understood is that neither does it content the conservatives. The Right and Right Centre, who form a clear majority, represent no one but themselves, and the "party of order" in the country, which knows very well what it wants, is thoroughly weary of them. A deputy of the Extreme Left, who has better means than most of knowing the disposition of the country, expressed to me lately his belief that the next Assembly would contain a clear majority of moderate republicans, about a hundred radicals, a few legitimists, and the rest Bonapartists; the Orleanists would disappear. Tested by the nine elections which have taken place since the Mayors' Bill came into force, this calculation seems too sanguine. The republicans have indeed carried six of these elections, and the Bonapartists only three.<sup>1</sup> But the aggregate votes of legitimists, Orleanists, and Bonapartists have amounted to as many as 354,000 against 374,000 republicans; and in the recent elections to the councils-general they are said to have polled 1,447,000 votes against 1,561,000 given for republicans.

Of one thing we may be sure, that issues will be very much simplified in the next Assembly. It has been confidently predicted that the radical minority will make common cause with the conservative minority to overthrow a moderate republican Government. Were the extreme parties capable of this conduct it would not be tolerated by the nation, an overwhelming majority of which desires that moderate counsels should prevail. But there is absolutely no reason for supposing that it will be more impossible for the two wings of the republican party to pull together than for the corresponding divisions in the English Parliament. They have a far stronger inducement to do so, the penalty for disruption being so much more serious. Nor is it true that the questions which will arise will be of a more burning kind. Most of those which have agitated the present Assembly will be *ipsa facto* disposed of if the republicans of every shade muster half plus one of the next. When the real forces of the country are represented in their due proportion in the Assembly (which they have not been for the last three

(1) Four more elections will have taken place before this article appears.

years) it will be possible to decide any other questions that may press for settlement in the ordinary parliamentary way. The decisions of a really representative assembly will be acquiesced in. Against the gloomy vaticinations of those who believe that France is destined to go on traversing dreary cycles of insurrection and despotism I would set a remark which I heard lately from a leading deputy of the Left Centre. "All parties now, even the extreme republicans, profess their determination to respect the law whatever it may be, and repudiate violent and revolutionary methods. These professions are sincere. They constitute the most striking difference between the present situation and our previous revolutions, when no party had any hesitation in appealing to force."

But we are told that the socialistic theories and the ferocious temper of the workmen are such as to preclude the possibility of any political co-operation between them and middle-class republicans. To illustrate the sentiments of the workmen of Paris we are furnished with extracts from the writings of an ex-medical student, published lately in London. M. Vermersch, I dare say, finds readers in Paris, which is not to be wondered at if he is read and even quoted here. But I know real workmen, members of the Commune, which M. Vermersch never was, who would not be well pleased to learn that he was treated as a spokesman of their class, and I think that any one who does not desire to spread that *maladie de la peur* which M. Gambetta deplored in his speech at Grenoble, and which is a far greater danger in our time than any grudge rankling in the hearts of workmen, ought well to weigh the responsibility he is about to incur before he invites serious attention to the mischievous rubbish of a frivolous *littérateur*.

I have long been a close observer of what is called the socialist agitation, both in France and England, and I have had better opportunities than many of following it behind the scenes, judging its character and force, and estimating the moral and intellectual value of its *personnel*. In course of time I have come to the conclusion that in so far as it is really subversive of the fundamental principles of society it is by no means formidable. Ever since the Revolution began the workmen have had more sense and worth than their leaders. The crude theories, the violent language, the dangerous counsels, may almost invariably be traced not to workmen, but to middle-class men assuming to speak in their name. The real source of danger lies not in the envious discontent of the poor, but in the ignoble panic of the satisfied.<sup>1</sup>

Assuredly social questions are everywhere superseding purely political questions. But by the very fact of that change they are

(1) There lies before me a mischievous and repulsive manifesto, signed by thirty-three French refugees in London of the Blanquist party, styling themselves "La Commune Révolutionnaire." I believe not one of them is a workman.

ceasing to be the exclusive domain of quacks and doctrinaires. The day is gone by for the various schools which pretended to solve the whole social problem by a single epigrammatic formula. There is not one of those schools, so noisy in 1848, even in the Assembly, which has any appreciable following in France to-day. There is not a single socialist leader who has any influence with the masses. On the other hand, when once the republican form of government is placed beyond dispute, we shall see attempts to deal with the various social questions in detail, and it will be for the practical good sense of statesmen to determine how far they are susceptible of legislative treatment. That is the path we are following in England, too slowly no doubt, but not entirely without success. The miserable cowardice of the French *bourgeoisie* will be put to shame, when it is found that no number of workmen worth noticing call for any measures that can fairly be stigmatized as subversive. French legislation indeed may go a long way in that direction before it overtakes that of our own country, and Englishmen who have lately established compulsory education and disestablished a Church, who know what an income-tax is, and even a progressive income-tax, who have conceded the *droit au travail* in principle since the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and extended it in practice to over four per cent. of the population last year, who have not even hesitated — crowning enormity! — to establish a divorce court, may smile to find that these are among the chief horrors supposed to be contemplated by the *nouvelles couches sociales*.

To conclude; I look forward, if not with absolute confidence, yet with good hope to the immediate and definitive establishment of the republic in France. The following appear to me to be solid reasons for such an expectation. For the first time we are likely to see a real republican majority in the Assembly, resting on a real republican majority in the country. The republic as definitively inaugurated will not be the offspring of a revolution, and there will be no breach of continuity between the virtually new *régime* and that which it will supersede. Lastly, the republicans are led by a statesman who not only unites in a remarkable degree the qualities of sagacity, patience, energy, and eloquence, but who by a unique good fortune has been invested while still young with an undisputed pre-eminence among his own party such as no revolutionary chief has hitherto enjoyed.

Here we have combined three enormous advantages, no one of which attended the previous republican essays. I submit that, taken in connection with the set of events during the last eighty years, they constitute a more solid ground for speculation than microscopic examination into the psychological peculiarities which individual observation thinks it can detect in French character.

EDWARD SPENCER BEESLY.

## FREE LAND.

MORE than ten years have elapsed since Mr. Cobden, in the last speech which he delivered in public, earnestly advocated a reform of the land laws. He declared that the Government which should establish free trade in land would have done more for the country, and would have earned a higher reputation, than did the Government of Sir Robert Peel in carrying the measure for the abolition of the corn laws. With the advance of years the necessity for this reform has become more urgent. The trade of this country has advanced by "leaps and bounds," the exports and imports have largely increased, and concurrently with this development of trade there has been a marked increase in the population. Higher wages, as a result of the growing prosperity of trade, have created a greater demand on the part of the people for many articles of consumption, and have thus led to a considerable increase in prices. Statistics fully bear out this assertion, and further prove that, in the case of the agricultural labourers as well as in the case of the men engaged in some other trades, the increase in wages has not been commensurate with the increased cost of living. Under these circumstances, considerable attention has been directed to the statements made by persons whose knowledge on these subjects commands respect, such as Lords Derby and Leicester, to the effect that the country is under-cultivated. What are the reasons for this state of things? They are not far to seek. The present state of the law which directs the devolution of land discourages the application of capital to the soil, and thus reduces the amount of food, and artificially raises its price, to the public.

The evidence given before the Select Committee of the House of Lords on "Improvement of Land" (1873) supplies all the requisite information on this subject; and in their report presented to Parliament it is acknowledged "that considerable use has been made of the Improvement Acts, and extensive improvements have been effected under them; but that the progress has not been so rapid as was desirable, and that what has been accomplished is only a small fraction of what still remains to be done" (*Report of Select Committee (Lords) on Improvement of Land*, § 1). There are three great heads of improvement in land which may be called landlords' improvements, as distinct from those improvements which are undertaken by the tenant when he has security for his outlay. These improvements are—

1. Drainage of land.
2. Erection of farm-buildings.
3. Erection of cottages.

The Committee of the House of Lords took full evidence with regard to these heads of improvement. On the question of drainage we quote a few answers as given by experienced witnesses.

Mr. Burd, a land agent, is asked :—*Ques.* 2114. “Do you consider there is a great deal of land which has come under your notice undrained, which ought to be drained and would be profitably drained?” *Answer.* “Yes, certainly.” Mr. Sanderson, another land agent, says that there is a very large area which ought to be drained. Mr. Bailey Denton says that out of twenty millions of acres which ought to be drained, only three millions have been completed; and Mr. Caird, says that we have only accomplished one-fifth of what ought to be done. When the work has been well and judiciously executed the expenditure on drainage is remunerative. Mr. Hope, of Fenton Barns, has given conclusive evidence upon this point. He stated that he began works of drainage on his farm fifteen years before the expiration of his first lease, and that in the course of his next lease of twenty-one years his expenditure was fully repaid. The evidence is also conclusive with respect to the objection which is made that landlords are deterred from the work by the speculative element attaching to drainage. Several witnesses have shown that the tenants are quite prepared, in the great majority of cases, to pay five per cent. for this class of improvement. It is clear therefore that drainage works, when properly constructed, are remunerative, and that in most cases landlords are able, by charging the interest on their tenants, to repay themselves for their expenditure in the course of thirty or thirty-five years.

What are the reasons, then, for the neglect in undertaking this important improvement? The Committee of the House of Lords give the answer to this question in the following words:—“That the improvement of land, in its effect upon the price of food, and upon the dwellings of the poor, is a matter of public interest; but that as an investment it is not sufficiently lucrative to offer much attraction to capital, and that therefore even slight difficulties have a powerful influence in arresting it” (*Report*, § 2). They further indirectly acknowledge, in the remedies they propose, that these difficulties arise from the limited interests in land which are created by the law of settlement. Let us, for the sake of example, take the case of a limited owner who wishes to make a drainage improvement on his property. In considering this matter, it must be borne in mind that seventy per cent. of the land in this country is held by men whose power over it is limited by modern settlement. We will not take the case of a large owner, but of the proprietor of one of “those moderate estates which form the bulk of the property in this country.” Indeed, the evil of this system is not felt in the case of

the large owners. We will then take the case of a man who is tenant for life of an estate yielding £4,000 a year, having nothing besides that which he derives from the land, and not more than enough for his station in life. Is it not evident that he will save what money he can for his younger children, rather than employ it in improving the land, which must go to his eldest son? But the Legislature has given him power to borrow the money under the Improvement Acts, and charge the estate. Is he likely to avail himself of this power? He cannot borrow money for this purpose from companies under the Improvement Acts at a less rate than seven per cent., capital and interest being paid off in twenty-five years; and as he cannot obtain from his tenants more than five per cent. interest on the outlay, he will, on the most favourable computation, be a loser for the best part of his life of two per cent. on the capital sum borrowed. Is it wonderful that, under these circumstances, many limited owners find "that the improvement of their estates as an investment is not sufficiently lucrative," and leave the land to take care of itself?

The second head of landlords' improvements is the erection of farm-buildings. "The slight difficulty which has a powerful influence in arresting improvement in land" is more operative in the case of farm-buildings than in that of drainage, inasmuch as landlords cannot expect to get more than four per cent. from their tenants as interest on this outlay. As a general rule, the rent of farm-buildings is included in the rental of a farm, but when a landlord finds it necessary to erect new buildings, four per cent. is the outside amount of interest which he can expect to receive from his tenant. It therefore follows that the limited owner, who finds it necessary to borrow money for this class of improvement from companies under the Improvement Acts, is a great loser. He has to pay seven per cent. for twenty-five years for the loan. Thus, on every £1,000 he will pay £70 per annum, and receive back from his tenant £40, becoming a loser to the extent of £30 per annum for twenty-five years on every £1,000 expended.

The third head of improvement is the building of cottages. There was a general consent among the witnesses who were examined before the Lords' Committee as to the necessity for good farm-buildings to protect stock, and we venture to think that they would have acknowledged, if they had been asked the question, that it was as much to the interest of employers to secure the comfort of their labourers as to provide for the well-being of their live stock. The Committee, indeed, inserted a clause in their report to the following effect:—"The Committee are so sensible of the increasing importance of good habitations in fixing the residence and raising the character



and working power of the labourer, and of the indirect benefit which may be thus imparted to landed property, that they cannot recommend that the construction of cottages necessary to the actual or improved cultivation of the estate should be dealt with on any less liberal system than that which applies to drainage and farm-buildings" (*Report*, § 6). The cottages on the very large properties are, without doubt, generally excellent—the owners of these properties being for the most part wealthy men, and well able to apply capital to the general improvement of their land; but the case is far different with the general run of proprietors. The inability of many of the proprietors in this country, as limited owners, with little control over their property, to expend money upon the erection of cottages on their estates, has been one cause of the present unsatisfactory condition of things. The cottages necessary for the labouring population have been run up in the open villages by outsiders merely as a speculation, without any special regard for the comfort or convenience of the occupiers. These cottages are kept in a very indifferent state of repair, and are for the most part wanting in conveniences necessary for health. The only method of dealing with them will be to enforce proper sanitary arrangements, and with a view to the future every possible facility should be given to owners of land to raise money for the purpose of building a sufficient number of new and good cottages in the neighbourhood of these bad ones, and thereby, by the contrast offered, to create a wholesome effect. The substitution of new and convenient cottages for old and bad ones would be rapid enough if landlords were able to obtain a fair rate of interest on their outlay. As it is, the rent which they receive is merely a nominal one. It is certain, however, that there has been a considerable improvement of late years. Landowners have yielded to the moral obligation which lies upon them to secure decent habitations for their labourers, and have been encouraged to enter more freely upon this class of improvement by the passing of the Union Chargeability Act. Up to the passing of that Act, landlords had great inducements to suppress cottages on their farms. They drove the labourers into the inferior cottages of the open villages, and kept their own close villages very select, partly, no doubt, to save the rate, and partly for the sake of order. But the change in the law of settlement has practically put an end to this state of things.

There can be little doubt that the labourer should pay such a fair rent as will entitle him to a good cottage. Under the present system, the landlord gets an inadequate rent from the labourer for the use of his cottage, but he repays himself by receiving in the shape of rent from the occupier of the farm the balance of cottage-rent which he ought to receive direct from the labourer. It would be far better if the

labourer dealt directly with the owner of his cottage, paying him a fair rent for it, and receiving full wages from his employer, instead of a part wage supplemented by a portion of the rent for his cottage. But the real root of the evil is the inability of limited owners to raise money cheaply on their land. They have to pay seven per cent. for the money, and the consequence is that the cost of building cottages is far greater than it ought to be. There is very little doubt that, if the cost of cottage erection was sensibly reduced by giving more freedom to owners of land in the control of their property, we should soon find this difficulty solved. Good cottages would be built in greater numbers, and a fair and remunerative rent might well be obtained from the occupiers.

It thus appears that much remains to be done in these three great items of landlords' improvements. Immense tracts of land which require drainage, and would repay the outlay upon them, lie unimproved; the want of good farm-buildings in many parts of the country is a discouragement to the rearing and fattening of stock; and the condition of the cottages in several districts is disgraceful. What is it which checks these improvements, and restricts the flow of capital into the land? What are the difficulties which exercise this baneful influence? They are apparent. The Committee of the House of Lords, composed of men possessed of large acres, have themselves struck the first blow at the tree of settlement and entail. They indirectly acknowledge that the root of the evil is the limited ownership created by the law of settlement, for they propose to remedy the evil by giving power to the limited owner to act for some purposes as if he were the owner in fee. Their main recommendation is:—"That all owners should be enabled to spread the repayment of a charge on their estate over a period equal to ten years more than their own expectation of life, according to tables to be selected; the period being in no case greater than forty years, or less than twenty-five years" (*Report*, § 9). The effect of this will be that when the interest of the remainder man is remote, that is, when the tenant for life is young, he will be enabled to obtain an extension of the term for repayment of a loan borrowed for the purpose of improving his estate. In the first place, it is doubtful whether the Committee were justified in supposing that it would be possible to obtain money in the open market on these terms at four per cent. But the proposal, even under the most favourable conditions, offers no substantial remedy. The accompanying table shows what the payments would be under this proposal in the case of limited owners between the ages of thirty-five and sixty. If the money could be obtained by them at four per cent., the yearly sum necessary to repay capital and interest in forty years on every £100 borrowed would be at the age of—

Age.						£	s.	d.
35	.	.	.	.	about	5	1	0
40	.	.	.	.	„	5	5	9
45	.	.	.	.	„	5	10	2
50	.	.	.	.	„	5	15	8
55	.	.	.	.	„	6	2	6
60	.	.	.	.	„	6	8	0

Thus it will be seen that this proposal will only afford a substantial relief to owners who are young, and have a good expectation of life. Nor will it remedy the evil as it affects small borrowers. It has been shown by the evidence before the Committee that the charges of the companies, commission and so on, fall with special severity upon borrowers of small sums. The report contains no suggestion to meet this evil. Possibly the members of the Committee felt that, short of giving these owners such freedom as would enable them to dispense with the expensive machinery of the land companies in raising money on their estates, there was no remedy for their case. The solicitude felt by the Committee for the small proprietors is shown by another suggestion made in their Report to the following effect:—"Limited owners, with the consent of trustees, shall be empowered to spend trust-money upon the improvement of their estates, on redeemable mortgage." This will enable owners, whose trustees have money in hand, to obtain loans at a much cheaper rate than at present. A remedy will thus be afforded in the case of properties where there is a considerable amount of trust-money in hand, but it will not affect those smaller properties which need improvement, and have no surplus in the shape of trust-funds. The other remedies suggested by the Committee do not affect the proposition now under discussion, that life tenancies prevent the application of capital to the improvement of land. It is evident that the Committee perceived the difficulty in the way of improvement of land, and were anxious to provide a means of removing it, if in so doing they could preserve the system of strict settlements. But the conclusion to which any impartial mind must arrive on reading the evidence given before this Committee is, that the improvement of land can only be furthered by enabling owners to get rid of the shackles imposed upon their action by the system of strict settlements. A limited owner is often restrained from improving his estate by the knowledge that it must eventually go to his eldest son, and that the power of charging being exhausted, the only way by which he can save money for his younger children is by retaining for them that which might be employed with advantage on the land. The proposals of the Committee will hardly affect the position of such a man. If he is a young man, and his expectation of life is long, he may be able, as has been pointed out, to borrow the money for improvement at so low a rate that he will be fully recouped by the interest on the

outlay which he will receive from his tenant. For when the owner is young, and his expectation of life is long (which will have to be confirmed in the interests of the remainder man by medical certificate), the proposal of the Committee will enable him to undertake his improvements without reducing his income. When the expectation of life is short, the evils of the present system will remain unchecked. It is surprising that the Committee, having so clearly defined the evil, should have proposed so timid a remedy as this. They acknowledge that the limited ownerships created by the law of settlement interfere with the improvement of land, and they propose to allow a certain favoured number of these limited owners, who have the advantage of youth, to act within certain limits as freely with their estates as their more fortunate brethren who hold in fee-simple. If they had made proposals to give to future generations, having regard to existing vested interests, fuller control over their property; if they had endeavoured to unite the power over a property with the legal possession of it; they would have pointed out the path which reform must follow if the land in this country is to be cultivated as it should be.

The great majority of prospective landowners part with the power over their property when they are very young men, and are unaware of the importance of retaining the control of it. This is generally done by a resettlement of the estate when they attain twenty-one years of age. Being tenants in tail, they agree with their fathers to bar the entail, and the property is then resettled upon them for life, with remainder to their unborn children. A very favourable result might be obtained by reducing the period for which an owner of land may now fix its future destination. The law at present allows a man to settle his real estate on the unborn children of living persons. By this means limited ownerships are being constantly created. The Committee of the House of Lords acknowledge that these limited ownerships prevent, in a great measure, the improvement of land; and it would be in the interest of the public further to limit the powers which enable men to create this class of ownership. This limitation will be in consonance with the spirit of the English law, which has always been in favour of the free disposition of property, and opposed to perpetuities. The object of the present paper is to support the proposal that the law should only permit of land being settled *upon a life in being*.

It is not wise to look to great results from legislation. In this case little good will be effected for some considerable period, as existing vested interests will have to be regarded. But it will confer great and lasting benefits upon future generations in giving to landowners the control over their own property. The proposed change would prevent men from parting with the control over their property

at a time when they are quite unaware of the benefit of retaining it. The heir frequently parts, as we have seen, with the estate in tail, and accepts a lesser property before he is aware of the injudicious step which he is taking—a proceeding, as is said by Mr. Joshua Williams, in his work on the Law of Real Property, “fitted rather to maintain the posthumous pride of present owners than the welfare of future generations.” But were the change which we propose carried out, ~~men~~ would generally inherit the fee-simple of their estates, and retain the control over them. What are the objections to this proposed reform? Some have been raised by the Lords’ Committee against what they call “Prohibition of Settlement” (*Report*, § 7). They have fallen into an error in using this expression. That is not the proposal. The law has always prescribed the limits within which a man may order the disposition of his property, and this proposal simply amounts to a further limitation of powers in this respect. The Committee say that this proposed reform is not compatible “with the habits or feelings of the people,” but we may fairly hold that the policy of the law by which limits are already prescribed is agreeable to the nation. The question is simply—What should be the extent of this limitation? The assertion that proposals such as these are opposed to the habits and feelings of the people serves to show clearly the persistent misconstruction which is placed upon the proposals of land reformers. In supporting these reforms we have no wish to prevent an owner from leaving his property on his death to whomsoever he may please. The right to do this is, as the Committee properly suggest, one of the great incentives to industry and labour. Our proposal is, on the contrary, to make that right more absolute. With whom will the greatest incentive to industry lie? With the man who has complete control over his property, and can leave it to whom he likes, or with the man who, having no male children, is tenant for life of a property which on his death will devolve upon some distant relative for whom he has no particular affection?

The Committee further object that the restriction of settlement would not get rid of mortgages, and that owners limited by mortgage require facilities as well as owners limited by settlement. That is to say, mortgages are a hindrance to improvement as well as settlements, and as you cannot get rid of both, you had better not get rid of either. This is a remarkable argument. If strict settlements are discouraged, mortgages will, no doubt, remain; but if a limited owner obtains power to borrow money on easy terms for purposes of real improvement, the mortgagee will be benefited as well as the land. The only “facilities” required by owners “limited by mortgage” are those of sale.

The principle for which we contend is that the full use of the land

should be preserved to each generation. Persons of no inconsiderable experience have given it as their opinion that the land ought to be handed down unencumbered. It is a most curious fact that there is always more solicitude felt among a certain class of persons for the interests of the remainder man than for those of the owner or of the labourers who gain their livelihood out of land. The Lords' Committee, as a body, showed extreme solicitude for the interests of the remainder man. Every question which was put served to show that the anxiety felt by the Committee was more for the interests of the heir than for the present owner, or those immediately interested in the cultivation of the land. The effect of a permanent charge may, in some instances, be prejudicial to an estate when the owner has engaged in some ill-judged improvement. But it is safe, generally speaking, to trust in this matter to the self-interest of the owner. Every man who spends money in improvement of his land will take precautions that the money is judiciously laid out. Now and then mistakes may be made, but they will be less injurious to the public, and even to the individuals interested, than is the present general neglect. The question is whether the power of charging by owners in fee has been exercised heretofore in a reckless way. Is not the contrary the fact? One instance of what can really be done by an improving owner is to be seen in the case of Mr. Prout, of Sawbridgeworth. According to a paragraph in the *Times*—

“The gross area of the farm of which Mr. Prout is both owner and occupier is 450 acres. What are the working expenses? The total yearly cost of the steam tillage, not including manual labour, has been about £230; the average manual labour bill has been £550; maintenance of six horses all the year, and from six to ten horses for one or two months, say £220; artificial manures, £1,326 per annum; seed, say £280; total, £2,606. Adding for tithe, rent-charge, poor-rate, land-tax, sewer-rate and income-tax, £242, and for rent £637, the total outlay amounts to £3,485 per annum; this being a near estimate, but not exact. The balance of £1,134 on the right side of the book has to cover certain general expenses of the farm, its repairs and management, and the cost for insurance; the remainder is then divisible into two portions—farming-profit upon the tenant's capital, and return for the proprietor's investment in permanent improvements. Clearly enough, there is a very handsome margin available for the two parties; but it is not easy to say how this should be shared.”

The net result of Mr. Prout's system of farming, and of the heavy permanent improvements which he has made as owner of the farm, is as follows:—In twelve years the land has been raised in value from a rental of 27s. per acre to a present rental of 42s. per acre, while the surrounding property has yielded but a slight increase of rental during the corresponding period. Mr. Prout has thus proved that large returns are obtainable from works and cultivation when the occupier has security for the outlay of his capital, and the requisite permanent improvements are made by the owner.

The principal objection which has been made to the reform suggested in this paper—an objection which underlies the report of the Lords' Committee, though it has no place on the face of that document—is that the existence of the House of Lords would be at least partially threatened by a scheme which would occasionally result in depriving individual members of that body of the means of supporting their title and position. But this occurs occasionally under the present system. There have been several instances of peers who, previously to their accession to their titles, have parted with the reversion to the whole or part of their life-interests in their family estates. When young and inexperienced, they have been enabled, by means of the present law of settlement, which secures to them a future life-interest in these estates, to part with their expectant interest at an enormous sacrifice. Let us compare the two systems. As we have just stated, it is now possible for the heir to a peerage to part with the reversion to his life-interest in the family property settled upon him before he has come into actual possession of it. The consequences of such an act are not only disastrous to himself, but to the property, and to the interests of all those who are engaged in gaining their livelihood from its cultivation. He becomes a peer without the means of supporting his position, and his property, so long as he lives, is dealt with by those to whom his life-interest has passed with a view to obtain as much as can be got out of it with as little expenditure upon it as possible. The result of this system to the labourers engaged in the cultivation of the land can be well imagined. They lose not only the enhanced wages which would accrue to them from a more free and generous cultivation of the soil, but also the care and consideration for their happiness and condition which is shown in most instances by resident owners of land. We might further enlarge upon the evils which may result to families, and to those dependent on the land for a living, from the system of settlement, but we have said enough for our present purpose. On the other hand, if the proposed reform were carried out, it might occasionally happen that a peer, having possession of his estates in fee-simple, would part with them, and leave his successor the empty title, without the means of maintaining his position. This would, however, be of rare occurrence, if we can judge at all from the fact that men do not usually come into their property until they have arrived at an age when they may be supposed to have gained sufficient experience to prevent them from wasting it in reckless living. But even in those cases in which this accident might happen, the consequences would be, as above stated, hard upon the individual, but uninjurious to the interests either of the public or the peerage. The public would be gainers, because the land would have passed by purchase out of the hands of a man unable to improve it; and the

sale and transfer of land would be encouraged by the fact of more of the article having been brought into the market. The peers would not be losers, because it happens that the second chamber in this country is not so weak as to be seriously affected by the foolish conduct or the misfortune of a few of its members. The strength of the House of Lords arises from the fact that it is being constantly made to harmonize with the changes of the time. Its ranks are being filled, from time to time, from among the best men of the day, and it has thereby retained the confidence of the people. It is untrue that the existence of the House of Lords would be in any way imperilled by the accident of a few of its members being without the means which are considered necessary to their station in life. It is a mistake to suppose that the majority of the House of Lords can carry back the connection of their families with that ancient body to any distant date. There were, in 1860, 385 peers of the United Kingdom, of whom 287 date their creations from years posterior to the accession of George III.<sup>1</sup>

The real question is whether the food-supply of the people is to be reduced and the improvement of the land checked by false notions of the effect which would be produced by remedial legislation. Our present object is to point out the restrictions which prevent the improvement in land, and to answer the different objections which have been made against this particular reform. The relative merits of different systems of land-tenure have not been discussed. In some parts large properties and large farms may be most beneficial; in others, the reverse may be the case. All that is contended for on this head is, that legislation should not favour either the one system or the other, but leave the transfer, sale, letting, and buying of land to take their free and unfettered course.

Comparing, then, the results of the two systems, we perceive that in both they may be disastrous to a few; but this merit can be claimed for the scheme which has been briefly sketched out, that, whilst the individual still has to suffer for his own or his predecessor's faults or misfortunes, the public interests are at least protected.

H. R. BRAND.

(1) "Constitutional History of England," vol. i., cap. 5, Sir Erskine May.



## MR. MILL'S THREE ESSAYS ON RELIGION.<sup>1</sup>

IN the few well-considered words which are prefixed to this volume, we are told that Mr. Mill not only habitually declined to be hurried into premature decision on any point to which he did not think that he had given sufficient time and labour to have exhausted it to the utmost limit of his own thinking powers: "even after he had arrived at definite conclusions he refused to allow the curiosity of others to force him to the expression of them before he had bestowed all the elaboration in his power upon their adequate expression, and before, therefore, he had subjected to the test of time, not only the conclusions themselves, but also the form into which he had thrown them. The same reasons, therefore, which made him cautious in the spoken utterance of his opinion in proportion as it was necessary to be at once precise and comprehensive in order to be properly understood, which in his judgment was pre-eminently the case in religious speculation, were the reasons which made him abstain from publishing his *Essay on Nature* for upwards of fifteen years, and might have led him still to withhold the others which now appear in the same volume." This is an adequate explanation of the reserve on religious subjects which has long puzzled Mr. Mill's followers, and perhaps even scandalized some of the more ardent and on-pressing spirits. That fear of the odium attaching to the expression of his true opinions had anything to do with this prolonged reserve, is a supposition equally inconsistent with the strength and courage of his character as it was known to his private friends, and with some conspicuous acts of his public career.

On the whole, we are inclined to think that comparatively little odium will be excited by Mr. Mill's opinions, now that they have at length been given to us, along with a rigorously careful statement of the reasons which led him finally to adopt them, after an equally careful examination of the hostile and competing opinions. At first there may be, indeed there already has been, a certain shock at the outspokenness with which Mr. Mill repudiates some of the ideas that are most cherished by the less instructed or less thoughtful among believers. But it is the foundation of the superstructure about which the wiser heads are solicitous. And of the foundations, I am not sure that Mr. Mill does not leave them as much as they want. Theologians who know their trade, with the aid of no shiftier logic than they and their hearers are accustomed to, will certainly be able to construct a far more respectable kind of defence than they had any reason to hope, out of Mr. Mill's concluding admissions.

(1) *Nature: the Utility of Religion: Theism.* By John Stuart Mill. London: Longmans. 1874.

His volume is, no doubt, thoroughly destructive of the doctrines which the more strict and literal adherents of the current supernatural creed count of the highest sacredness and importance. To the mystic articles of the faith which still remains the main organ of spiritual life in the West, his vigorous dialectic gives no quarter. On the common conception of the attributes of a Supreme Being he makes a most unsparing attack. Even the cardinal propositions that such a Being exists, and that this Being has endowed men with the quality of being immortal, he reduces from the august rank of certainties to the humbler place of holy possibilities. To the orthodox believer, however lax the form of orthodoxy may be, Mr. Mill's conclusions will seem objectionable enough. All this is true, yet considering both the intensity and the direction of the apprehensions of the theological world at present, how terrified men are at the prospect of being driven by science headlong into a forlorn wilderness of atheism and materialism, we may see reason for anticipating a certain sense of relief when it is found that, so far from shutting the door of hope on all the old religious doctrines, the chief English propagator of positive modes of thought in this generation closes his speculative work in the world with the following propositions:—

That such evidence as there is points to the creation of the present order of the universe by an Intelligent Mind, whose power over the materials was not absolute, whose benevolence was not his sole inducement, but yet who desired the good of his creatures (p. 243).

That to the conception of the rational sceptic it remains possible that "Christ was actually what he supposed himself to be—not God, for he never made the smallest pretension to that character and would probably have thought such a pretension as blasphemous as it seemed to the men who condemned him—but a man charged with a special, express, and unique commission from God to lead mankind to truth and virtue" (p. 255).

That, though there is no assurance whatever of a life after death, on grounds of natural religion, yet "to any one who feels it conducive either to his satisfaction or to his usefulness to hope for a future state as a possibility, there is no hindrance to his indulging that hope" (p. 210).

Finally with reference to revelation and its miracles, this—

"What can be said with truth on the side of Miracles amounts only to this: Considering that the order of nature affords some evidence of the reality of a Creator, and of his bearing good-will to his creatures though not of its being the sole prompter of his conduct towards them: considering, again, that all the evidence of his existence is evidence also that he is not all-powerful, and in our ignorance of the limits of his power we cannot positively decide that he was able to provide for us by the original plan of Creation all the good which it entered into his intentions to bestow upon us or even to bestow any part of it at any earlier period than that at which we actually received it,—considering these things, when we consider further that a gift, extremely precious, came to us which though facilitated was not apparently necessitated by what had gone

before, but was due, as far as appearances go, to the peculiar mental and moral endowments of one man, and that man openly proclaimed that it did not come from himself but from God through him, then we are entitled to say that there is nothing so inherently impossible or absolutely incredible in this supposition as to preclude any one from hoping that it may perhaps be true" (pp. 239-40).

Undoubtedly to those who have dwelt with exultation in the blazing sunlight of dogmatic convictions, these twilight hopes and rapid possibilities will seem miserably desolate. Yet such persons will nourish a certain private thankfulness for the buckler with which Mr. Mill has furnished them against the fiery darts of the dogmatic unbeliever. They will henceforth believe themselves to have his authority for retorting on the denier, that he, and not they, is the irrational person, the offender against the laws of evidence; and that if they have been too apt to confound a low degree of probability with certainty, the denier has been just as apt to confound a low degree of probability with impossibility. They will contrast the iron unfaith of James Mill, that more than Roman figure of the *Autobiography*, with the eagerness of his son and most important disciple to restore the domain of the supernatural, after it has been removed from the region of Belief, into the region of Hope. So long as this domain of the supernatural is left to them in one quarter or another, they will feel that nothing is lost. Concede to them the region of hope, and they will count pretty surely on making the old growths thrive in it with the old vigour of the region of belief. Indeed at no time in our generation has their thought been very much stronger, nor has it had much more to say for itself, than its father, the wish. Being told that they may now only wish for what they used to think assured, most of them will hardly be sensible of any serious difference in their frame of mind.

The general drift of Mr. Mill's new volume may be described as setting in the following directions:—

(a) The displacement of the idea of a providential government by an all-powerful Being for the good of his creatures.

(b) The substitution in its stead of the idea of the possibility, and, in a low degree, even the probability, of the government of the universe by a Being with limited powers.

(c) The admission of certain supernatural potentialities as proper objects of rational hope, though not capable of demonstration.

(d) The vindication of such a hope, as a legitimate aid and an effective support of "that real, though purely human religion, which sometimes calls itself the Religion of Humanity and sometimes that of Duty."

It will thus be seen that his latest work bears one of the well-known marks of all that has come from Mr. Mill's hand. While expelling with keen dialectic the ungrounded or self-contradictory ideas in

which natural theology has been so fruitful, he shows the most subtle apprehension of all the valuable associations that were bound up in those ideas, nor is he content to part company with them until he has satisfied himself that they are susceptible of a certain transformation, which shall preserve what is precious and helpful to the imagination, while it throws off all that is unacceptable to the right reason. Some persons, indeed, as we shall presently see, may think that this anxiety not to go further in the negative direction than the evidence warrants, has caused Mr. Mill to grant positions which are not at all unlikely to be the springs of a new and mischievous reaction towards supernaturalism. That is the opinion of the present writer. A hundred years ago some of the seventeen atheists whom Hume met at D'Holbach's table, cried out about Voltaire—"Mais il est bigot, il est déiste!" It is not impossible that something may be said in the same spirit, of Mr. Mill's creed of low probabilities and faintly cheering potentialities. And few persons will be able to overcome a consciousness of incongruity in the author's final appeal to a mystic sentiment which in other parts of the book he had shown such good reason for counting superfluous. With all profound respect and unalterable affection for Mr. Mill's character and memory, I for one cannot help regarding the most remarkable part of the book as an aberration not less grave than the aberrations with which he rightly charged Comte.

One powerful element in the continuation of the present condition of religious anarchy is to be found in the vicious habit of substituting the history of a conception, or group of conceptions, for a scientific inquiry into its truth and its correspondence with reality or fitness. The only wisdom, according to this accomplished school, is to know what has been thought upon the great questions of human interest in different ages and under diversified intellectual conditions; not to press forward with all the apparatus of induction and ratiocination in search of true answers of our own, but to be content with collecting in an intelligent and systematic way the guesses which men have made from time to time in their attempts to solve the inscrutable riddles. The interesting thing about an opinion, they say, is not so much its more or less of truth, as its place and order in the classification of the mental experiences of the race. The literature of knowledge, rather than of direct discussion, is the true literature of emancipation. The effect of the adoption of this point of view to the exclusion of search after dogmatic truth is obviously to make even those who would be revolted by the more vulgar or direct forms of an universal scepticism, still willing to believe that all positive opinions alike are tolerably true. The late Mr. Maurice, for example, seems to have lived in this mood of the intellect; and the tendency of our present ideals of culture is to make such a mood

stronger and more widely spread. Any one can see that its immediate influence must be to prolong the existing epoch of decay in religious opinions. It arrests the mind at the moment when it would otherwise deliberately pass forth from the declining beliefs and set out "voyaging on strange seas of thought" in search of beliefs more reconcilable with reason and knowledge. Now Mr. Mill was always fully alive to the value of studying opinions in their relations to institutions and customs, as well as to one another. He had plenty of that historic sense, which he noticed as deficient in Bentham. But his training, which was marked by the characteristic spirit of the eighteenth century, prevented him from putting the history of ideas before an inquiry into the ideas themselves, and in the present essays as elsewhere he treats as the most important relations which an opinion can have, its direct relations with the facts which constitute its object and matter. He confronts the current propositions of natural theology directly with the circumstances of nature, and thus takes the student out of the luminous haze with which the historic method, when not supplemented by the dogmatic method, envelopes the great religious issues. In examining moral and religious doctrines we are not merely assorting dried plants in classes for a herbarium, but testing their active qualities and specific properties. "Pray do not call it by any name," cried Dorothea in *Middlemarch*, speaking of the belief which she had found out to comfort her life. "you will say it is Persian or something else geographical. It is my life." One hopeful feature about the discussion which Mr. Mill's book must raise is that it will bring men face to face with opinions themselves as elements in human life, and not merely with their Persian or other geographical source. "The most important quality of an opinion," he says (p. 128), "on any momentous subject, is its truth or falsity, which to us resolves itself into the sufficiency of the evidence on which it rests. It is indispensable that the subject of religion should from time to time be reviewed as a strictly scientific question, and that its evidences should be tested by the same scientific methods, and on the same principles, as those of any of the speculative conclusions drawn by physical science." In other words enumeration and comparison of different ways of interpreting the facts of the universe are not to supersede the duty of definite judgment of this or that interpretation on the merits.

## I.

The first of the three essays is entitled *Nature*, and consists of an examination of the various ways in which the word Nature and its derivatives are employed to convey ideas of approval and even moral obligation. It has conveyed such ideas in all ages from the Stoics and Epicureans down to Rousseau, and from Rousseau down to the most recent and characteristic deliverances of the modern mind.

“That any mode of thinking, feeling, or acting, is ‘according to nature’ is usually accepted as a strong argument for its goodness. If it can be said with any plausibility that ‘nature enjoins’ anything, the propriety of obeying the injunction is by most people considered to be made out: and conversely, the imputation of being contrary to nature is thought to bar the door against any pretension on the part of the thing so designated to be tolerated or excused; and the word unnatural has not ceased to be one of the most vituperative epithets in the language.” The object of the essay is to inquire into the foundation of this practice of current speech; into the truth of the doctrines which make Nature a test of right and wrong, good and evil, and which attach any merit or approval to following, imitating, or obeying Nature.

The reader will soon understand, as he proceeds with Mr. Mill's argument, that the ultimate purpose and main undercurrent of it is a double one. The glorification of Nature has been, as Mr. Mill says, “one of the most copious sources of false taste, false philosophy, false morality, and even bad law.” In all of these fields it has been mischievous, but the two most important regions in which it has misled men are those of theology and morals. In the one it has been connected with an idea, at once untenable and depraving, of certain of the attributes of a deity. In the other it has been associated with notions about human conduct and the test of right and wrong in it, which have retarded social progress by disparaging the improvement that man's own effort has made in his character and circumstances, and by substituting a fanciful conformity to Nature, instead of the promotion of happiness, as the standard of good and evil. This being the twofold tendency of the habit of exalting Nature, to assail that exaltation successfully is, in the first place, to undo some of the most serious work of the writers on natural theology; and, in the second place, to overthrow the most fundamental positions of the *a priori* school of moralists. Such an assault bears first on the attributes of a creator, and second on the proper pattern and standard of the conduct of men. It leads to the two propositions: that Nature is not at all creditable to the moral goodness of its creator, if we suppose such a being to be omnipotent; and not at all a desirable model for human beings, whose only safe guide must always be not Nature, but utility or the general good. To look at Nature really and as she is, is to perceive that the common religious explanation of the order of Nature is self-contradictory, and inconsistent with the facts for which it professes to account. It is at the same time to see that the scheme of Nature cannot have had for its sole or even principal object the good of human or other sentient beings, and therefore that all useful action consists in alteration and improvement of the spontaneous course of Nature, alike in external circumstance and in man's impulses and motives. Here, then, is the key to

the significance of Mr. Mill's first essay, and its bearings on the other two essays by which it is accompanied.

A passage in the *Autobiography* is worth transcribing in this connection—a portion of that memorable account of the elder Mill, which will always remain one of the most striking pieces in the anthology of the characters of our British worthies.

"I have heard my father say," Mr. Mill writes, "that the turning-point of his mind on the subject—[Revelation and Natural Religion]—was reading Butler's 'Analogy.' That work, of which he always continued to speak with respect, kept him, as he said, for some considerable time a believer in the divine authority of Christianity: by proving to him that whatever are the difficulties in believing that the Old and New Testaments proceed from, or record the acts of, a perfectly wise and good being, the same and still greater difficulties stand in the way of the belief, that a being of such a character can have been the Maker of the universe. He considered Butler's argument, as conclusive against the only opponents for whom it was intended. Those who admit an omnipotent as well as perfectly just and benevolent maker and ruler of such a world as this, can say little against Christianity but what can, with at least equal force, be retorted against themselves. . . . He found it impossible to believe that a world so evil was the work of an Author combining infinite power with perfect goodness and righteousness. . . . The Sabæan or Manichean theory of a Good and an Evil Principle, struggling against each other for the government of the universe, he would not equally have condemned. . . . He would have regarded it as a mere hypothesis; but he would have ascribed to it no depraving influence. As it was, his aversion to religion, in the sense usually attached to the term, was of the same kind with that of Lucretius: he regarded it with the feelings due not to a mere mental delusion, but to a great moral evil."—(*Autobiography*, pp. 38-40.)

Thus early was the germ of the present essay planted.

The examination proceeds on a line which, with much abbreviation, we shall now endeavour to trace. In what sense is the word *Nature* employed, when associated with eulogistic ideas? It has two principal meanings. In the one, it denotes all the powers existing either within us or without us, and everything which takes place through those powers. In the other, it denotes only what happens without the voluntary and intentional agency of man. This distinction, which Mr. Mill arrives at after the manner of the Socrates of a Platonic dialogue, has to be borne carefully in mind throughout the essay, which might be described as an argumentative separation of the good and the righteousness in the world from the wrong and the degradation, and an ascription of all the former to the voluntary agency of man, and all the latter to the spontaneous course of nature undisturbed by man. As we shall see at the close of our remarks it is not only the *a priori* moralists nor the natural theologians whom such a line of reasoning affects. The school of evolution, while repudiating theological explanations, yet is slowly fashioning Nature and her processes into a divinity whose lineaments are acquiring a strong likeness to the central figure in the crumbling temple of natural theology.

Now in the first sense, where Nature means the entire system of

things, with the aggregate of all their properties, it is superfluous and unmeaning to bid us follow Nature. We have no power to do anything else. "Every action is the exertion of some natural power, and its effects of all sorts are so many phenomena of nature, produced by the powers and properties of some of the objects of nature, in exact obedience to some law or laws of nature. When I voluntarily use my organs to take in food, the act and its consequences take place according to laws of nature: if instead of food I swallow poison, the case is exactly the same" (p. 16). The continual talk about obeying the laws of nature is therefore absurd and useless. To tell us to follow Nature in this sense is to prescribe a rule of right conduct which agrees quite as well with wrong conduct. There is perhaps a rational notion at the bottom of this confused kind of injunction, namely, that we shall do well to study Nature and the actual properties of things, with a view to making such properties serve our purpose and check our conduct. But the promoters of the doctrine of following Nature undoubtedly intend much more by it than mere study of the properties of things, for the sake of adapting means to ends and giving effect to our wishes and intentions. They uphold conformity to Nature not merely as a prudential but as an ethical maxim. "Right action, must mean something more and other than merely intelligent action: yet no precept beyond this last can be connected with the word Nature in the wider and more philosophical of its acceptations. We must try it therefore in the other sense, that in which Nature stands distinguished from Art, and denotes, not the whole course of the phenomena which come under our observation, but only their spontaneous course."

Now it is obvious that the maxim of following Nature in this second sense, is not superfluous, as we have seen to be the case in the first meaning; but it is absurd. The whole process of civilisation, from digging and ploughing, up to the production of the most refined works of art, is plainly an interference with the spontaneous order of things. "All praise of Civilisation, or Art, or Contrivance is so much dispraise of Nature [in the second of the two principal meanings of the word]; an admission of imperfection which it is man's business, and merit, to be always endeavouring to correct or mitigate." And this brings the writer face to face with a central position of religious persons from the most primitive times down to our own day. In early times, there is a very distinct, active, and detrimental consciousness that human improvements are a censure on nature, which is the work of the gods. Inventions are at first either treated as impious, or else understood to be the voluntary communication of some god to a favoured mortal. With the extension of human experience and the enlarged intelligence of man's interpretation of this experience, such identification of acquiescence in things as they are with reverence for the Being who is believed to



have made them what they are, grows weaker. "But the imputation of prying into the secrets of the Almighty long remained a powerful weapon of attack against unpopular inquirers into nature; and the charge of presumptuously attempting to defeat the designs of Providence, still retains enough of its original force to be thrown in as a make-weight along with other objections, when there is a desire to find fault with any new exertion of human forethought and contrivance."

"No one, indeed, asserts it to be the intention of the Creator that the spontaneous order of the creation should not be altered, or even that it should not be altered in any new way. But there still exists a vague notion that though it is very proper to control this or the other natural phenomenon, the general scheme of nature is a model for us to imitate: that with more or less liberty in details, we should on the whole be guided by the spirit and general conception of nature's own ways: that they are God's work, and as such perfect; that man cannot rival their unapproachable excellence, and can best show his skill and piety by attempting, in however imperfect a way, to reproduce their likeness; and that if not the whole, yet some particular parts of the spontaneous order of nature, selected according to the speaker's predilections, are, in a peculiar sense, manifestations of the Creator's will; a sort of finger-posts pointing out the direction which things in general, and therefore our voluntary actions, are intended to take. Feelings of this sort, though repressed on ordinary occasions by the contrary current of life, are ready to break out whenever custom is silent, and the native promptings of the mind have nothing opposed to them but reason" (pp. 23-4).

This consideration of the hindrance which the great *a priori* fallacy of the perfection of nature has interposed in the way of progress (and is not modern science in danger of breeding a corresponding *a posteriori* fallacy of the perfection of nature?), brings the writer to one of the chief destructive propositions of his book, which he asserts in different places with a great variety of expression. Here it is put thus: "The order of nature, in so far as unmodified by man, is such as no being, whose attributes are justice and benevolence, would have made, with the intention that his rational creatures should follow it as an example." In other words, creation cannot be the entire work of a Being of unlimited power, and at the same time animated by the spirit of justice and benevolence. Hence the universe is not a proper object for that moral admiration which rhetorical theologians ecstasically lavish upon it. The greater natural phenomena strike us with astonishment rising into awe. Their enormous duration in time, their prodigious extension in space, the vastness of their forces, affect us with a profound sense of sublimity, but "this is more allied to terror than to any moral emotion." It is no admiration of excellence. "Those in whom awe produces admiration may be æsthetically developed, but they are morally uncultivated." We are all aware from familiar personal experience how readily disposed people are to translate awe and affright into some formula of pietistic reverence. And we are aware, too, how the same formulas serve also to express an overflowing emotion inspired by scenes of natural tranquillity

and plenty and comfort. In neither case is the moral inference warranted, nor the moral imputation of praise to the power or powers who made the universe, justifiable. For we are bound to survey the forces of nature as a whole. The result of such a survey is described by Mr. Mill in a passage of singular energy that may recall Tennyson's famous stanzas on the man—

“ Who trusted God was love indeed,  
And love Creation's final law—  
Though Nature, red in tooth and claw,  
With ravin, shriek'd against his creed.”

“ In sober truth, nearly all the things which men are hanged or imprisoned for doing to one another, are Nature's every-day performances. Killing, the most criminal act recognised by human laws, Nature does once to every being that lives; and in a large proportion of cases, after protracted tortures such as only the greatest monsters whom we read of ever purposely inflicted on their living fellow-creatures. If, by an arbitrary reservation, we refuse to account anything murder but what abridges a certain term supposed to be allotted to human life, nature also does this to all but a small percentage of lives, and does it in all the modes, violent or insidious, in which the worst human beings take the lives of one another. Nature impales men, breaks them as if on the wheel, casts them to be devoured by wild beasts, burns them to death, crushes them with stones like the first Christian martyr, starves them with hunger, freezes them with cold, poisons them by the quick or slow venom of her exhalations, and has hundreds of other hideous deaths in reserve, such as the ingenious cruelty of a Nabis or a Domitian never surpassed. All this, Nature does with the most supercilious disregard both of mercy and of justice, emptying her shafts upon the best and noblest indifferently with the meanest and worst; upon those who are engaged in the highest and worthiest enterprises, and often as the direct consequence of the noblest acts; and it might almost be imagined as a punishment for them. She mows down those on whose existence hangs the well-being of a whole people, perhaps the prospects of the human race for generations to come, with as little compunction as those whose death is a relief to themselves, or a blessing to those under their noxious influence. Such are Nature's dealings with life. Even when she does not intend to kill, she inflicts the same tortures in apparent wantonness. In the clumsy provision which she has made for that perpetual renewal of animal life, rendered necessary by the prompt termination she puts to it in every individual instance, no human being ever comes into the world but another human being is literally stretched on the rack for hours or days, not unfrequently issuing in death. Next to taking life (equal to it according to a high authority) is taking the means by which we live; and Nature does this too on the largest scale and with the most callous indifference. A single hurricane destroys the hopes of a season; a flight of locusts, or an inundation, desolates a district; a trifling chemical change in an edible root starves a million of people. The waves of the sea, like banditti, seize and appropriate the wealth of the rich and the little all of the poor with the same accompaniments of stripping, wounding, and killing as their human antitypes. Everything, in short, which the worst men commit either against life or property is perpetrated on a larger scale by natural agents. Nature has noyades more fatal than those of Carrier; her explosions of fire-damp are as destructive as human artillery; her plague and cholera far surpass the poison-cups of the Borgias. Even the love of “order” which is thought to be a following of the ways of Nature, is in fact a contradiction of them. All which people are accustomed to deprecate as “disorder” and its consequences, is precisely a counterpart of Nature's ways. Anarchy and the Reign of Terror are overmatched in injustice, ruin, and death, by a hurricane and a pestilence” (pp. 28-31).

It is of no avail, proceeds Mr. Mill, to urge that all these things possess an occult quality of promoting good and wise ends. Even if it were so, that would be no reason why it is religious or moral in us to follow nature. The end is no moral warrant for the means. Hidden good often comes out of human misdeeds and crimes, but that does not prevent them from remaining misdeeds and crimes. And in like manner if in the order of nature good comes out of the mass of misery and injustice with which the world has always teemed, that does not lessen the significance of the fact that the method by which this supposed good is attained is a method of misery and injustice. Then the writer once more presses the conclusion from which there is no real escape, that "if the maker of this world *can* all that he will, he wills misery." And this brings him to one of the main propositions of the book:—"The only admissible moral theory of Creation is that the Principle of Good *cannot* at once and altogether subdue the powers of evil either physical or moral; could not place mankind free from the necessity of an incessant struggle with the maleficent powers, or make them always victorious in that struggle, but could and did make them capable of carrying on the fight with vigour and with progressively increasing success. Of all the religious explanations of the order of nature, this alone is neither contradictory to itself, nor to the facts for which it attempts to account" (p. 39).

Another line of theological argument is next considered. Though it may be hard, the natural theologian contends, to maintain that Nature as a whole is a type of perfect wisdom and benevolence, yet we may discern the image of the moral qualities which we have been wont to ascribe to the Creator stamped on some portion of his work. The element in the construction of the world which seems particularly fitted to afford special indication of the Creator's wish, is to be found in the instincts of human beings. Mr. Mill accords to this exaltation of instinct more importance as a hostile argument than we should have thought it deserved at this time of day; but orthodox theologians, at any rate, ought not to complain of the zeal and thoroughness with which he deals blow after blow upon the natural and unregenerate man. No Calvinistic divine could be more hearty in denouncing the uncleanness and degradation of man without grace; though with the Calvinist grace means a mystic infusion from the divine spirit, while Mr. Mill sets all good down to the eminently artificial discipline by which man's own action has purged the old Adam. One by one, the author examines the claims of the natural man to what in a civilized state we counted elementary virtues. The natural man is pugnacious and irascible, but he has not true courage. He has a bestial lack of cleanliness. He is a liar. He is unjust. He is profoundly selfish, being at the best sympathetically selfish, an *égoïste à deux, à trois*, or

*à quatre*. The effect of such a survey (pp. 46—54) is to prove "that the duty of man is the same in respect to his own nature, as in respect to the nature of all other things, namely not to follow but to amend it." And man, until the germs of good within him have been slowly and laboriously trained, and until the evil growths which were most luxuriant in him when he was nearest to the Creator's hand have been extirpated,—man is as little the image of a moral divinity as the forces of the cosmos outside of man are such an image.

"But all natural wishes, it is said, must have been implanted for a purpose. God would not have endowed us with impulses unless he had designed them to have a certain sphere of legitimate action; therefore to condemn nature so far as to refuse to pay any deference to human instincts is to condemn the purposes of God. To which Mr. Mill replies as follows:—

"I conceive that there is a radical absurdity in all these attempts to discover, in detail, what are the designs of Providence, in order when they are discovered to help Providence in bringing them about. Those who argue, from particular indications, that Providence intends this or that, either believe that the Creator can do all that he will or that he cannot. If the first supposition is adopted—if Providence is omnipotent, Providence intends whatever happens, and the fact of its happening proves that Providence intended it. If so, everything which a human being can do, is predestined by Providence and is a fulfilment of its designs. But if, as is the more religious theory, Providence intends not all which happens, but only what is good, then indeed man has it in his power, by his voluntary actions, to aid the intentions of Providence; but he can only learn those intentions by considering what tends to promote the general good, and not what man has a natural inclination to; for, limited as, on this showing, the divine power must be, by inscrutable but insurmountable obstacles, who knows that man could have been created without desires which never are to be, and even which never ought to be, fulfilled? The inclinations with which man has been endowed, as well as any of the other contrivances which we observe in Nature, may be the expression not of the divine will, but of the fetters which impede its free action; and to take hints from these for the guidance of our own conduct may be falling into a trap laid by the enemy. The assumption that everything which infinite goodness can desire, actually comes to pass in this universe, or at least that we must never say or suppose that it does not, is worthy only of those whose slavish fears make them offer the homage of lies to a Being who, they profess to think, is incapable of being deceived and holds all falsehood in abomination."

Again there are some propensities of which no good use can possibly be made, and which are only fit for extirpation, that is for starvation by disuse. Take, for instance, a propensity that is common enough in the East and in Southern Europe, a delight in cruelty for its own sake, "a particular kind of voluptuous excitement" at the sight of pain. Even, however, if it could be proved that every elementary impulse in human nature has its good side, and may by proper pains be made more useful than hurtful, this would still do very little for those who wish to set up these impulses as guides to the wishes and purposes of Providence. Were it not for discipline,

in other words, a process not following nature, but removing us more and more from nature, even the impulses which are necessary to our preservation, the most elementary of them all, would make human "life an exaggerated likeness of the odious scene of violence and tyranny which is exhibited by the rest of the animal kingdom, except in so far as tamed and disciplined by man."

"There, indeed, those who flatter themselves with the notion of reading the purposes of the Creator in his works, ought in consistency to have seen grounds for inferences from which they have shrunk. If there are any marks at all of special design in creation, one of the things most evidently designed is that a large proportion of all animals should pass their existence in tormenting and devouring other animals. They have been lavishly fitted out with the instruments necessary for that purpose; their strongest instincts impel them to it, and many of them seem to have been constructed incapable of supporting themselves by any other food. If a tenth part of the pains which have been expended in finding benevolent adaptations in all nature, had been employed in collecting evidence to blacken the character of the Creator, what scope for comment would not have been found in the entire existence of the lower animals, divided, with scarcely an exception, into devourers and devoured, and a prey to a thousand ills from which they are denied the faculties necessary for protecting themselves! If we are not obliged to believe the animal creation to be the work of a demon, it is because we need not suppose it to have been made by a Being of infinite power. But if imitation of the Creator's will as revealed in nature, were applied as a rule of action in this case, the most atrocious enormities of the worst men would be more than justified by the apparent intention of Providence that throughout all animated nature the strong should prey upon the weak."

To conclude the main line of argument. The favourable prejudgment which follows the word Nature when it is employed as a distinctive term for certain parts of character as contrasted with other parts, is just as unwarranted as when Nature means the whole sum of human impulses. Language abounds with uses of the word natural, which set up a presumption in favour of the quality to which the epithet is applied. Mr. Mill "can perceive only one sense in which nature or naturalness in a human being, are really terms of praise, and then the praise is only negative; namely when used to denote the absence of affectation." Otherwise to say that a piece of conduct is unnatural is no argument for its being blamable, "since even the most criminal actions are to a being like man not more unnatural than most of the virtues." And, on the other side, the plea in extenuation of a culpable act, that it was natural, ought never to be admitted. In each case it is a slovenly and seriously misleading use of language.

The leading conclusions of the essay are finally summed up as follows:—

"The word Nature has two principal meanings: it either denotes the entire system of things, with the aggregate of all their properties, or it denotes things as they would be, apart from human intervention.

"In the first of these senses, the doctrine that man ought to follow nature is unmeaning; since man has no power to do anything else than follow nature;

all his actions are done through, and in obedience to, some one or many of nature's physical or mental laws.

"In the other sense of the term, the doctrine that man ought to follow nature, or, in other words, ought to make the spontaneous course of things the model of his voluntary actions, is equally irrational and immoral.

"Irrational, because all human action whatever, consists in altering, and all useful action in improving, the spontaneous course of nature.

"Immoral, because the course of natural phenomena being replete with everything which when committed by human beings is most worthy of abhorrence, any one who endeavoured in his actions to imitate the natural course of things would be universally seen and acknowledged to be the wickedest of men.

"The scheme of Nature regarded in its whole extent, cannot have had, for its sole or even principal object, the good of human or other sentient beings. What good it brings to them, is mostly the result of their own exertions. Whatsoever, in nature, gives indication of beneficent design, proves this beneficence to be armed only with limited power; and the duty of man is to co-operate with the beneficent powers, not by imitating but by perpetually striving to amend the course of nature—and bringing that part of it over which we can exercise control, more nearly into conformity with a high standard of justice and goodness."

We proceed to suggest one or two criticisms upon this very vigorous piece of argumentation. On Mr. Mill's treatment of the old mystery of evil as the handiwork of a benevolent and all-powerful Being not much is left to be said. The enigma is as old as the Book of Job, and it never can be solved on any theistic hypothesis, unless men surrender either the Creator's omnipotence, as Mr. Mill does, or his benevolence and sense of justice, as, without meaning it, a man like De Maistre does. It may be worth while to glance for a moment at a rival theory, which will help us the better to place Mr. Mill's line of objection to all theories of that kind. We may as well take De Maistre as any one else, for he was one of the most acute and least dishonest of modern apologists for the ways of God to man. De Maistre started from the doctrine that *Deus est auctor mali quod est pena, non autem mali quod est culpa*. Man's will is free. He falls into sin; the ruler of the world exacts a penalty, and these penalties constitute the pain and misery of the world. The objection to this was that the penalties are distributed in block, following no moral law, but falling alike on the just and the unjust, just as happiness or exemption from penalties falls on both alike. De Maistre evaded this objection—which had many years before been pressed upon the world with new force in Voltaire's splendid poem on the Earthquake of Lisbon—by the singular doctrine that a certain amount of transgression in the world called for a certain amount of vengeance, and that God chastises all men, as a pro-consul might chastise a whole province by fine and decimation, for the offences of some. This may or may not be true. It is as possible an explanation as that which Mr. Mill suggests. But it effectually reduces the Creator to the rank of a vindictive, pitiless, and blind judge. Whatever else it may be, then, such an explanation strips Nature, or the mechanism by which the Deity at

once leads men into temptation and then punishes them indiscriminately for yielding to it, of all commendable moral attributes. Yet this theory is only the orthodox scheme of things with one or two ingenious variations in the reading. It involves not a whit more sophistication alike of the understanding and the moral sense, than is involved in every popular version of the western creed. Mr. Mill's rebellion against all such theories of the cosmic plan was first declared in the examination of Hamilton, and with a vehemence that startled many of his readers. That men should pay the tribute of their worship and homage and everlasting praise to a Being capable of devising and carrying out a plan so heinously immoral, filled him with rational indignation. The present essay is, on one side of it, a further expression of the same feeling, and a fuller elaboration of the grounds for it.

The severance of all association between the standards of ethics and the course of nature—and this is the main object of the essay—is intended to go far beyond a mere correction of a fallacy of common speech. Mr. Mill inherited from Turgot and Condorcet the idea of perfectibility. Though he refrained from any such extravagant specification of the kinds and degrees of human perfection as the latter of these two eminent men ventured upon, yet no other element played so important a part in his moral and social thinking as a conviction of the immense and at present inconceivable pitch to which human happiness is capable of being raised by the exertion of reason and the strengthened practice of social devotion. This is the key alike to the *Liberty*, the *Utilitarianism*, and to some of the most original chapters in the *Political Economy*. To bring this conviction of the immense improbableness both of the arrangements of society and of the character of men, into a leading place among our habitual notions and most active inspirations, it is necessary to displace the metaphysical idea of Nature as a force presiding over the destinies of humanity, and benignly shaping them to higher and more prosperous ends. To encourage men to energetic endeavour in the path of improvement, no argument is so potent as the exhibition of the improvement which their endeavour has already achieved in the long process of the ages. And this exhibition must be, what Mr. Mill has made it, a demonstration of triumphs over Nature, if we use the word to describe all that takes place spontaneously without the voluntary intervention of man, including man's own primitive impulses.

Against the Nature of theologians and metaphysicians with a moral purpose, Mr. Mill's case is abundantly made out. But a different view has come into fashion, which does not make Nature a moral force, any more than Mr. Mill allows it to be one, but yet which presents it in a way that lays bare in Mr. Mill's essay a certain philosophical inadequateness. We are told in the Introductory Notice that the essay on Nature was written between 1850 and

1858, and that the author would certainly have referred to the writings of Mr. Darwin if that illustrious man's speculations had been fully before the world when the essay was composed. It can never, I think, be sufficiently deplored that the author did not find time to give us the result of his meditations as to the effect upon his own long-settled line of thought of the theory of Evolution and its moral and sociological applications. For the conception of experience has undergone a radical change since the time of Mr. Mill's most important productivity. The Experience philosophy has established itself to an extent and over a field which, when he published the *System of Logic*—the new starting-point of that philosophy in this generation—he could hardly have thought possible for a far longer time than the process has actually taken. But in this process the fundamental idea is being revolutionised. The Experience on which the dominant philosophy is based, and to which its professors appeal, is not that mere surface of experience which lies immediately under our personal observation. It is a prolonged ascending series of experiences; or as it has been well put, not a horizontal but a transverse section of natural phenomena. Experience is that of the species, not of the individual.

The Nature of Mr. Mill's essay is partly the result of the survey of a horizontal surface. This does not interfere with the substantial truth of the conclusions to which he comes, because they follow from the Methods of Nature, and these are the same from the moral point of view whether we examine them in the light of the experience of the individual or generation, or that of the whole hierarchy of being. But the rapidity with which the Nature of science is stepping to the throne of the older Nature of theology, makes one regret that Mr. Mill did not deal with the first as well as with the second.

For there are signs of danger that the conception of Nature which seems to flow from the evolutionary theory may produce that very result upon human conduct, the result, namely, of disparaging the share of the voluntary agency of man in improving the conditions of his existence, against which it was Mr. Mill's object to place us on our guard in the present essay. There is an ancient story of a creature which had only one eye, and whose enemy was a sea-monster; it was careful then to feed with its single eye turned to the sea; and lo, there came up a monster from the land side unseen, and quickly devoured it. And while utilitarians have been doing battle against the Nature of theology and of metaphysics, there has sprung up the Nature of evolution, the great self-unfolding force of progressive development. Civilisation on the evolutionary theory is no more artificial than nature is artificial. It is a part of nature, all of a piece, as has been said, with the development of the embryo or the unfolding of a flower. The modifications which our race has undergone and still undergoes are the consequences of a law that under-



lies the whole organic creation. What becomes of man's voluntary agency in face of this?

Again, "all good customs," Mr. Mill justly says, "presuppose that there must have been individuals better than the rest who set the customs going" (p. 48). But these individuals are, in early societies at any rate, no more nor less than spontaneously presented variations of character, as independent of the voluntary agency of man as the variation of organism which ended in the development of man himself. Those who lead the way in improvement, even if we adopt the theory that they do no more than seize, concentrate, and fix progressive forces that were already working to special ends, are born with new gifts, predispositions, aptitudes,—the result of common qualities in uncommon quantity and proportion—which are what enable their possessors to do what others, their predecessors and contemporaries, could not do, or failed to discern the advantages of doing. Mr. Mill, indeed, says in one place (p. 53) that it is only through the fostering of good germs "commenced early and not counteracted by unfavourable influences, that in *some happily circumstanced specimens* of the human race, the most elevated sentiments of which humanity is capable become a second nature, stronger than the first," etc. If under the denomination of happy "circumstances" we include the conditions of internal organization, this is consistent with the theory we are discussing. But circumstances ordinarily mean with Mr. Mill, as with other writers, the external conditions, the outside medium which surrounds us. He goes on to say:—"Even those gifted organizations which have attained the like excellence by self-culture, owe it essentially to the same cause; for what self-culture would be possible without aid from the general sentiments of mankind delivered through books, and from the contemplation of exalted characters real or ideal? This artificially created or at least artificially perfected nature of the best and noblest human beings is the only nature which it is ever commendable to follow" (p. 54). It is surely difficult to think that great intellectual reformers like Socrates or Descartes, or so marvellous an imagination as Shakespeare, or so keen and singular a spirit as Voltaire, or one with such an ear for the inner spiritual voices as the writer of the *Imitatio*, were in their most distinctive part artificially created; or they were in their distinctive part any less spontaneously presented variations of the human type than those successive changes which are the origin of new species in the organic kingdom. The fact that the qualities of these rarer souls were only qualities possessed by other men enlarged or intensified, makes no difference to the argument. If it be this exaggeration of ordinary faculties which produces the extraordinary results, then that is as momentous a fact of spontaneous variation as if the results had been produced by faculties hitherto unknown.

The reconciliation of the truths in Mr. Mill's doctrine would

perhaps proceed in some such way as this. If it cannot be denied that no amount of taking thought, nor anything else short of natural intervention, will produce those variations in mental type that lead the race a distinct step forward, it still remains equally true that such variations would be thrown away and lost unless external circumstances were such as to allow of their preservation. In other words, the state of society into which these men of exceptional natural qualities are born, is as important an element in the ultimate result as the fact of such men having arisen. Again, apart from the great leaders in the march of human progress, it is the set of surrounding circumstance which determines character. The vast majority of mankind follow mechanically; they lack gifts of initiative. In proportion as they lack these, is the influence upon them of their social environment supreme. Now the modifiableness of these social conditions becomes greater as the society grows more complex. As civilisation advances, a community grows increasingly susceptible of modification, because the number of social interests is every day multiplied, and the relations of the social system within and without are more and more close and intricate. But is not this only another way of saying that the share of man in guiding his own destinies increases in proportion to the growth of civilisation? In other words, the secondary and derivative causes of social movement play an increasingly effective part. The field over which these causes operate grows wider and more varied. And the mere consciousness that this is so, that the part which he can play in assisting them, is in itself an active stimulant to intelligent and energetic exertions. Human effort is the channel through which the transforming forces are poured. Human forethought, contrivance, energy, sociability, are the indispensable conditions of the continuance of the long process of development. Even if these conditions are, as we know them to be, dependent on a long series of antecedents that were never within the control of us who are now alive, that fact of what is to us as a fatalistic origin of the impulses and circumstances does not commit us to anything like an acquiescence in fatalistic destination. The evolutionist would admit this as fully as Mr. Mill would claim it. And on the other hand, Mr. Mill's contention involves no denial of the truth that the limits of human effort are fixed at any given time by the antecedent social conditions. But all this needs to be carefully and elaborately worked out. It constitutes, as it seems to us, the most important philosophical problem of this particular time.

EDITOR.

*(To be concluded in the next Number.)*

## A FRAGMENT ON *MEASURE FOR MEASURE*.\*

IN *Measure for Measure*, as in some other of his plays, Shakspeare has remodelled an earlier and somewhat rough composition to "finer issues," suffering much to remain as the less skilful hand had left it, and not raising the whole of his work to an equal degree of intensity. Hence perhaps some of that depth and weightiness which make this play so impressive, as with the true seal of experience, like a fragment of life itself, rough and disjointed indeed, but made to yield out in places its profounder meaning. In *Measure for Measure*, in contrast with the flawless execution of *Romeo and Juliet*, Shakspeare has spent his art in just enough modification of the scheme of the earlier play to make it exponent of this purpose, adapting its terrible essential incidents, so that Coleridge found it the only painful work among Shakspeare's dramas, and leaving for the reader of to-day more than the usual number of difficult expressions; but infusing a lavish colour and a profound significance into it, so that under his touch certain select portions of it rise far above the level of all but his own best poetry, and working out of it a morality so characteristic that the play might well pass for the central expression of his moral judgments. It remains a comedy, as indeed is congruous with the bland, half-humorous equity which informs the whole composition, sinking from the heights of sorrow and terror into the rough scheme of the older piece; yet is hardly less full of what is really tragic in man's existence than if Claudio had indeed "stooped to death." Even the humorous concluding scenes have traits of special grace, retaining in less emphatic passages a stray line or word of power, as it seems, so that we watch to the end for the traces where the nobler hand has glanced along, leaving its vestiges, as if accidentally or wastefully, in the rising of the style.

The interest of *Measure for Measure* therefore is partly that of an old story told over again. We measure with curiosity that variety of resources which has enabled Shakspeare to refashion the original material with a higher motive; adding to the intricacy of the piece, yet so modifying its structure as to give the whole almost the unity of a single scene; lending, by the light of a philosophy which dwells much on the subtlety and complexity of our nature, a true human propriety to its strange and unexpected turns of feeling and character, to incidents so hard as the fall of Angelo, and the subsequent reconciliation of Isabella, so that she pleads successfully for his life. It was from Whetstone, a contemporary English writer, that Shakspeare derived the outline of Cinthio's "rare history" of *Promos*

and *Cassandra*, one of that numerous class of Italian stories, like Boccaccio's *Tancred of Salerno*, in which the mere energy of southern passion has everything its own way, and which, though they may repel many a northern reader by a certain cruelty in their colouring, seem to have been full of fascination for the Elizabethan age. This story, as it appears in Whetstone's endless comedy, is almost as rough as the roughest episode of actual criminal life. But the play seems never to have been acted, and some time after its publication Whetstone himself turned the thing into a tale, included in his *Heptameron of Civil Discourses*, where it still figures as a genuine piece, with touches of undesigned poetry, a quaint field-flower here and there of diction or sentiment, the whole strung up to an effective brevity, and with the fragrance of that admirable age of literature all about it. Here then there is something of the original Italian colour; in this narrative Shakspeare may well have caught the first glimpse of a composition with nobler proportions; and some artless sketch from his own hand, putting together his first impressions, may have insinuated itself between Whetstone's work and the play as we actually read it. Out of these insignificant sources Shakspeare's play rises, full of solemn expression, and with a profoundly designed beauty, the new body of a higher, though sometimes remote and difficult poetry, escaping from the imperfect relics of the old story, yet not wholly transformed, and even as it stands but the preparation only, we might think, of a still more imposing design. For once, we have in it a real example of that sort of writing which is sometimes described as *suggestive*, and which by the help of certain subtly calculated hints only, brings into distinct shape the reader's own half-realised imaginings. Often the quality is attributed to writing merely vague and unrealised, but in *Measure for Measure*, quite certainly, Shakspeare has directed the attention of sympathetic readers along certain channels of meditation beyond the immediate scope of his work.

*Measure for Measure*, therefore, by the quality of these higher designs, woven by his strange magic on a texture of poorer quality, is hardly less indicative than *Hamlet*, even of Shakspeare's reason, of his power of moral interpretation. It deals not, like *Hamlet*, with the problems which beset one of exceptional temperament, but with mere human nature. It brings before us a group of persons, attractive, full of desire, vessels of the genial seed-bearing powers of nature, a gaudy life flowering out over the old court and city of Vienna, a spectacle of the fulness and pride of life which to some may seem to touch the verge of wantonness. Behind this group of people, behind their various action, Shakspeare inspires in us the sense of a strong tyranny of nature and circumstances. Then what shall there be on this side of it—on our side, the spectators' side, of

this painted screen, with its puppets who are really glad or sorry all the time? what philosophy of life, what sort of equity?

Strung up to read more carefully by Shakspeare's own profounder touches, the reader will note the vivid reality, the subtle interchange of light and shade, the strongly contrasted characters of this group of persons, passing across the stage so quickly. The slightest of them is at least not ill-natured; the meanest of them can put forth a plea for existence—*Truly, sir, I am a poor fellow that would live!*—they are never sure of themselves, even in the strong tower of a cold unimpressible nature; they are capable of manly friendships and of a true dignity in danger, giving each other a sympathetic, if transitory, regret—one sorry that another “should be foolishly lost at a game of tick-tack.” Words which seem to exhaust man's deepest sentiment concerning death and life are put on the lips of a gilded, witless youth; and the saintly Isabella feels fire creep along her, kindling her tongue to eloquence at the suggestion of shame. In places the shadow deepens; death intrudes itself on the scene, as among other things “a great disguiser,” blanching the features of youth and spoiling its goodly hair, touching the fine Claudio even with its disgraceful circumstances. As in Orcagna's fresco at Pisa, it comes capriciously, giving many and long reprieves to Barnardine, who has been waiting for it nine years in prison, taking another thence by fever, another by mistake of judgment, embracing others in the midst of their music and song. The little mirror of existence, which reflects to each for a moment the stage on which he plays, is broken at last by a capricious accident: while all alike, in their yearning for untasted enjoyment, are really discounting their days, grasping so hastily and accepting so inexactly the precious pieces. The Duke's quaint but excellent moralising at the beginning of the third act does but express, like the chorus of a Greek play, the spirit of the passing incidents. To him in Shakspeare's play, to a few here and there in the actual world, this strange practical paradox of our life, so unwise in its eager haste, reveals itself in all its clearness.

The Duke disguised as a friar, with his curious moralising on life and death, and Isabella in her first mood of renunciation, a thing “ensky'd and sainted,” come with the quiet of the cloister as a relief to this lust and pride of life: like some grey monastic picture hung on the wall of a gaudy room, their presence cools the heated air of the piece. For a moment we are within the placid conventual walls, to which they fancy at first that the Duke has come as a man crossed in love, with Friar Thomas and Friar Peter, calling each other by their homely English names, or at the nunnery among the novices, with their little limited privileges, where

“If you speak you must not show your face,  
Or if you show your face you must not speak.”

Not less precious for this relief in the general structure of the piece, than for its own peculiar graces is the episode of Mariana, a creature wholly of Shakspeare's invention, told, by way of interlude, in subdued prose. The moated grange,\* with its dejected mistress, its long, listless, discontented days, where we hear only the voice of a boy broken off suddenly in the midst of one of the loveliest songs of Shakspeare, or of Shakspeare's school,<sup>1</sup> is the pleasantest of many glimpses we get here of pleasant places—the fields without the town, Angelo's garden-house, the consecrated fountain. Indirectly it has suggested two of the most perfect compositions among the poetry of our own generation. Again, it is a picture within a picture, but with fainter lines and a greyer atmosphere; we have here the same passions, the same wrongs, the same continuance of affection, the same crying out upon death, as in the nearer piece, but softened into the limits of a dreamier scene.

Of Angelo we may feel at first sight inclined to say only *guarda e passa*, or to ask whether he is indeed psychologically possible. In the old story he figures as an embodiment of pure and unmodified evil, like "Hyliogabalus of Rome or Denis of Sicyll." But the embodiment of pure evil is no proper subject of art, and Shakspeare, in the spirit of a philosophy which dwells much on the complications of outward circumstances with men's inclinations, turns into a subtle study in casuistry this incident of the austere judge fallen suddenly into utmost corruption by a momentary contact with supreme purity. But the main interest in *Measure for Measure* is not, as in *Promos and Cassandra*, in the relation of Isabella and Angelo, but rather in the relation of Claudio and Isabella.

Greek tragedy in some of its noblest products has taken for its theme the love of a sister, a sentiment unimpassioned indeed, purifying by the very spectacle of its passionlessness, but capable of a fierce and almost animal strength if informed for a moment by pity and regret. At first Isabella comes upon the scene as a tranquillising influence in it. But Shakspeare, in the development of the action, brings quite different and unexpected qualities out of her. It is his characteristic poetry to expose this cold, chastened personality, respected even by the wordly Lucio as "something ensky'd and sainted, and almost an immortal spirit," to two sharp, shameful trials, and wring out of her a fiery, revealing eloquence. Thrown into the terrible dilemma of the piece, called upon to sacrifice that cloistral whiteness to sisterly affection, become in a moment the ground of strong, contending passions, she develops a new character and shows herself suddenly a kinswoman of those strangely conceived women, like Webster's Vittoria, who unite to a seductive sweetness, something of a dangerous and tigerlike changefulness of feeling.

(1) Fletcher, in the *Bloody Brother*, gives the rest of it.

The swift, vindictive anger leaps, like a white flame, into this white spirit, and, stripped naked in a moment of all convention, she stands before us clear, detached, columnar, among the tender frailties of the piece. Cassandra, the original of Isabella in Whetstone's tale, with the purpose of the Roman Lucretia in her mind, yields sweetly enough to the conditions of her brother's safety ; and to the lighter reader of Shakspeare there may seem something harshly conceived, or psychologically impossible even, in the suddenness of the change wrought in her, as Claudio welcomes for a moment the chance of life through her compliance with Angelo's will, and he may have a sense here of flagging skill, as in words less finely handled than in the preceding scene. The play, though still not without traces of nobler handiwork, sinks down, as we know, at last into almost homely comedy, and it might be supposed that just here the grander manner deserted it. But the skill with which Isabella plays upon Claudio's well-recognised sense of honour, and endeavours through that to insure him beforehand from the acceptance of life on baser terms, indicates no coming laxity of hand just in this place. It was rather that there rose in Shakspeare's conception, as there may for the reader, as there certainly would in any good acting of the part, something of that terror, the seeking for which is one of the notes of romanticism in Shakspeare and his circle. The stream of ardent natural affection, poured as sudden hatred upon the youth condemned to die, adds an additional note of expression to the horror of the prison where so much of the scene takes place. It is not here only that Shakspeare has conceived of such extreme anger and pity as putting a sort of genius into simple women, so that their lips "drop eloquence," and their intuitions interpret that which is often too hard or fine for manlier reason ; and it is Isabella with her grand imaginative diction, and that poetry laid upon the "prone and speechless dialect" there is in mere youth itself, who gives utterance to the equity, the finer judgments of the piece on men and things.

Behind this group with its subtle lights and shades, its poetry, its impressive contrasts, Shakspeare conveys to us a strong sense of the tyranny of nature and circumstances over human action. The most powerful expressions of this side of experience might be found here. The bloodless impassible temperament does but wait for its opportunity, for the almost accidental coherence of time with place, and place with wishing, to annul its long and patient discipline, and become in a moment the very opposite of that which in ordinary circumstances it seemed to be, even to itself. The mere resolute self-assertion of the blood brings to others special temptations, temptations which, as defects or overgrowths, lie in the very qualities which make them otherwise imposing or attractive ; the very advantage of men's gifts of intellect or sentiment being dependent on a

balance in their use so subtle that men hardly maintain it always. Something also must be conceded to influences merely physical, to the complexion of the heavens, the skyey influences, shifting as the stars shift; as something also to the mere caprice of men exercised over each other in the dispensations of social or political order, to the chance which makes the life or death of Claudio dependent on Angelo's will.

The many veins of thought which make the poetry of this play so weighty and impressive unite in the image of Claudio, a flowerlike young man, whom, prompted by a few hints from Shakspeare, the imagination easily clothes with all the bravery of youth, as he crosses the stage before us on his way to death, coming so hastily to the end of his pilgrimage. Set in the horrible blackness of the prison, with its various forms of unsightly death, this flower seems the braver. Fallen by "prompture of the blood," the victim of a suddenly revived law against the common fault of youth like his, he finds his life forfeited as if by the chance of a lottery. With that instinctive clinging to life, which breaks through the subtlest casuistries of monk or sage apologising for an early death, he welcomes for a moment the chance of life through his sister's shame, yet recoiling hardly less from the notion of perpetual imprisonment so repulsive to the buoyant energy of youth. Familiarised by the words of friends and indifferent alike, to the thought of death, he becomes gentle and subdued indeed, yet more perhaps through pride than real resignation, and would go down to darkness at last hard and unblinded. Called upon suddenly to encounter his fate, looking with keen and resolute profile straight before him, he gives utterance to some of the central truths of human feeling, the sincere, concentrated expression of the recoiling flesh. Thoughts as profound and poetical as Hamlet's arise in him; and but for the accidental arrest of sentence he would go down into the dust, a mere gilded, idle flower of youth indeed, but with what are perhaps the most eloquent of all Shakspeare's words upon his lips.

As Shakspeare in *Measure for Measure* has refashioned, after a nobler pattern, materials already at hand, so that the relics of other men's poetry are incorporated into his perfect work, so traces of the old "morality," that early form of dramatic composition which had for its function the inculcating of some moral theme, survive in it also, and give it a peculiar ethical interest. This ethical interest, though it can escape no attentive reader, yet in accordance with that artistic law which demands the predominance of form everywhere over the mere matter or subject handled, is not to be wholly separated from the special circumstances, necessities, embarrassments of these particular dramatic persons. The old "moralities" exemplified most often some rough and ready lesson. Here the very



intricacy and subtlety of the moral world itself, the difficulty of seizing the true relations of so complex a material, the difficulty of just judgment, of judgment that shall not be unjust, are the lessons conveyed. Even in Whetstone's old story this peculiar vein of moralising comes to the surface; even there, we notice the tendency to dwell on mixed motives, the contending issues of action, the presence of virtues and vices alike in unexpected places, on "the hard choice of two evils," on the "imprisoning" of men's "real intents." *Measure for Measure* is full of expressions drawn from a profound experience of these casuistries, and that ethical interest becomes predominant in it; it is no longer *Promos and Cassandra*, but *Measure for Measure*, its new name expressly suggesting the subject of poetical justice. The action of the play, like the action of life itself for the keener observer, develops in us the conception and the yearning to realise this poetical justice, the true justice of which Angelo knows nothing, because it lies for the most part beyond the limits of any acknowledged law. The idea of justice involves the idea of rights. But at bottom rights are equivalent to that which really is; and the recognition of its rights therefore, the justice it requires of our hands, or our thoughts, is the recognition of that which the person or the thing, in its inmost nature, really is; and as sympathy alone can discover that which really is in matters of feeling and thought, true justice is in its essence a finer knowledge through love.

" 'Tis very pregnant:

The jewel that we find we stoop and take it,  
Because we see it: but what we do not see  
We tread upon, and never think of it."

It is for this finer justice, a justice based on a more delicate appreciation of the true conditions of men and things, a true respect of persons in our estimate of actions, that the people in *Measure for Measure* cry out as they pass before us; and as the poetry of this play is full of the peculiarities of Shakspeare's poetry, so in its ethics it is an epitome of Shakspeare's moral judgments. They are the moral judgments of an observer, of one who sits as a spectator, and knows how the threads in the design before him hold together under the surface; they are the judgments of the humorist also, who follows with a half-amused but always pitiful sympathy, the various ways of human disposition, and sees less distance than ordinary men between what are called respectively great and little things. It is not always that poetry can be the exponent of morality; but it is this aspect of morals which it represents most naturally, for this true justice is dependent on just those finer appreciations which poetry cultivates in us the power of making, those peculiar valuations of action and its effect which poetry actually requires.

WALTER H. PATER.

## IN MEMORY OF BARRY CORNWALL.

(OCTOBER 4, 1874.)

### I.

In the garden of death, where the singers whose names are deathless  
One with another make music unheard of men,  
Where the dead sweet roses fade not of lips long breathless,  
And the fair eyes shine that shall weep not or change again,  
Who comes now crowned with the blossom of snow-white years?  
What music is this that the world of the dead men hears?

### II.

Beloved of men, whose words on our lips were honey,  
Whose name in our ears and our fathers' ears was sweet,  
Like summer gone forth of the land his songs made sunny,  
To the beautiful veiled bright world where the glad ghosts meet,  
Child with father, and bridegroom with bride, and anguish with rest,  
No soul shall pass of a singer than this more blest.

### III.

Blest for the years' sweet sake that were filled and brightened;  
As a forest with birds, with the fruit and the flower of his song,  
For the souls' sake blest that heard, and their cares were lightened,  
For the hearts' sake blest that have fostered his name so long,  
By the living and dead lips blest that have loved his name,  
And clothed with their praise and crowned with their love for fame.

### IV.

Ah, fair and fragrant his fame as flowers that close not,  
That shrink not by day for heat or for cold by night,  
As a thought in the heart shall increase when the heart's self knows  
not,  
Shall endure in our ears as a sound, in our eyes as a light;  
Shall wax with the years that wane and the seasons' chime,  
As a white rose thornless that grows in the garden of time.

## V.

The same year calls, and one goes hence with another,  
And men sit sad that were glad for their sweet songs' sake ;  
The same year beckons, and elder with younger brother  
Takes mutely the cup from his hand that we all shall take.  
They pass ere the leaves be past or the snows be come ;  
And the birds are loud, but the lips that outsang them dumb.

## VI.

Time takes them home that we loved, fair names and famous,  
To the soft long sleep, to the broad sweet bosom of death ;  
But the flower of their souls he shall take not away to shame us,  
Nor the lips lack song for ever that now lack breath.  
For with us shall the music and perfume that die not dwell,  
Though the dead to our dead bid welcome, and we farewell.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## A RECENT CONTRIBUTION TO POLITICAL ECONOMY.<sup>1</sup>

IN the advanced condition in which we have received Political Economy from the hands of J. S. Mill, there is still scope in three directions for further development and elaboration. First; the relations of Political Economy to other branches of Social Science and to Morality need to be more carefully investigated and formulated. A knowledge of the relations of Political Economy to the rest of Social Science will alone enable us to get a clear conception of its province, or protect us against taking the solution of social problems furnished by economic reasoning as complete, in cases where it, in truth, only supplies one element of the solution. Similarly, it is important that the true relation of Political Economy to Morality—the room which is left for the latter in conducting the production and exchange of wealth—be rightly apprehended. For Political Economy is very generally supposed to prove that moral considerations have nothing to do with the production and exchange of wealth, which are governed by, and best left to the operation of, forsooth, self-acting laws; whereas, in fact, it may be used as a scientific calculus, by the aid of which the philanthropist may choose the most effective means for securing the happiness of mankind, and all men judge the effects of their own actions and have their consciences educated to a finer sense of social duty. Secondly; independent thought may be employed in applying the principles of Political Economy to solve pressing industrial questions, and to interpret striking industrial phenomena, as they arise. This is a field for the labours of economists which will, of course, always remain open. Lastly; though all the great laws of the production and exchange of wealth had been discovered by Adam Smith, Malthus and Ricardo, and their explanations embodied and improved by Mill in his “Principles of Political Economy,” there are still in that work some rather serious inconsistencies of language and deficiencies of exposition.

It has not fallen within the aims of Professor Cairnes, in his recently published book, to deal with any of the questions belonging to the first of the three classes which I have just mentioned. But in both the others he has rendered very valuable service. He devotes considerable space to two prominent present-day questions—the trade and the protective policy of the United States, and the disputes between capital and labour. In his treatment of the former of these,

(1) “Some Leading Principles of Political Economy newly examined.” By J. E. Cairnes. (London: Macmillan. 1874.)

where the subject naturally recalls to us Adam Smith's great work, we are also very pleasantly reminded of the skill in exposing the fallacies of opponents, and the power of illuminating large and complex collections of facts by economic principles, which make that first master so fascinating. As for Professor Cairnes's views on the capital and labour question, to examine them is the main object of this paper. But before I do so, I will briefly notice some of his improvements in the exposition of the laws of Political Economy. To refer to all of these would be impossible, because, as any one would expect who is acquainted with his previous writings, he cannot touch any part of the subject without its acquiring clearness and compactness in his statement, from his logical mind, lucid style, and felicity in illustration. I can only mention some of the most important.

Very many of those who talk wisely about supply and demand as determining price, do not get beyond stating identical propositions, or at best beyond assertions the gist of which is, that the whole is equal to the sum of its parts. Mr. Mill, of course, rose far above this, but even his explanation of this fundamental portion of the science is not at all complete and satisfactory. In his section on Demand and Supply, as determining the value of commodities limited in quantity,<sup>1</sup> under which case the law of all market values falls, the reader will see that he assumes supply to be fixed, and shows how demand will accommodate itself to it, so that at the price at which the transaction takes place the demand and the supply will be equal. But we still want to know what the agency is by which supply is fixed. It is only the supply *offered* which equals the demand, and we ask, what is it determines the supply offered? I think many teachers of Political Economy must, in using Mill's "Principles" as a text-book, have pointed out the deficiency, and endeavoured to complete the theory; but, so far as I know, Professor Cairnes's is the first complete explanation which has been published. In his chapter on Market Value, he traces back the phenomena to their ultimate cause in the motives which actuate human wills, and unfolds the meaning latent in such phrases as the price (actually asked or given) is "too high" or "too low," or "what it ought to be,"—which are current among traders. Another improvement in exposition of Professor Cairnes's is the prominence which he gives to the fact that there exist non-competing industrial groups, even within a country, the commodities produced by which have their normal rate of exchange determined by reciprocal demand, like those exchanged in international trade have, and not by relative cost of production. In thus putting before us reciprocal demand and cost of production as laws of normal value, which are of co-ordinate importance, even

\* Bk. iii. c. ii. § 4.

in domestic trade, because competition is not effective between different classes of producers, he gives us, probably, a juster representation of the realities of commerce than we get if, following Mr. Mill, we assume effective competition to prevail within a single country, and regard exchange according to cost of production as the main law of normal values in domestic trade, reserving "wages fixed by custom" to be treated as an exception merely. Once more, Professor Cairnes justly finds fault with the commonly given analysis of cost of production. To measure cost of production by wages and profits is to confound the sacrifice which man makes of labour and abstinence with the remuneration of that sacrifice which nature yields, and which may be indefinitely various. Moreover, even those economists who analyse cost into wages and profits silently abandon their measure, and are compelled to do so, when they come to treat of international values. For, as a little reflection or a reference to Professor Cairnes's pages will show, if wages and profits constitute cost, all commodities exchange with one another according to cost of production, and not only those between the producers of which competition is effective. Now, probably all intelligent students have, in reading J. S. Mill's or other works on Political Economy, perceived and borne in mind that relative cost of production can only be measured by wages and profits where there is effective competition, and also the reason of this, namely, that the remuneration of cost being then proportionate to cost in the case of each of the sets of commodities compared, it may be taken as equivalent to cost for measuring purposes. Still, if the object of Professor Cairnes's alteration in the statement of the constituent elements of cost were only to remove the inconsistency of language, it would be an important one: important both on account of the mental training involved in accuracy of expression, and also because in such a science as Political Economy, where we have no new technical language to employ as our instrument, the progress of the science itself is dependent on our using as precisely as possible the terms which we borrow from the language of every-day life. But, in fact, he has, in the present instance, a graver reason. The habit of measuring cost by wages and profits has fostered dangerously erroneous views of some important questions, not perhaps in the minds of scientific economists, but among some influential commercial and political circles.

"It is probable that in a large portion of the trade carried on between the United States and Europe, the advantage of production in respect to the staples on both sides lies with the United States; but this fact is kept out of sight through the misty conception ordinarily prevailing as to the nature of cost of production. Thus, in comparing the costs of production of different commodities in, say, this country and the United States, people allow their thoughts to run off on questions of comparative wages and profits; and finding

wages and profits higher in the United States than here, they are apt to jump to the conclusion that this is evidence of a higher cost of production in the former country. In truth, so far as wages and profits are indications of cost of production at all—a point to which I shall hereafter recur—high wages and profits are indications of a low cost of production, since they are indications—being, in fact, the direct results—of high industrial productiveness; and accordingly, if wages and profits are higher in the United States, it is because those things in which wages and profits consist are more easily obtained—that is to say, are obtained at less cost—there than here. ‘The prevailing theory, which makes cost of production consist in wages and profits, has thus thrown a dense haze over the working of the principle on which the interchange of commodities between different nations is carried on. Indeed, as I shall hereafter show, the doctrine in question is answerable for some of the most plausible fallacies of the Protectionist school. For the moment, however, I am merely concerned to point out how this erroneous notion of cost tends to conceal the true nature of no small portion of the trade of the world.’ (Part III., c. 1. p. 380.)

I must also extract a few sentences from an earlier part of the book. I wish I had space for the whole passage in which they occur, pp. 53 to 60. After quoting a passage from Mr. Brassey, in which even that large-minded writer endorses an opinion that the high price of English labour “neutralises the advantages we derive from our great facilities in the proximity of our iron-mines to our coal-beds,” Professor Cairnes proceeds:—

“Now, I ask, what inversion of the true relations of things can be more complete than to represent high-priced labour as an obstacle to production in the same sense in which the proximity of our coal-beds to our iron-mines constitutes a facility? Dear labour neutralising the advantages of our coal-beds and iron-mines! As well speak of the large fees reaped by a successful barrister as neutralising the advantage of his skill; for not more certainly are the large fees the consequence of the barrister’s legal skill, than the high wages of our artisans are the consequence of the industrial advantages under which they work. Now what is the explanation of this singular confusion of thought and perversion of facts? Obviously this: the whole problem of industry is looked at exclusively from the capitalist’s point of view. ‘The advantages we derive’ from our coal-beds and iron-mines are the advantages which capitalists derive from them. ‘British trade’ means capitalists’ profits; and as the only cost taken account of in production is the capitalists’ cost, so naturally the capitalists’ remuneration is the only remuneration thought worth attending to. Hence high wages are represented as ‘neutralising’ industrial advantages, as if nothing were gained which did not come to the capitalists’ maw; and the liberal remuneration of the working people is deplored as a national calamity, because it sets limits to the capitalists’ share in the produce of their joint exertions.”

In fact, labour in England cannot but be “dear.” Owing to the exceptional industrial advantages of the country, if labour was not “dearer” here than on the continent, profits would be enormously high, and the competition of capital would quickly of itself raise wages. Meanwhile, it is a consoling reflection that, though the workpeople have so little visible connection with the soil, they do get a share of the national inheritance put into their hands through the operation of economic forces; and this should be acknowledged.

From the last point the transition is natural and easy to the consideration of Professor Cairnes's treatment of the "Wages-fund Theory." Here again we have to do with the logical exposition of one of the fundamental laws of the science; but one, the practical bearing of which upon the most deeply interesting questions within the whole range of economic inquiry, is obvious. We shall be led on by it, as Professor Cairnes is, to the discussion of the relations of capital and labour, and especially of the aims of trades unionism. This whole portion of Professor Cairnes's book will perhaps not be acceptable to trades unionists; and I myself, it will be seen, though I agree substantially with him with regard to the "wages-fund theory," which is so distasteful to workmen, differ from him with respect to his practical estimate of trades union action. But of the perfect impartiality with which he writes—the true impartiality of science, which is at the same time so congenial to a brave and honest mind like his—there can be no doubt. Any working-man might be referred to such a passage as I have just quoted, on cost of production, and to others, to prove, what is apparent in the general tone of all that Professor Cairnes writes, that he is perfectly unbiassed in his reasonings, and that, for his desires, he has sincerely at heart the welfare of the labouring classes. I wish those who abuse Political Economy from the working-man's standpoint, would pause to take their ideas of it from the scientific treatises on the subject, instead of from the political economy which is talked on platforms or in editorials. They would find that, by the aid of the standard authors, they could often turn against their opponents the weapons used against themselves. And even in cases where they thought they saw cause to differ from the standard exposition of the science, they would express themselves with respect instead of contempt, for its professors and students.

The attack made by Mr. Thornton upon the theory that price is determined by supply and demand and upon the "wages-fund theory," in his book "On Labour," and the review of Mr. Thornton's work by Mill, in the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, in which he surrendered unconditionally to Mr. Thornton with regard to the wages-fund, will be remembered. It is an important episode in the history of economic speculation; and it naturally furnishes Professor Cairnes with a *point de départ* in taking up the subject of the "wages-fund." He shows with his usual clearness and force how Mr. Thornton had misconceived of the theory, as it is held at least by scientific economists. He had misconceived the nature of the "determinateness" ascribed to the wages-fund.

"What then," asks Professor Cairnes, "is the answer to Mr. Thornton?"



Why, I take it this: that his reasoning from beginning to end proceeds upon a radically erroneous conception of the nature of an economic law—of what is meant by ‘predetermination’ and ‘limitation’ in the sphere of economic action. A ‘law’ in Political Economy does not mean either legal coercion or physical compulsion, or yet moral obligation; nor does the ‘determination’ expressed in an economic law mean the necessary realisation of certain results independently of the human will. What an economic law asserts is, not that men must do so and so whether they like it or not, but that in given circumstances they will like to do so and so; that their self-interest or other feelings will lead them to this result. The predetermination in question is of that sort which leads a hungry man to eat his dinner, or an honest man to pay his debts, and depends for its fulfilment not upon external compulsion of any sort, but upon the influence of certain inducements on the will, our knowledge of which enables us to say how in given circumstances a man will act. It is in this sense that, speaking for myself, I understand the ‘predetermination’ of a certain portion of the wealth of a country to the payment of wages. I believe that, in the existing state of the national wealth, the character of Englishmen being what it is, a certain prospect of profit will ‘determine’ a certain proportion of this wealth to productive investment; that the amount thus determined will increase as the field for investment is extended, and that it will not increase beyond what this field can find employment for at that rate of profit which satisfies English commercial expectation. Further, I believe that, investment thus taking place, the form which it shall assume will be ‘determined’ by the nature of the national industries—‘determined’ not under acts of Parliament, or in virtue of any physical law, but through the influence of the investor’s interests; while this, the form of the investment, will again determine the proportion of the whole capital which shall be paid as wages to labourers.” (Part II., c. 1. p. 216.)

As one turns once again to Mill’s review of Thornton, one can only suppose, bold as it appears to do so, that in the interval between writing his “Principles of Political Economy” and that review, he had, while engaged on other studies, forgotten the true conception of the wages-fund theory, and the reasoning by which it is established. All the propositions which form the argument for the wages-fund theory are to be found in Mill’s “Principles,” though, it is true, as *disjecta membra*. What he says in the chapter “Of Wages,” really only amounts to a lucid statement of the problem. For his remarks on the “Minimum of Profits,” and the “Field for Employment of Capital,” and the “Tendency of Profits to the Minimum,” we have to look to a later division of the book. Professor Cairnes, however, has brought the parts together, and exhibited the whole theory in a very masterly manner. He has, as we have seen, the clearest possible comprehension of the nature of the “law” to be proved;—indeed, he carries this clear comprehension of the nature of economic laws always with him throughout his speculations;—and he displays in the construction of the proof the logical skill for which he is also distinguished. He is forced to the conclusion that in an old country, where accumulation of capital has long been running a neck-and-neck race with improvements in the arts of production and growth of population, the “permanent rate of average wages”

cannot, either by trades union action or through any other agency, be raised above the present level. And he therefore believes that the condition of the working classes can be solidly improved only through their acquiring capital to supply the deficiency of wages; and that it is most important all their friends should grasp this truth, in order that their efforts may be directed into the best channel, namely, to providing facilities for the profitable investment of small savings.

There are two or three consequences of the wages-fund theory, to which it may be worth while for me to draw attention. First, the permanent rate<sup>1</sup> of average wages cannot be altered by diminution of population. For the number of the population has nothing to do with the minimum return upon his outlay which will content the capitalist; and with the contraction of population the field for investment contracts also. Such expressions, therefore, as the following in Mill's "Principles" are misleading: "Wages depend upon the relative amount of capital and population."<sup>2</sup> . . . "It is not the absolute amount of accumulation or of production, that is of importance to the labouring classes; it is not the amount even of the funds destined for distribution among the labourers; it is the proportion between those funds and the numbers among whom they are shared. The condition of the class can be bettered in no other way than by altering that proportion to their advantage."<sup>3</sup> Doubtless, wages are temporarily and locally affected by demand and supply, by the proportion of capital and labour; and therefore it is most important for the labourer's sake that there should be no temporary or local congestion of population; but Mr. Mill seems to mean something more than this. Also restriction of population will secure the cheapness of agricultural produce; but not only is this an advantage of a kind quite different from a high rate of wages, it also depends on the proportion of population, not to capital, but to the fertility of the country. It is true, in an early stage of industry when population is superabundant as compared with capital seeking investment, wages are low and profits high, and the competition of capital-holders will raise wages till the minimum rate of profits has been reached; and the restriction of population will hasten the result. But when, as is assumed, the minimum rate of profit has been reached, it *has* been reached; and though each extension of the

(1) I have throughout employed the expression "rate of wages" to express the proportion of the produce which falls to the labourer's share, just as by "rate of profit" we mean the proportion of the produce which falls to the capitalist. Professor Cairnes uses the term "rate of wages" sometimes to denote "real value of wages." It seems to me this is throwing away a word which we want to express an important distinction. For we should keep distinct the changes in the labourer's position as he is a producer, and as he is a consumer.

(2) Bk. ii. c. xi. § 1.

(3) Bk. ii. c. xi. § 3.

field for investment, through improvements in the arts or through increase of population, will give scope for more capital to accumulate, the accumulation can only go on up to these new bounds, and no alteration can take place in the rates of profits and wages.

Again; a good deal that is commonly said about unproductive consumption is inconsistent with the wages-fund theory. For, if average men will not invest for less than a certain profit, and as much capital is at any time invested as can be on condition of bringing in this profit, what boots putting a kind of stigma on unproductive consumption, and exhorting men to change from unproductive to productive? If some did make this change, other capital would before long be withdrawn. The point of importance is, not that the present unproductive consumption should be diminished, but that men's moral character and tastes should be so refined, that their unproductive consumption will be of a kind truly beneficial both to themselves and to society. Once more: we get from the wages-fund theory clear ideas with regard to the ultimate effect upon the rate of wages of the introduction of machinery. It can have no ultimate effect upon the rate of wages. Each new invention simply extends the field for investment. Labour may at first, in consequence, be superabundant, profits high and wages low; but capital will accumulate till profits are at the old rate, and all the labourers, consequently, again employed at the old rate of wages.

I have drawn these few inferences from the wages-fund theory which may help to remove lingering inconsistencies with the logical conception and demonstration of it. But I have now to observe that some uncertainty still hangs over one of its premises. Is it, in fact, a minimum *rate* of profit, or a minimum *real value* of profits, less than which will not induce capitalists to invest? Supposing them to have been expending their whole profits as income, will they, as commodities, especially luxuries, are cheapened by the progress of invention, and it becomes possible to maintain the same style of living as before on less than their total profits, lay by this surplus, and seeking to invest it, compete with one another till by degrees they have brought down the rate of profit to such a point that the real value of their total returns is no greater than before? Or will they raise their style of living, because they do not choose to incur the risk and sacrifice involved in investment for less than the former *ratio of return* upon their outlay? It is said that real value of wages is what is made a fixed point of by the labouring classes; they increase their numbers till, whatever may be the rate of wages, it will, owing to increased dearness of food, only enable them to live at a certain minimum standard of comfort. Are capitalists made in such an entirely different mould, that only

*ratio of return*, and not *real value*, is operative upon their wills? The point is all-important. For if it were a minimum *real value* of profits which set the limit to the amount of capital which is invested, the whole ultimate advantage of every improvement in production would pass over to the labourers. Capitalists wishing to invest what, without changing for the worse their mode of living, they could spare from their incomes, would by competing for labour raise the rate of wages; while the real value of wages would also be greater than before, except in so far as this result might be prevented by the growth of population. But if the limit is set by a minimum *rate* of profit, no permanent change, as we have seen, can take place in the proportion of the whole produce which falls to the labourer, however its real value may alter. Professor Cairnes assumes, as I believe other economists have done, that the capitalist's mind is determined solely by *rate* of profit; and there are many reasons for thinking that this is the main consideration to be taken account of. Still, it seems to me likely that the other kind of motive may have influence at least to a limited extent, and a slight reduction of the rate of profits be consequently possible if their *real value* increases. If so, the inferences from the wages-fund theory will likewise need to be modified; and we may venture to hope that at least a slight benefit from the progress of invention may reach the labouring classes, in addition to that which they get in so far as they are consumers of cheapened commodities. However, what I am about to say with regard to trades union action is quite independent of the issue which I have just raised.

The language of Professor Cairnes with regard to trades unions is on the whole depreciatory; but there is one field for their action which he allows to be perfectly legitimate—namely, raising wages when and where profits are for a time exceptionally high. This is the principal field for it to which I should myself point; and my chief difference with Professor Cairnes is, that he does not seem to me to estimate its importance highly enough. The correctness also of such expressions as the following I think very doubtful:—"An increased demand for labour would sooner or later spring up, and ultimately an advance of wages to as high a point as the actual state of things permitted."<sup>1</sup> . . . "The utmost power which I am disposed to concede to trades unions over wages, where they seek their ends by compelling a positive increase of investment, is that of accelerating an advance already, so to speak, in the air, and which would come in the end without their intervention."<sup>2</sup>

We have already seen that in an old country where profits have reached their minimum, no rise of profits can be more than temporary. But through temporary high profits, duly taken advantage

of, not a few capitalists who began life in a very small way have become millionaires; and all the capital-holders in some branches of trade have increased their property to many times its original amount. And so also through temporary high wages, accompanied by saving, whole classes of workmen might be raised from the rank of day-labourers to that of co-operative producers. Now Professor Cairnes rightly points to co-operative production as the great hope for the elevation of the working classes. But he does not lay sufficient stress upon one important means for obtaining the wherewithal. The time when wages may be high is the time for the transition to be made; and seeing that the rise of wages cannot be maintained continuously, it is of first-rate importance to get it as soon as possible. If the rise which, it is said, would ultimately come through the natural operation of demand for labour, were to be a permanent one, the loss involved in delay would be small in comparison with the subsequent gain. But as the case really stands, delay may mean the loss of a half or two-thirds, or more, of the whole advantage. In fact, no advantage comes to the labouring classes considered as a whole through that demand for labour to which the ordinary motives give rise; whether even the partial advantage will come by that means is uncertain; and also it is not correct to speak of the rise of wages early obtained out of the margin of high profits by trades union action, as if it were the same kind of advantage as might afterwards come of itself.

The capital which rushes in to demand labour in a trade where profits are for the time high, and so raises the wages of the workmen in that trade, has been withdrawn from some other trade, where consequently a fall must ensue. It has been taken directly from the employment of labour, or it has been itself thrown out of employment through some improvement in the arts, which has cheapened production, and at the same time thrown labourers out of work, or it is no longer to be expended upon the luxuries produced by some class of workmen. Take an instance of that kind which has impressed so deeply upon Mr. Brassey the power of demand for labour to raise wages. A railway is to be made through a district; a large quantity of capital is consequently introduced into it demanding labourers; and the rate of wages throughout the district is raised. But where did that imported capital come from? It must have come from the support of labour elsewhere. And what has been the consequence of the rise of wages which the farmers and others in the district have, owing to the competition of the railway-makers, been compelled to give? Why, that in order to recoup themselves, they have charged more for their commodities, so that their customers have refrained from buying some other commodities, upon the producers of which the loss has fallen. The utmost that

the ordinary motives of desire for gain will do, is to cause temporary rises in wages, corresponding to every one of which there are falls in other trades; and to lead to the occupation of the new field for investment created by an improvement in the arts, when the labourers who at first were injured by that improvement will be, either in their former or in some other branch of trade, re-employed.

In order to get a clear idea of these changes, which as civilisation progresses are continually taking place, with the greatest commixture of causes and effects, let us trace one by itself a little in detail. And since an improvement in the processes of production somewhere or other must have been in most cases, even in that of increased foreign demand, the origin of the extension of field for investment, let us begin with the effects on that trade where the improvement has taken place. The capitalist can now produce his commodities at far less cost than before. He may either sell them in the old limited quantity at the old price, turning off the superfluous workmen, or he may create a larger demand for the commodity, by lowering the price somewhat, though not at once to the full extent to which it might now be lowered, and to which it will ultimately fall, through the competition of other capitalists, if he does not anticipate them. Which course is adopted will depend on the nature of the commodity. For, on the other side, consumers may be willing to take either an amount exactly proportioned to the greater ultimate cheapness, or less than that amount, or more than that amount. If they take an amount exactly proportioned to the greater ultimate cheapness, the whole number of labourers will be employed, on the same terms as before, in conjunction with the new machines; nor will they (the consumers) have, when once they are getting this commodity at its ultimate cheap rate, to retrench in other directions. Or, again, the consumers may take less than the proportionate amount. They will then spend more on something else, and raise profits, and perhaps wages, in that other trade; while in the trade where improvement in methods of production originally took place, the labourers will be injured. Lastly, the consumers may take more than the proportionate amount of the cheapened commodity. Then the labourers in that trade will very possibly be benefited, through the competition of capitalists for workmen in order to extend their operations; while workmen who produce the commodities for which demand is now diminishing have to suffer a fall of wages.

Thus, in each case, advantage to one is counterbalanced by disadvantage to some one else. Moreover, as I have indicated, it is *doubtful* whether the workmen, even in the prosperous trade, will reap any advantage at all, or how far they will. This depends on the degree to which the individual capitalists in the prosperous trade

are protected from the competition of each other and of outsiders. They always are, through being already in possession of their own trade, protected to some extent. On the other hand, it is true, the loss in the failing trade may sometimes fall on profits as well as on wages, and in fact it does. Yet both in seizing upon a gain, and protecting themselves against a loss, workmen not in union are at a disadvantage as compared with their employers, for those reasons, to have illustrated and enforced which so ably is the chief merit of Mr. Thornton's book "On Labour"—namely, because there are far greater obstacles to the workman's removing his labour to other employments than to the capitalist's removing his capital; and also because of the perishable character of the commodity, labour, for it perishes bit by bit as the moments of delay in selling it fly past. Union puts the labourers on a footing of equality with their employers for bargaining.

But further, I said that when trades union action succeeds in obtaining a rise of wages out of the margin of exceptionally high profits, it cannot be correctly regarded as obtaining merely an earlier and larger advantage of the same kind as that smaller one which would later come through demand for labour. For while every advantage that comes to any portion of the labouring class through ordinary demand for labour is accompanied by a disadvantage to some other portion of the same class, the advantage gained by the immediate rise of wages due to trades union action, when profits are high, is at the expense of the capitalist, and does not necessarily entail any loss upon other workmen. If the workmen themselves invested what they so obtained, as we hope they will do more and more, everything would remain as before with regard to the employment of labour, *but members of the working classes would be the owners of the new capital.* At any rate, if the rise of wages does not exceed what would otherwise have been expended in increased unproductive consumption by their masters, there is no change, *except as to the persons who enjoy.* And even if the workmen expend unproductively what their masters would have invested, and so impede the full occupation of the extended field for investment and re-employment of all workmen, it is probable that little or no harm is done, if, at least, as we are told, accumulation of capital always rapidly fills up any space that is given it.

I pass on to the second head of Professor Cairnes's examination into the policy of trades unions—their regulations for restricting the number of apprentices. Professor Cairnes endorses, without qualification of any kind, the condemnation which is passed upon this part of their action by economists, capitalists, and the middle and upper class public generally. Yet even in the face of this formidable array of contrary opinion, I must venture to express some

dissent. I dare say the manner in which trades unions have attempted to restrict the number of apprentices may often perhaps, nay probably most often, have been selfish and short-sighted, and deserving of the strong condemnation which is passed upon it. But a salutary regulation of the number of apprentices in particular trades is at least conceivable; and some restriction—a restriction not injurious to the working classes generally—appears to me to be, for the interests of the particular workmen, necessary. For while it is the interest of the workmen in any trade to keep their numbers down as much as possible, it is the interest of the capitalist—I appeal, in proof of the assertion, to the common language of capitalists—to increase the number of workmen in his own trade and neighbourhood as much as possible, both in order that “labour” may be “cheap,” and also that he may be able to take full advantage of any sudden and exceptional opportunities for extending his trade which fluctuations in the market may offer. And when we consider how self-interest is earnestly believed and unblushingly professed to be a sufficient motive for men’s actions in trade, I do not think we can rely on the average capitalist’s not unduly increasing the number of his apprentices, if the opportunity of doing so offered itself. Nor, it seems to me, can we trust what should perhaps be the sufficient safeguard against this evil—the prudence of youths, or parents for their sons, among the labouring classes, in choosing their trades. They might easily be induced by baits which it would be worth the while of capitalists to offer, to enter trades which had already their complement. The due number of apprentices in a trade is that which will maintain the trade at its normal activity, and provide for any permanent extensions of which it is certainly susceptible. Provided, therefore, the unions do not restrict the number of apprentices beyond this point, they do only what is right for themselves (including the apprentices and would-be apprentices), and not unfair to the working classes generally.

The last point in trades union action to which Professor Cairnes alludes is the attempt to “make work,” by forcing the employment of clumsier methods of production, compelling the use of more than the necessary number of men, &c. Of course I have not a word to say for the trades unionists who are guilty of this. Such practices are, I believe, confined to the most local, least reputable unions. I wish, however, that leading trades unionists would more courageously exert their influence to stop the stupid and wicked practices in question, by denouncing them in very plain terms.

There remains one aim which unquestionably trades unionist leaders are entertaining, but which I am surprised to find entirely passed over by Professor Cairnes. I mean their intention to attempt to regulate the supply of the commodities which they produce. To



regulate, mind, not permanently to restrict, supply. This is an all-important distinction, which is liable to be missed. A report appeared in the *Times* of February 25, of a speech of Mr. Alexander Macdonald's to miners' delegates at Glasgow, the gist of which evidently was that he considered that it was important for them, *in the then falling state of the market, which was already overstocked with coal*, not to suffer the glut to be increased by going on working for as many hours in the day, or as many days in the week, as before. The next day came a leading article on the subject, breathing throughout the idea that the miners were attempting to establish a monopoly, and addressing to them all the time-honoured and very true, but entirely inapplicable, commonplaces about free-trade. The fact is the working-men have come to perceive that all those irregularities in trade—from the very general over-production which is at the root of a commercial crisis, down to a glut of one particular commodity—which are so injurious to the community at large, cause to them especially most acute suffering. And they are determined to try at least to mitigate this by checking the increase of supply in a falling market. The following sentences from an article by Mr. Lloyd Jones, in the *Beehive* of March 14, will prove that I am rightly representing their views.

"The state of the case is plain in relation to coal at the present moment. Through slackness in the iron trade and other causes demand has fallen off. Coal-owners have more stock on their hands than they can dispose of, and in their anxiety to procure custom they cannot be restrained from underselling each other. They may try to check themselves by union, but the temptation is too great; simply because so many of the weakest require money that they are compelled to make sales, and this would give them absolute possession of the markets if the wealthier did not come down to their price. But when this is done nothing is cured, nothing is altered permanently; the needy men simply come down again, and so the evil race goes on till profits and wages are alike brought to a starvation point. The employers, it will be thus seen, cannot help themselves; they move on an inclined plane, and once set in motion they cannot stop till they have reached the bottom, dragging the men with them. The best preventive for this is in the workman's hands, and it is precisely that which brought down the thunder of the *Times* on Mr. Macdonald's head the other day—namely, to *restrict supply*. . . . Six days' constant work on an already over-stocked market would leave no loophole of escape for employer or employed. . . . 'No. If the markets are too full, we'll knock off one day, or two days, or even three days, as we prefer working three days each week at 7s. per day, rather than six days at such reduction as we might be run down to in the competitions of an over-stocked market.'"

I might quote also from an article to the same purpose in the *Beehive* of March 7.

I cannot now discuss this wide question. It will be said that it is vain to look to workmen for such a discrimination of the states of the market as shall enable them rightly to regulate supply, when capitalists, with their superior knowledge, and though gluts are

injurious to them also, do not succeed in it. Greater wisdom is no doubt required for the purpose than we generally see signs of, at present, among trades unionists. It should, however, be remembered that in one important respect workmen are more fitted to judge in this matter than their masters. The minds of the masters are biassed by cupidity. They are urged on to over-production by the hope of effecting at the right moment great sales. They are taking part in a lottery; they may suffer loss or they may win a great prize. But to the workman a glut is in any case, in the end, even if his own employer has realised great gains just before it came, nothing but a cause of severe suffering.

I have attributed considerably greater power for good to trades unions than Professor Cairnes does. All the more do I feel the need for that development of high moral and intellectual qualities in their leaders which he desiderates; while at the same time I fully recognise that no action of trades unions, or anything else, can be effectual in permanently raising the working classes if unaccompanied by prudent habits and the acquisition of capital on their part.

V. H. STANTON.

## BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### AN INTERVIEW WITH THE INFAMOUS DR. SHRAPNEL.

IN the High street of the ancient and famous town and port of Bevisham, Rosamund met the military governor of a neighbouring fortress, General Sherwin, once colonel of her husband's regiment in India; and by him, as it happened, she was assisted in finding the whereabouts of the young Liberal candidate, without the degrading resource of an application at the newspaper-office of his party. The general was leisurely walking to a place of appointment to fetch his daughter home from a visit to an old school-friend, a Miss Jenny Denham, no other than a ward, or a niece, or an adoption of Dr. Shrapnel's: "A nice girl; a great favourite of mine," the general said. Shrapnel he knew by reputation only as a wrong-headed politician; but he spoke of Miss Denham pleasantly two or three times, praising her accomplishments and her winning manners. His hearer suspected that it might be done to dissociate the idea of her from the ruffling agitator. "Is she pretty?" was a question that sprang from Rosamund's intimate reflections. The answer was, "Yes."

"Very pretty?"

"I think very pretty," said the general.

"Captivatingly?"

"Clara thinks she is perfect; she is tall and slim, and dresses well. The girls were with a French Madam in Paris. But, if you are interested about her, you can come on with me, and we shall meet them somewhere near the head of the street. I don't," the general hesitated and hummed—"I don't call at Shrapnel's."

"I have never heard her name before to-day," said Rosamund.

"Exactly," said the general, crowing at the aimlessness of a woman's curiosity.

The young ladies were seen approaching, and Rosamund had to ask herself whether the first sight of a person like Miss Denham would be of a kind to exercise a lively influence over the political and other sentiments of a dreamy sailor just released from ship-service. In an ordinary case she would have said no, for Nevil enjoyed a range of society where faces charming as Miss Denham's were plentiful as roses in the rose-garden. But, supposing him free of his bondage to the foreign woman, there was, she thought and feared, a possibility that a girl of this description might capture a young man's vacant heart sighing for a new mistress. And if so, further observation assured her Miss Denham was likely to be

dangerous far more than professedly attractive persons, enchantresses and the rest. Rosamund watchfully gathered all the superficial indications which incite women to judge of character profoundly. This new object of alarm was, as the general had said of her, tall and slim, a friend of neatness, plainly dressed, but exquisitely fitted, in the manner of Frenchwomen. She spoke very readily, not too much, and had the rare gift of being able to speak fluently with a smile on the mouth. Vulgar archness imitates it. She won and retained the eyes of her hearer sympathetically, it seemed. Rosamund thought her as little conscious as a woman could be. She coloured at times quickly, but without confusion. When that name, the key of Rosamund's meditations, chanced to be mentioned, a flush swept over Miss Denham's face. The candour of it was unchanged as she gazed at Rosamund, with a look that asked, "Do you know him?"

Rosamund said, "I am an old friend of his."

"He is here now, in this town."

"I wish to see him very much."

General Sherwin interposed: "We won't talk about political characters just for the present."

"I wish you knew him, papa, and would advise him," his daughter said.

The general nodded hastily. "By-and-by, by-and-by."

They had in fact taken seats at a table of mutton pies in a pastry-cook's shop, where dashing military men were restrained by their sole presence from a too noisy display of fascinations before the fashionable waiting-women.

Rosamund looked at Miss Denham. As soon as they were in the street the latter said, "If you will be good enough to come with me, madam? . . ."

Rosamund bowed, thankful to have been comprehended. The two young ladies kissed cheeks and parted. General Sherwin raised his hat, and was astonished to see Mrs. Culling join Miss Denham in accepting the salute, for they had not been introduced, and what could they have in common? It was another of the oddities of female nature.

"My name is Mrs. Culling, and I will tell you how it is that I am interested in Captain Beauchamp," Rosamund addressed her companion. "I am his uncle's housekeeper. I have known him and loved him since he was a boy. I am in great fear that he is acting rashly."

"You, honour me, madam, by speaking to me so frankly," Miss Denham answered.

"He is quite bent upon this election?"

"Yes, madam. I am not, as you can suppose, in his confidence, but I hear of him from Dr. Shrapnel."

"Your uncle?"

"I call him uncle: he is my guardian, madam."

It is perhaps excusable that this communication did not cause the doctor to shine with added lustre in Rosamund's thoughts, or ennoble the young lady.

"You are not relatives, then?" she said.

"No, unless love can make us so."

"Not blood-relatives?"

"No."

"Is he not very . . . extreme?"

"He is very sincere."

"I presume you are a politician?"

Miss Denham smiled. "Could you pardon me, madam, if I said that I was?"

The counterquestion was a fair retort enfolding a gentler irony. Rosamund felt that she had to do with wits as well as with vivid feminine intuitions in the person of this Miss Denham.

She said, "I really am of opinion that our sex might abstain from politics."

"We find it difficult to do justice to both parties," Miss Denham followed. "It seems to be a kind of clanship with women; hardly even that."

Rosamund was inattentive to the conversational slipshod, and launched one of the heavy affirmatives which are in dialogue full stops. She could not have said why she was sensible of anger, but the sentiment of anger, or spite (if that be a lesser degree of the same affliction), became stirred in her bosom when she listened to the ward of Dr. Shrapnel. A silly pretty puss of a girl would not have excited it, nor an avowed blood-relative of the demagogue.

Nevil's hotel was pointed out to Rosamund, and she left her card there. He had been absent since eight in the morning. There was the probability that he might be at Dr. Shrapnel's, so Rosamund walked on.

"Captain Beauchamp gives himself no rest," Miss Denham said.

"Oh! I know him, when once his mind is set on anything," said Rosamund. "Is it not too early to begin to—canvass, I think, is the word?"

"He is studying whatever the town can teach him of its wants; that is, how he may serve it."

"Indeed! But if the town will not have him to serve it?"

"He imagines that he cannot do better, until that has been decided, than to fit himself for the post."

"Acting upon your advice? I mean, of course, your uncle's; that is, Dr. Shrapnel's."

"Dr. Shrapnel thinks it will not be loss of time for Captain Beauchamp to grow familiar with the place, and observe as well as read."

"It sounds almost as if Captain Beauchamp had submitted to be Dr. Shrapnel's pupil."

"It is natural, madam, that Dr. Shrapnel should know more of political ways at present than Captain Beauchamp."

"To Captain Beauchamp's friends and relatives it appears very strange that he should have decided to contest this election so suddenly. May I inquire whether he and Dr. Shrapnel are old acquaintances?"

"No, madam, they are not. They had never met before Captain Beauchamp landed, the other day."

"I am surprised, I confess. I cannot understand the nature of an influence that induces him to abandon a profession he loves and shines in, for politics, at a moment's notice."

"Miss Denham was silent, and then said :

"I will tell you, madam, how it occurred, as far as circumstances explain it. Dr. Shrapnel is accustomed to give a little country feast to the children I teach, and their parents if they choose to come, and they generally do. They are driven to Northeden Heath, where we set up a booth for them, and try with cakes and tea and games to make them spend one of their happy afternoons and evenings. We succeed, I know, for the little creatures talk of it and look forward to the day. When they are at their last romp, Dr. Shrapnel speaks to the parents."

"Can he obtain a hearing?" Rosamund asked.

"He has not so very large a crowd to address, madam, and he is much beloved by those that come."

"He speaks to them of politics on those occasions?"

"*Adouci à leur intention, bien entendu.* It is not a political speech, but Dr. Shrapnel thinks that, in a so-called free country seeking to be really free, men of the lowest class should be educated in forming a political judgment."

"And women too?"

"And women, yes. Indeed, madam, we notice that the women listen very creditably."

"They can put on the air."

"I am afraid, not more than the men do. To get them to listen is something. They suffer like the men, and must depend on their intelligence to win their way out of it."

Rosamund's meditation was exclamatory: "What can be the age of this pretentious girl?"

An afterthought turned her more conciliatorily towards the person, but less towards the subject. She was sure that she was lending ear to the echo of the dangerous doctor, and rather pitied Miss Denham for awhile, reflecting that a young woman stuffed with such ideas would find it hard to get a husband. Mention of Nevil revived her feeling of hostility.

"We had seen a gentleman standing near and listening attentively," Miss Denham resumed, "and when Dr. Shrapnel concluded a card was handed to him. He read it and gave it to me, and said,

'You know that name.' It was a name we had often talked about during the war. He went to Captain Beauchamp and shook his hand. He does not pay many compliments, and he does not like to receive them, but it was impossible for him not to be moved by Captain Beauchamp's warmth in thanking him for the words he had spoken. I saw that Dr. Shrapnel became interested in Captain Beauchamp the longer they conversed. We walked home together. Captain Beauchamp supped with us. I left them at half-past eleven at night, and in the morning I found them walking in the garden. They had not gone to bed at all. Captain Beauchamp has remained in Bevisham ever since. He soon came to the decision to be a candidate for the borough."

Rosamund checked her lips from uttering—to be a puppet of Dr. Shrapnel's!

She remarked, "He is very eloquent—Dr. Shrapnel?"

Miss Denham held some debate with herself upon the term.

"Perhaps it is not eloquence; he often . . . no, he is not an orator."

Rosamund suggested that he was persuasive, possibly.

Again the young lady deliberately weighed the word, as though the nicest measure of her uncle or adoptor's quality in this or that direction were in requisition and of importance—an instance of a want of delicacy of perception Rosamund was not sorry to detect. For good-looking, refined-looking, quick-witted girls can be grown; but the nimble sense of fitness, ineffable lightning-footed tact, comes of race and breeding, and she was sure Nevil was a man soon to feel the absence of that.

"Dr. Shrapnel is persuasive to those who go partly with him, or whose condition of mind calls on him for great patience," Miss Denham said at last.

"I am only trying to comprehend how it was that he should so rapidly have won Captain Beauchamp to his views," Rosamund explained; and the young lady did not reply.

Dr. Shrapnel's house was about a mile beyond the town, on a common of thorn and gorse, through which the fir-bordered highway ran. A fence waist-high enclosed its plot of meadow and garden, so that the doctor, while protecting his own, might see and be seen of the world, as was the case when Rosamund approached. He was pacing at long slow strides along the gravel walk, with his head bent and bare, and his hands behind his back, accompanied by a gentleman who could be no other than Nevil, Rosamund presumed to think; but drawing nearer she found she was mistaken.

"That is not Captain Beauchamp's figure," she said.

"No, it is not he," said Miss Denham.

Rosamund saw that her companion was pale. She warmed to her at once; by no means on account of the pallor in itself.

"I have walked too fast for you, I fear."

"Oh, no; I am accused of being a fast walker."

Rosamund was unwilling to pass through the demagogue's gate. On second thoughts, she reflected that she could hardly stipulate to have news of Nevil tossed to her over the spikes, and she entered.

While receiving Dr. Shrapnel's welcome to a friend of Captain Beauchamp, she observed the greeting between Miss Denham and the younger gentleman. It reassured her. They met like two that have a secret.

The dreaded doctor was an immoderately tall man, lean and wiry, carelessly clad in a long loose coat of no colour, loose trousers, and huge shoes. He stooped from his height to speak, or rather swing the stiff upper half of his body down to his hearer's level and back again, like a ship's mast on a billowy sea. He was neither rough nor abrupt, nor did he roar bull-mouthedly as demagogues are expected to do, though his voice was deep. He was actually, after his fashion, courteous, it could be said of him, except that his mind was too visibly possessed by distant matters for Rosamund's taste, she being accustomed to drawing-room and hunting and military gentlemen, who can be all in the words they utter. Nevertheless he came out of his lizard-like look with the down-dropped eyelids quick at a resumption of the dialogue; sometimes gesturing, sweeping his arm round. A stubborn tuft of iron-grey hair fell across his forehead, and it was apparently one of his life's labours to get it to lie amid the mass, for his hand rarely ceased to be in motion without an impulsive stroke at the refractory forelock. He peered through his eyelashes ordinarily, but from no infirmity of sight. The truth was that the man's nature counteracted his spirit's intenser eagerness and restlessness by alternating a state of repose that resembled dormancy, and so preserved him. Rosamund was obliged to give him credit for straightforward eyes when they did look out and flash. Their filmy blue, half overflowed with grey by age, was poignant while the fire in them lasted. Her antipathy attributed something electrical to the light they shot.

Dr. Shrapnel's account of Nevil stated him to have gone to call on Colonel Halkett, a new resident at Mount Laurels, on the Otley river. He offered the welcome of his house to the lady who was Captain Beauchamp's friend, saying, with extraordinary fatuity (so it sounded in Rosamund's ears), that Captain Beauchamp would certainly not let an evening pass without coming to him. Rosamund suggested that he might stay late at Mount Laurels.

"Then he will arrive here after nightfall," said the doctor. "A bed is at your service, ma'am."

The offer was declined. "I should like to have seen him to-day; but he will be home shortly."

"He will not quit Bevisham till this election's decided, unless to hunt a stray borough vote, ma'am."



"He goes to Mount Laurels."

"For that purpose."

"I do not think he will persuade Colonel Halkett to vote in the Radical interest."

"That is the probability with a landed proprietor, ma'am. We must knock, whether the door opens or not. Like," the doctor laughed to himself up aloft, "like a watchman in the night to say that he smells smoke on the premises."

"Surely we may expect Captain Beauchamp to consult his family about so serious a step as this he is taking," Rosamund said, with an effort to be civil.

"Why should he?" asked the impending doctor.

His head continued in the interrogative position when it had resumed its elevation. The challenge for a definite reply to so outrageous a question irritated Rosamund's nerves, and, loth though she was to admit him to the subject, she could not forbear from saying, "Why? Surely his family have the first claim on him!"

"Surely not, ma'am. There is no first claim. A man's wife and children have a claim on him for bread. A man's parents have a claim on him for obedience while he is a child. A man's uncles, aunts, and cousins have no claim on him at all, except for help in necessity, which he can grant and they require. None—wife, children, parents, relatives—none have a claim to bar his judgment and his actions. Sound the conscience, and sink the family! With a clear conscience, it is best to leave the family to its own debates. No man ever did brave work who held counsel with his family. The family view of a man's fit conduct is the weak point of the country. It is no other view than, 'Better thy condition for our sakes.' Ha! In this way we breed sheep, fatten oxen: men are dying off. Resolution taken, consult the family means—waste your time! Those who go to it want an excuse for altering their minds. The family view is everlastingly the shopkeeper's! Purse, pence, ease, increase of worldly goods, personal importance—the round, the English round! Dare do *that*, and you forfeit your share of port wine in this world; you won't be dubbed with a title; you'll be fingered at! Lord, Lord! is it the region inside a man, or out, that gives him peace? *Out*, they say; for they have lost faith in the existence of an inner. They haven't it. Air-sucker, blood-pump, cooking machinery, and a battery of trained instincts, aptitudes, fill up their vacuum. I repeat, ma'am, why should young Captain Beauchamp spend an hour consulting his family? They won't approve him; he knows it. They may annoy him; and what is the gain of that? They can't move him; on that I let my right hand burn. So it would be useless on both sides. He thinks so. So do I. He is one of the men to serve his country on the best field we can choose for him. In a ship's cabin he is thrown away. Ay, ay,

War, and he may go aboard. But now we must have him ashore. Too few of such as he ! ”

“ It is matter of opinion,” said Rosamund, very tightly compressed ; scarcely knowing what she said.

How strange, besides hateful, it was to her to hear her darling spoken of by a stranger who not only pretended to appreciate but to possess him ! A stranger, a man of evil, with monstrous ideas ! A terribly strong inexhaustible man of a magical power too ; or would he otherwise have won such a mastery over Nevil ?

Of course she could have shot a rejoinder to confute him with all the force of her indignation ; save that the words were tumbling about in her head like a world in disruption, which made her feel a weakness at the same time that she gloated on her capacity, as though she had an enormous army, quite overwhelming if it could but be got to move in advance. This very common condition of the silent-stricken, unused in dialectics, heightened Rosamund’s disgust by causing her to suppose that Nevil had been similarly silenced, in his case vanquished, captured, ruined ; and he dwindled in her estimation for a moment or two. She felt that among a sisterhood of gossips she would soon have found her voice, and struck down the demagogue’s audacious sophisms ; not that they affected her in the slightest degree for her own sake : Shrapnel might think what he liked, and say what he liked, as far as she was concerned, apart from the man she loved. Rosamund went through these emotions altogether on Nevil’s behalf, and longed for her affirmatising inspiring sisterhood until the thought of them threw another shade on him.

What champion was she to look to ? To whom but to Mr. Everard Romfrey ?

It was with a spasm of delighted reflection that she hit on Mr. Romfrey. He was like a discovery to her. With his strength and his skill, his robust common sense and rough shrewd wit, his prompt comparisons, his chivalry, his love of combat, his old knightly blood, was not he a match, and an overmatch, for the ramping Radical who had tangled Nevil in his rough snares ? She ran her mind over Mr. Romfrey’s virtues, down even to his towering height and breadth. Could she but once draw these two giants into collision in Nevil’s presence, she was sure it would save him. The method of doing it she did not stop to consider : she enjoyed her triumph in the idea.

Meantime she had passed from Dr. Shrapnel to Miss Denham, and carried on a conversation becomingly. Tea had been made in the garden, and she had politely sipped half a cup, which involved no step inside the guilty house, and therefore no distress to her antagonism. The sun descended. She heard the doctor reciting. Could it be poetry ? In her imagination the sombre hues surrounding an incendiary opposed that bright spirit. She listened, smiling

incredulously. Miss Denham could interpret looks, and said, "Dr. Shrapnel is very fond of those verses."

Rosamund's astonishment caused her to say, "Are they his own?"—a piece of satiric innocency at which Miss Denham laughed softly as she answered, "No."

Rosamund pleaded that she had not heard them with any distinctness.

"Are they written by the gentleman at his side?"

"Mr. Lydiard? No. He writes, but the verses are not his."

"Does he know—has he met Captain Beauchamp?"

"Yes, once. Captain Beauchamp has taken a great liking to his works."

Rosamund closed her eyes, feeling that she was in a nest that had determined to appropriate Nevil. But at any rate there was the hope and the probability that this Mr. Lydiard of the pen had taken a long start of Nevil in the heart of Miss Denham; and struggling to be candid, to ensure some meditative satisfaction, Rosamund admitted to herself that the girl did not appear to be one of the wanton giddy-pated pussies who play two gentlemen or more on their line. Appearances, however, could be deceptive: never pretend to know a girl by her face, was one of Rosamund's maxims.

She was next informed of Dr. Shrapnel's partiality for music towards the hour of sunset. Miss Denham mentioned it, and the doctor, presently sauntering up, invited Rosamund to a seat on a bench near the open window of the drawing-room. He nodded to his ward to go in.

"I am a fire-worshipper, ma'am," he said. "The god of day is the father of poetry, medicine, music: our best friend. See him there! My Jenny will spin a thread from us to him over the millions of miles, with one touch of the chords, as quick as he shoots a beam on us. Ay! on her wretched tinkler called a piano, which tries at the whole orchestra and murders every instrument in the attempt. But it's convenient, like our modern civilisation—a taming and a diminishing of individuals for an insipid harmony!"

"You surely do not object to the organ?—I fear I cannot wait, though," said Rosamund.

Miss Denham entreated her. "Oh! do, madam. Not to hear me—I am not so perfect a player that I should wish it—but to see him. Captain Beauchamp may now be coming at any instant."

Mr. Lydiard added, "I have an appointment with him here for this evening."

"You build a cathedral of sound in the organ," said Dr. Shrapnel, casting out a league of leg as he sat beside his only half-persuaded fretful guest. "You subject the winds to serve you; that's a gain. You do actually accomplish a resonant imitation of the various instruments; they sing out as your two hands command them—

trumpet, flute, dulcimer, hautboy, drum, storm, earthquake, ethereal quire; you have them at your option. But tell me of an organ in the open air? The sublimity would vanish, ma'am, both from the notes and from the structure, because accessories and circumstances produce its chief effects. Say that an organ is a despotism, just as your piano is the Constitutional bourgeois. Match them with the trained orchestral band of skilled individual performers, indoors or out, where each grasps his instrument, and each relies on his fellow with confidence, and an unrivalled concord comes of it. That is our republic: each one to his work; all in union! There's the motto for us! *Then* you have music, harmony, the highest, fullest, finest! Educate your men to form a band, you shame dexterous trickery, and imitation sounds. *Then* for the difference of real instruments from clever shams! Oh, ay, *one* will set your organ going; that is, one in front, with his couple of panting air-pumpers behind—his ministers!" Dr. Shrapnel laughed at some undefined mental image, apparently careless of any laughing companionship. "*One* will do it for you, especially if he's born to do it. Born!" A slap of the knee reported what seemed to be an immensely contemptuous sentiment. "But free mouths blowing into brass and wood, ma'am, beat your bellows and your whifflers: your artificial choruses—crash, crash! your unanimous plebiscitums! Beat them? There's no contest: we're in another world; we're in the sun's world, ma'am—yonder!"

Miss Denham's opening notes on the despised piano put a curb on the doctor. She began a Mass of Mozart's, without the usual preliminary rattle of the keys, as of a crier announcing a performance, straight to her task, for which Rosamund thanked her, liking that kind of composed simplicity: she thanked her more for cutting short the doctor's fanatical nonsense. It was perceptible to her that a species of mad metaphor had been wriggling and tearing its passage through a thorn-bush in his discourse, with the furious urgency of a sheep in a panic; but where the ostensible subject ended and the metaphor commenced, and which was which at the conclusion, she found it difficult to discern—much as the sheep would be when he had left his fleece behind him. She could now have said, "Silly old man!"

Dr. Shrapnel appeared most placable. He was gazing at his Authority in the heavens, tangled among gold clouds and purple; his head bent acutely on one side, and his eyes upturned in dim speculation. His great feet planted on their heels faced him, suggesting the stocks; his arms hung loose. Full many a hero of the alehouse, anciently amenable to leg-and-foot imprisonment in the grip of the parish, has presented as respectable an air. His forelock straggled as it willed.

Rosamund rose abruptly as soon as the terminating notes of the Mass had been struck.

Dr. Shrapnel seemed to be concluding his devotions before he followed her example.

"There, ma'am, you have a telegraphic system for the soul," he said. "It is harder work to travel from this place to this" (he pointed at ear and breast) "than from here to yonder" (a similar indication traversed the distance between earth and sun). "Man's aim has hitherto been to keep men from having a soul for *this* world: he takes it for something infernal. He?—I mean, they that hold power. They shudder to think the conservatism of the earth will be shaken by a change; they dread they won't get men with souls to fetch and carry, dig, root, mine, for them. Right!—what then? Digging and mining will be done; so will harping and singing. But *then* we have a natural optimacy! Then, on the one hand, we whip the man-beast and the man-sloth; on the other, we seize that old fatted iniquity—that tyrant! that tempter! that legitimated swindler cursed of Christ! that palpable Satan whose name is Capital!—by the neck, and have him disgorging within three gasps of his life. He is the villain! Let him live, for he too comes of blood and bone. He shall not grind the faces of the poor and helpless—that's all."

The comicality of her having such remarks addressed to her provoked a smile on Rosamund's lips.

"Don't go at him like Samson blind," said Mr. Lydiard; and Miss Denham, who had returned, begged her guardian to entreat the guest to stay.

She said in an undertone, "I am very anxious you should see Captain Beauchamp, madam."

"I too; but he will write, and I really can wait no longer," Rosamund replied, in extreme apprehension lest a certain degree of pressure should overbear her repugnance to the doctor's dinner-table. Miss Denham's look was fixed on her; but, whatever it might mean, Rosamund's endurance was at an end. She was invited to dine; she refused. She was exceedingly glad to find herself on the high road again, with a prospect of reaching Steynham that night; for it was important that she should not have to confess a visit to Bevisham now when she had so little of favourable to tell Everard Romfrey of his chosen nephew. Whether she had acted quite wisely in not remaining to see Nevil, was an agitating question that had to be silenced by an appeal to her instincts of repulsion, and a further appeal for justification of them to her imaginary sisterhood of gossips. How could she sit and eat, how pass an evening in that house, in the society of that man? Her tuneful chorus cried, "How indeed!" Besides, it would have offended Mr. Romfrey to hear that she had done so. Still she could not refuse to remember Miss Denham's marked intimations of there being a reason for Nevil's friend to seize the chance of an immediate interview with him; and in her distress at the thought, Rosamund reluctantly, but

as if compelled by necessity, ascribed the young lady's conduct to a strong sense of personal interests.

"Evidently *she* has no desire he should run the risk of angering a rich uncle."

This shameful suspicion was unavoidable: there was no other opiate for Rosamund's blame of herself after letting her instincts gain the ascendancy.

It will be found a common case, that when we have yielded to our instincts, and then have to soothe conscience, we must slaughter somebody, for a sacrificial offering to our sense of comfort.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### A SUPERFINE CONSCIENCE.

HOWEVER much Mr. Everard Romfrey may have laughed at Nevil Beauchamp with his 'banana-wreath,' he liked the fellow for having volunteered for that African coast-service, and the news of his promotion by his admiral to the post of commander through a death vacancy, had given him an exalted satisfaction, for as he could always point to the cause of failures, he strongly appreciated success. The circumstance had offered an occasion for the new commander to hit him hard upon a matter of fact. Beauchamp had sent word of his advance in rank, but requested his uncle not to imagine him wearing an *additional epaulette*; and he corrected the infallible gentleman's error (which had of course been reported to him when he was dreaming of Renée, by Mrs. Culling) concerning a lieutenant's shoulder decorations, most gravely; informing him of the anchor on the lieutenant's *pair* of epaulettes, and the anchor and star on a commander's, and the crown on a captain's, with a well-feigned solicitousness to save his uncle from blundering further. This was done in the dry neat manner which Mr. Romfrey could feel to be his own turned on him. He began to conceive a vague respect for the fellow who had proved him wrong upon a matter of fact. Beauchamp came from Africa rather worn by the climate, and immediately obtained the command of the *Ariadne* corvette, which had been some time in commission in the Mediterranean, whither he departed, without visiting Steynham; allowing Rosamund to think him tenacious of his wrath as well as of love. Mr. Romfrey considered him to be insatiable for service. Beauchamp, during his absence, had shown himself awake to the affairs of his country once only, in an urgent supplication he had forwarded for all his uncle's influence to be used to get him appointed to the first vacancy in Robert Hall's naval brigade, then forming a part of our handful in

insurgent India. The fate of that chivalrous Englishman, that born sailor-warrior, that truest of heroes, imperishable in the memory of those who knew him, and in our annals, young though he was when death took him, had wrung from Nevil Beauchamp such a letter of tears as to make Mr. Romfrey believe the naval crown of glory his highest ambition. Who on earth could have guessed him to be bothering his head about politics all the while! Or was the whole stupid business a freak of the moment?

It became necessary for Mr. Romfrey to contemplate his eccentric nephew in the light of a mannikin once more. Consequently he called to mind, and bade Rosamund Culling remember, that he had foreseen and had predicted the mounting of Nevil Beauchamp on his political horse one day or another; and perhaps the earlier the better. And a donkey could have sworn that when he did mount he would come galloping in among the Radical rough-riders. Letters were pouring upon Steynham from men and women of Romfrey blood and relationship concerning the positive tone of Radicalism in the commander's address. Everard laughed at them. As a practical man, his objection lay against the poor fool's choice of the peccant borough of Bevisham. Still, in view of the needfulness of his learning wisdom, and rapidly, the disbursement of a lot of his money, certain to be required by Bevisham's electors, seemed to be the surest method for quickening his wits. Thus would he be acting as his own chirurgeon, gaily practising phlebotomy on his person to cure him of his fever. Too much money was not the origin of the fever in Nevil's case, but he had too small a sense of the value of what he possessed, and the diminishing stock would be likely to cry out shrilly.

To this effect, never complaining that Nevil Beauchamp had not come to him to take counsel with him, the high-minded old gentleman talked. At the same time, while indulging in so philosophical a picture of himself as was presented by a Romfrey mildly accounting for events and smoothing them under the infliction of an offence, he could not but feel that Nevil had challenged him: such was the reading of it; and he waited for some justifiable excitement to fetch him out of the magnanimous mood, rather in the image of an angler, it must be owned.

"Nevil understands that I am not going to pay a farthing of his expenses in Bevisham?" he said to Mrs. Culling.

She replied blandly and with innocence, "I have not seen him, sir."

He nodded. At the next mention of Nevil between them, he asked, "Where is it he's lying perdu, ma'am?"

"I fancy in that town, in Bevisham."

"At the Liberal, Radical, hotel?"

"I dare say; some place; I am not certain. . . ."

"The rascal doctor's house there? Shrapnel's?"

"Really . . . I have not seen him."

"Have you heard from him?"

"I have had a letter; a short one."

"Where did he date his letter from?"

"From Bevisham."

"From what house?"

Rosamund glanced about for a way of escaping the question. There was none but the door. She replied, "From Dr. Shrapnel's."

"That's the Anti-Game-Law agitator."

"You do not imagine, sir, that Nevil subscribes to everything the horrid man agitates for?"

"You don't like the man, ma'am."

"I detest him."

"Ha! So you have seen Shrapnel?"

"Only for a moment; a moment or two. I cannot endure him. I am sure I have reason."

Rosamund flushed exceedingly red. The visit to Dr. Shrapnel's house was her secret, and the worming of it out made her feel guilty, and that feeling revived and heated her antipathy to the Radical doctor.

"What reason?" said Mr. Romfrey, freshening at her display of colour.

She would not expose Nevil to the accusation of childishness by confessing her positive reason, so she answered, "The man is a kind of man . . . I was not there long; I was glad to escape. He . . ." she hesitated: for in truth it was difficult to shape the charge against him, and the effort to be reticent concerning Nevil, and communicative, now that he had been spoken of, as to the detested doctor, reduced her to some confusion. She was also fatally anxious to be in the extreme degree conscientious, and corrected and modified her remarks most suspiciously.

"Did he insult you, ma'am?" Mr. Romfrey inquired.

She replied hastily, "Oh, no. He may be a good man in his way. He is one of those men who do not seem to think a woman may have opinions. He does not scruple to outrage those we hold. I am afraid he is an infidel. His ideas of family duties and ties, and his manner of expressing himself, shocked me, that is all. He is absurd. I dare say there is no harm in him, except for those who are so unfortunate as to fall under his influence—and that, I feel sure, cannot be permanent. He could not injure me personally. He could not offend me, I mean. Indeed, I have nothing whatever to say against him, as far as I . . ."

"Did he fail to treat you as a lady, ma'am?"

Rosamund was getting frightened by the significant pertinacity of her lord.



"I am sure, sir, he meant no harm."

"Was the man uncivil to you, ma'am?" came the emphatic interrogation.

She asked herself, had Dr. Shrapnel been uncivil toward her? And so conscientious was she, that she allowed the question to be debated in her mind for half a minute, answering then, "No, not uncivil. I cannot exactly explain . . . He certainly did not intend to be uncivil. He is only an unpolished, vexatious man; enormously tall."

Mr. Romfrey ejaculated, "Ha! humph!"

His view of Dr. Shrapnel was taken from that instant. It was, that this enormously big blustering agitator against the preservation of birds, had behaved rudely towards the lady officially the chief of his household, and might be considered in the light of an adversary one would like to meet. The size of the man increased his aspect of villany, which in return added largely to his giant size. Everard Romfrey's mental eye could perceive an attractiveness about the man little short of magnetic; for he thought of him so much that he had to think of what was due to his pacifical disposition (deeply believed in by him) to spare himself the trouble of a visit to Bevisham.

The young gentleman whom he regarded as the Radical doctor's dupe, fell in for a share of his view of the doctor, and Mr. Romfrey became less fitted to observe Nevil Beauchamp's doings with the Olympian gravity he had originally assumed.

The extreme delicacy of Rosamund's conscience was fretted by a remorseful doubt of her having conveyed a just impression of Dr. Shrapnel, somewhat as though the sleek fine coat of it were brushed the wrong way. Reflection warned her that her deliberative intensely sincere pause before she responded to Mr. Romfrey's last demand, might have implied more than her words. She consoled herself with the thought that it was the dainty susceptibility of her conscientiousness which caused these noble qualms, and so deeply does a refined nature esteem the gift, that her pride in it helped her to overlook her moral perturbation. She was consoled, moreover, up to the verge of triumph in her realisation of the image of a rivalling and excelling power presented by Mr. Romfrey, though it had frightened her at the time. Let not Dr. Shrapnel come across him! She hoped he would not. Ultimately she could say to herself, "Perhaps, I need not have been so annoyed with the horrid man." It was on Nevil's account. Shrapnel's contempt of the claims of Nevil's family upon him was actually a piece of impudence, impudently expressed, if she remembered correctly. And Shrapnel was a black malignant, the foe of the nation's Constitution, deserving of punishment if ever man was; with his ridiculous metaphors, and talk of organs and pianos, orchestras and despotisms, and flying to

the sun! How could Nevil listen to the creature! Shrapnel must be a shameless hypocrite to mask his wickedness from one so clear-sighted as Nevil, and no doubt he indulged in his impudence out of wanton pleasure in it. His business was to catch young gentlemen of family, and to turn them against their families, plainly. That was thinking the best of him. No doubt he had his objects to gain. "He might have been as impudent as he liked to *me*; I would have pardoned him!" Rosamund exclaimed. Personally, you see, she was generous. On the whole, knowing Everard Romfrey as she did, she wished that she had behaved, albeit perfectly discreet in her behaviour, and conscientiously just, a shade or two differently. But the evil was done.

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## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE LEADING ARTICLE AND MR. TIMOTHY TURBOT.

NEVIL declined to come to Steynham, clearly owing to a dread of hearing Dr. Shrapnel abused, as Rosamund judged by the warmth of his written eulogies of the man, and an ensuing allusion to Game. He said that he had not made up his mind as to the Game Laws. Rosamund mentioned the fact to Mr. Romfrey. "So we may stick by our licenses to shoot to-morrow," he rejoined. Of a letter that he also had received from Nevil, he did not speak. She hinted at it, and he stared. He would have deemed it as vain a subject to discourse of India, or continental affairs, at a period when his house was full for the opening day of sport, and the expectation of keeping up his renown for great bags on that day so entirely occupied his mind. Good shots were present who had contributed to the fame of Steynham on other opening days. Birds were plentiful and promised not to be too wild. He had the range of the Steynham estate in his eye, dotted with covers; and after Steynham, Holdesbury, which had never yielded him the same high celebrity, but both lay mapped out for action under the profound calculations of the strategist, ready to show the skill of the field tactician. He could not attend to Nevil. Even the talk of the forthcoming elections, hardly to be avoided at his table, seemed a puerile distraction. Ware the foe of his partridges and pheasants, be it man or vermin! The name of Shrapnel was frequently on the tongue of Captain Baskett. Rosamund heard him, in her room, and his derisive shouts of laughter over it. Cecil was a fine shot, quite as fond of the pastime as his uncle, and always in favour with him while sport stalked the land. He was in gallant spirits, and Rosamund, brooding over Nevil's fortunes, and sitting much alone, as she did when there were guests in the house, gave way to her previous apprehensions.

She touched on them to Mr. Stukely Culbrett, her husband's old friend, one of those happy men who enjoy perceptions without opinions, and are not born to administer comfort to other than themselves. As far as she could gather, he fancied Nevil Beauchamp was in danger of something, but he delivered his mind only upon circumstances and characters: Nevil risked his luck, Cecil knew his game, Everard Romfrey was the staunchest of mankind: Stukely had nothing further to say regarding the situation. She asked him what he thought, and he smiled. Could a reasonable head venture to think anything in particular? He repeated the amazed, "You don't say so!" of Colonel Halkett, on hearing the name of the new Liberal candidate for Bevisham at the dinner-table, together with some of Cecil's waggish embroidery upon the theme.

Rosamund exclaimed angrily, "Oh! if I had been there he would not have dared."

"Why not be there?" said Stukely. "You have had your choice for a number of years."

She shook her head, reddening.

But supposing that she had greater privileges than were hers now? The idea flashed. A taint of personal pique, awakened by the fancied necessity for putting her devotedness to Nevil to proof, asked her if she would then be the official housekeeper to whom Captain Baskett bowed low with affected respect and impertinent affability, ironically praising her abroad as a wonder among women that could at one time have played the deuce in the family, had she chosen to do so.

"Just as you like," Mr. Culbrett remarked. It was his ironical habit of mind to believe that the wishes of men and women—women as well as men—were expressed by their utterances.

"But speak of Nevil to Colonel Halkett," said Rosamund, earnestly carrying on what was in her heart. "Persuade the colonel you do not think Nevil foolish—not more than just a little impetuous. I want that marriage to come off! Not on account of her wealth. She is to inherit a Welsh mine from her uncle, you know, besides being an only child. Recall what Nevil was during the war. Miss Halkett has not forgotten it, I am sure, and a good word for him from a man of the world would, I am certain, counteract Captain Baskett's—are they designs? At any rate, you can if you like help Nevil with the colonel. I am convinced they are doing him a mischief. Colonel Halkett has bought an estate—and what a misfortune that is!—close to Bevisham. I fancy he is Toryish. Will you not speak to him?—at my request? I am so helpless I could cry."

"Fancy you have no handkerchief," said Mr. Culbrett: "and give up scheming, pray. One has only to begin to scheme, to shorten life to half-a-dozen hops and jumps. I could say to the colonel,

‘Young Beauchamp’s a political cub: he ought to have a motherly wife.’”

“Yes, yes, you are right; don’t speak to him at all,” said Rosamund, feeling that there must be a conspiracy to rob her of her proud independence, since not a soul could be won to spare her from taking some energetic step, if she would be useful to him she loved.

Colonel Halkett was one of the guests at Steynham who knew and respected her, and he paid her a visit and alluded to Nevil’s candidature, apparently not thinking much the worse of him. “We can’t allow him to succeed,” he said, and looked for a smiling approval of such natural opposition, which Rosamund gave him readily after he had expressed the hope that Nevil Beauchamp would take advantage of his proximity to Mount Laurels during the contest to try the hospitality of the house. “He won’t mind meeting his uncle?” The colonel’s eyes twinkled. “My daughter has engaged Mr. Romfrey and Captain Baskett to come to us when they have shot Holdesbury.”

And Captain Baskett! thought Rosamund; her jealousy whispering that the mention of his name close upon Cecilia Halkett’s might have a nuptial signification.

She was a witness from her window—a prisoner’s window, her eager heart could have termed it—of a remarkable ostentation of cordiality between the colonel and Cecil, in the presence of Mr. Romfrey. Was it his humour to conspire to hand Miss Halkett to Cecil, and then to show Nevil the prize he had forfeited by his folly? The three were on the lawn a little before Colonel Halkett’s departure. The colonel’s arm was linked with Cecil’s while they conversed. Presently the latter received his afternoon letters, and a newspaper. He soon had the paper out at a square stretch, and sprightly information for the other two was visible in his crowing throat. Mr. Romfrey raised the gun from his shoulder-pad, and grounded it. Colonel Halkett wished to peruse the matter with his own eyes, but Cecil could not permit it; he must read it aloud for them, and he suited his action to the sentences. Had Rosamund been accustomed to leading articles which are the composition of men of an imposing vocabulary, she would have recognised and as good as read one in Cecil’s gestures as he tilted his lofty stature forward and back, marking his commas and semicolons with flapping of his elbows, and all but doubling his body at his periods. Mr. Romfrey had enough of it half way down the column; his head went sharply to left and right. Cecil’s peculiar foppish slicing down of his hand pictured him protesting that there was more and finer of the inimitable stuff to follow. The end of the scene exhibited the paper on the turf, and Colonel Halkett’s hand on Cecil’s shoulder, Mr. Romfrey nodding some sort of acquiescence over the muzzle of his gun, whether

reflective or positive Rosamund could not decide. She sent out a footman for the paper, and was presently communing with its eloquent large type, quite unable to perceive where the comicality or the impropriety of it lay, for it would have struck her that never were truer things of Nevil Beauchamp better said in the tone befitting them. This perhaps was because she never heard fervid praises of him, or of anybody, delivered from the mouth, and it is not common to hear Englishmen phrasing great eulogies of one another. Still, as a rule, they do not object to have it performed in that region of our national eloquence, the Press, by an Irishman or a Scotchman. And what could there be to warrant Captain Baskett's malicious derision, and Mr. Romfrey's nodding assent to it, in an article where all was truth?

The truth was mounted on an unusually high wind. It was indeed a leading article of a banner-like bravery, and the unrolling of it was designed to stir emotions. Beauchamp was the theme. Nevil had it under his eyes earlier than Cecil. The paper was brought into his room with the beams of day, damp from the presses of the *Bevisham Gazette*, exactly opposite to him in the White Hart hotel, and a glance at the paragraphs gave him a lively ardour to spring to his feet. What writing! He was uplifted as "The heroic Commander Beauchamp, of the Royal Navy," and "Commander Beauchamp, R.N., a gentleman of the highest connections": he was "that illustrious Commander Beauchamp, of our matchless navy, who proved on every field of the last glorious war of this country that the traditional valour of the noble and indomitable blood transmitted to his veins had lost none of its edge and weight since the battle-axes of the Lords de Romfrey, ever to the fore, clove the skulls of our national enemy on the wide and fertile champaigns of France." This was pageantry.

There was more of it. Then the serious afflatus of the article condescended, as it were, to blow a shrill and well-known whistle:—the study of the science of navigation made by Commander Beauchamp, R.N., was cited for a jocose warranty of a seaman's aptness to assist in steering the Vessel of the State. After thus heeling over, to tip a familiar wink to the multitude, the leader tone resumed its fit deportment. Commander Beauchamp, in responding to the invitation of the great and united Liberal party of the borough of Bevisham, obeyed the inspirations of genius, the dictates of humanity, and what he rightly considered the paramount duty, as it is the proudest ambition, of the citizen of a free country.

But for an occasional drop and bump of the sailing gas-bag upon catch-words of enthusiasm, which are the rhetoric of the merely windy, and a collapse on a poetic line, which too often signalizes the rhetorician's emptiness of his wind, the article was eminent for flight, sweep, and dash, and sailed along far more grandly than ordinary

provincial organs for the promoting or seconding of public opinion, that are as little to be compared with the mighty metropolitan as are the fife and bugle boys practising on their instruments round melancholy outskirts of garrison towns with the regimental marching full band under the presidency of its drum-major. No signature to the article was needed for Bevisham to know who had returned to the town to pen it. Those long-stretching sentences, comparable to the very ship *Leviathan*, spanning two Atlantic billows, appertained to none but the renowned Mr. Timothy Turbot, of the Corn Law campaigns, Reform agitations, and all manifestly popular movements requiring the heaven-endowed man of speech, an interpreter of multitudes, and a prompter. Like most men who have little to say, he was an orator in print, but that was a poor medium for him—his body without his fire. Mr. Timothy's place was the platform. A wise discernment, or else a lucky accident (for he came hurriedly from the soil of his native isle, needing occupation), set him on that side in politics which happened to be making an established current and strong headway. Oratory will not work against the stream, or on languid tides. Dribblets of movements that allowed the world to doubt whether they were so much movements as illusions of the optics, did not suit his genius. Thus he was a Liberal, no Radical, fountain. Liberalism had the attraction for the orator of being the active force in politics, between two passive opposing bodies, the aspect of either of which it can assume for a menace to the other, Toryish as against Radicals: a trifle red in the eyes of the Tory. It can seem to lean back on the Past; it can seem to be amorous of the Future. It is actually the thing of the Present and its urgencies, therefore popular, pouring forth the pure waters of moderation, strong in their copiousness. Delicious and rapturous effects are to be produced in the flood of a Liberal oration by a chance infusion of the fierier spirit, a flavour of Radicalism. That is the thing to set an audience bounding and quirking. Whereas if you commence by tilting a Triton pitcher full of the neat liquor upon them, you have to resort to the natural element for the orator's art of variation, you are diluted—and that's bathos, to quote Mr. Timothy. It was a fine piece of discernment in him. Let Liberalism be your feast, Radicalism your spice. And now and then, off and on, for a change, for diversion, for a new emotion, just for half an hour or so—ahem! now and then the Sunday coat of Toryism will give you an air. You have only to complain of the fit, to release your shoulders in a trice. Mr. Timothy felt for his art as poets do for theirs, and considered what was best adapted to speaking, purely to speaking. Upon no creature did he look with such contempt as upon Dr. Shrapnel, whose loose disjunct audiences he was conscious he could, giving the doctor any start he liked, whirl away from him, and have compact, enchained, at his first flourish; yea, though they were 'the

poor man,' with a stomach for the political distillery fit to drain relishingly every private bog-side or mountain-side tap in old Ireland in its best days—the illicit, you understand.

Further, to quote Mr. Timothy's points of view, the Radical orator has but two notes, and one is the drawling pathetic, and the other is the ultra-furious; and the effect of the former we liken to the English working man's wife's hob-set queasy brew of well-meant villany, that she calls by the innocent name of tea; and the latter is to be blown, asks to be blown, and never should be blown without at least seeming to be blown, with an accompaniment of a house on fire. Sir, we must adapt ourselves to our times. Perhaps a spark or two does lurk about our house, but we have vigilante watchmen in plenty, and the house has been pretty fairly insured. <sup>1)</sup> Sleeking in it is an annoyance to the inmates, nonsensical; wooing its sickly business. The times are against Radicalism to the full amount as great oratory is opposed to extremes. These drag the author too near to the matter. So it is that one Radical speech is amazingly like another—they all have the earth-spots. They smell, too; they smell of brimstone. Soaring is impossible among that faction; but this they can do, they can furnish the Tory his opportunity to soar. When hear you a thrilling Tory speech that carries the country with it, save when the incendiary Radical has shrieked? If there was envy in the soul of Timothy, it was addressed to the fine occasions offered to the Tory speaker for vindicating our ancient principles and our sacred homes. He admired the tone to be assumed for that purpose: it was a good note. Then could the Tory, delivering at the right season the Shakespearian—"This *England* . . ." and Byronic—"The *inviolate Island* . . ." shake the frame, as though smiting it with the tail of the gymnotus electricus. Ah! and then could he thump out his Horace, the Tory's mentor and his cordial, with other great ancient comic and satiric poets, his old port of the classical cellarage, reflecting veneration upon him who did but name them to an audience of good dispositions. The Tory possessed also an innate inimitably easy style of humour, that had the long reach, the jolly lordly indifference, the comfortable masterfulness, of the whip of a four-in-hand driver, capable of flicking and stinging, and of being ironically caressing. Timothy appreciated it, for he had winced under it. No professor of Liberalism could venture on it, unless it were in the remote district of a back parlour, in the society of a cherishing friend or two, and with a slice of lemon requiring to be re-floated in the glass.

But gifts of this description were of a minor order. Liberalism gave the heading cry, devoid of which parties are dogs without a scent, orators mere pump-handles. The Tory's cry was but a whistle to his pack, the Radical howled to the moon like any chained hound. And no wonder, for these parties had no established

current, they were as hard-bound waters; the Radical being diked and dammed most soundly, the Tory resembling a placid lake of the plains, fed by springs and no confluents. For such good reasons, Mr. Timothy rejoiced in the happy circumstances which had expelled him from the shores of his native isle to find a refuge and a vocation in Manchester at a period when an orator happened to be in request because dozens were wanted. That centre of convulsions and source of streams possessed the statistical orator, the reasoning orator, and the inspired; with others of quality; and yet it had need of an ever-ready spontaneous imperturbable speaker, whose bubbling generalizations and ability to beat the drum humorous could swing halls of meeting from the grasp of an enemy, and then ascend on incandescent adjectives to the popular idea of the sublime. He was the artistic orator of Corn Law Repeal, the Manchester flood, before which time Whigs were, since which they have walked like spectral antediluvians, or floated as dead canine bodies that are sucked away on the ebb of tides and flung back on the flow, ignorant whether they be progressive or retrograde. Timothy Turbot assisted in that vast effort. It should have elevated him beyond the editorship of a country newspaper. Why it did not do so his antagonists pretended to know, and his friends would smile to hear. The report was that he worshiped the nymph Whisky.

Timothy's article had plucked Beauchamp out of bed; Beauchamp's card in return did the same for him.

"Commander Beauchamp? I am heartily glad to make your acquaintance, sir; I've been absent, at work, on the big business we have in common, I rejoice to say, and am behind my fellow townsmen in this pleasure: lucky I slept here in my room above, where I don't often sleep, for the row of the machinery—it's like a steamer that won't go, though it's always starting ye," Mr. Timothy said in a single breath, upon entering the back office of the *Gazette*, like unto those accomplished violinists who can hold on the bow to finger an incredible number of notes, and may be imaged as representing slow paternal Time, that rolls his capering dot-headed generation of mortals over the wheel, hundreds to the minute. "You'll excuse my not shaving, sir, to come down to your summons without an extra touch to the neck-band."

Beauchamp beheld a middle-sized round man, with loose lips and pendant indigo jowl, whose eyes twinkled watery, like pebbles under the shore-wash, and whose neck-band needed an extra touch from fingers other than his own.

"I am sorry to have disturbed you so early," he replied.

"Not a bit, Commander Beauchamp, not a bit, sir. Early or late, and ay ready—with the Napiers. I'll wash, I'll wash."

"I came to speak to you of this article of yours on me. They tell me in the office that you are the writer. Pray don't



'Commander' me so much. It's not customary, and I object to it."

"Certainly, certainly," Timothy acquiesced.

"And for the future, Mr. Turbot, please to be good enough not to allude in print to any of my performances here and there. Your intentions are complimentary, but it happens that I don't like a public patting on the back."

"No, and that's true," said Timothy.

His appreciative and sympathetic agreement with these sharp strictures on the article brought Beauchamp to a stop.

Timothy waited for him; then, smoothing his prickly cheek, remarked: "If I'd guessed your errand, Commander Beauchamp, I'd have called in the barber before I came down, just to make myself decent for a first introduction."

Beauchamp was not insensible to the slyness of the poke at him. "You see, I come to the borough unknown to it, and as quietly as possible, and I want to be taken as a politician," he continued, for the sake of showing that he had sufficient to say to account for his hasty and peremptory summons of the writer of that article to his presence. "It's excessively disagreeable to have one's family lugged into notice in a newspaper—especially if they are of different politics. *I* feel it."

"All would, sir," said Timothy.

"Then why the deuce did you do it?"

Timothy drew a lading of air into his lungs. "Politics, Commander Beauchamp, involves the doing of lots of disagreeable things to ourselves and our relations; it's positive. I'm a soldier of the Great Campaign: and who knows it better than I, sir? It's climbing the greasy pole for the leg o' mutton, that makes the mother's heart ache for the jacket and the nether garments she mended neatly, if she didn't make them. Mutton or no mutton, there's grease for certain! Since it's sure we can't be disconnected from the family, the trick is to turn the misfortune to a profit; and allow me the observation that an old family, sir, and a high and titled family, is not to be despised for a background of a portrait in naval uniform, with medal and clasps, and some small smoke of powder clearing off over there:—that's if we're to act sagaciously in introducing an unknown candidate to a borough that has a sneaking liking for the kind of person, more honour to it. I'm a political veteran, sir; I speak from experience. We must employ our weapons, every one of them, and all off the grindstone."

"Very well," said Beauchamp. "Now understand; you are not in future to employ the weapons—as you call them—that I have objected to."

Timothy gaped slightly.

"Whatever you will, but no puffery," Beauchamp added. "Can

I by any means arrest—purchase—is it possible, tell me, to lay an embargo—stop to-day's issue of the *Gazette*?"

"No more than the bite of a mad dog," Timothy replied, before he had considered upon the monstrous nature of the proposal.

Beauchamp humphed, and tossed his head. The simile of the dog struck him with intense effect.

"There'd be a second edition," said Timothy, "and you might buy up that. But there'll be a third, and you may buy up that; but there'll be a fourth, and a fifth, and so on ad infinitum, with the advertisement of the sale of the foregoing creating a demand like a raging thirst in a shipwreck, in Bligh's boat, in the tropics. I'm afraid, Com—Captain Beauchamp, sir, there's no stopping the Press while the people have an appetite for it,—and a Company's at the back of it."

"Pooh, don't talk to me in that way; all I complain of is the figure you have made of me," said Beauchamp, fetching him smartly out of his nonsense; "and all I ask of you is not to be at it again. Who would suppose from reading an article like that, that I am a candidate with a single political idea!"

"An article like that," said Timothy, winking, and a little surer of his man now that he suggested his possession of ideas, "an article like that is the best cloak you can put on a candidate with too many of 'em, Captain Beauchamp. I'll tell you, sir; I came, I heard of your candidature, I had your sketch, the pattern of ye, before me, and I was told that Dr. Shrapnel fathered you politically. There was my brief! I had to persuade our constituents that you, Commander Beauchamp of the Royal Navy, and the great family of the Earls of Romfrey, one of the heroes of the war, and the recipient of a Royal Humane Society's medal for saving life in Bevisham waters, were something more than the Radical doctor's political son; and, sir, it was to this end, aim, and object, that I wrote the article I am not ashamed to avow as mine, and I do so, sir, because of the solitary merit it has of serving your political interests as the Liberal candidate for Bevisham by counter-acting the unpopularity of Dr. Shrapnel's name, on the one part, and of reviving the credit due to your valour and high bearing on the field of battle in defence of your country on the other, so that Bevisham may apprehend, in spite of party distinctions, that it has the option, and had better seize upon the honour, of making a M.P. of a hero."

Beauchamp interposed hastily: "Thank you, thank you for the best of intentions. But let me tell you I am prepared to stand or fall with Dr. Shrapnel, and be hanged to all that humbug."

Timothy rubbed his hands with an abstracted air of washing. "Well, commander, well, sir, they say a candidate's to be humoured in his infancy, for *he* has to do all the humouring before he's many

weeks old at it; only there's the fact!—he soon finds out he has to pay for his first fling, like the son of a family sowing his oats to reap his Jews. Credit me, sir, I thought it prudent to counteract a bit of an apothecary's shop odour in the junior Liberal candidate's address. I found the town sniffing, they scented Shrāpnol in the composition."

"Every line of it was mine," said Beauchamp.

"Of course it was, and the address was admirably worded, sir, I make bold to say it to your face; but most indubitably it threatened powerful drugs for weak stomachs, and it blew cold on votes, which are sensitive plants like nothing else in botany."

"If they are only to be got by abandoning principles, and by anything but honesty in stating them, they may go," said Beauchamp.

"I repeat, my dear sir, I repeat, the infant candidate delights in his honesty, like the babe in its nakedness, the beautiful virgin in her innocence. So he does; but he discovers it's time for him to wear clothes in a contested election. And what's that but to preserve the outlines pretty correctly, whilst he doesn't shock and horrify the sight? A dash of conventionalism makes the whole civilised world kin, ye know. That's the truth. You must appear to be one of them, for them to choose you. After all, there's no harm in a dyer's hand; and, sir, a candidate looking at his own, when he has won the election . . ."

"Ah, well," said Beauchamp, swinging on his heel, "and now I'll take my leave of you, and I apologise for bringing you down here so early. Please attend to what I have said; it's peremptory. You will give me great pleasure by dining with me to-night, at the hotel opposite. Will you? I don't know what kind of wine I shall be able to offer you. Perhaps you know the cellar, and may help me in that."

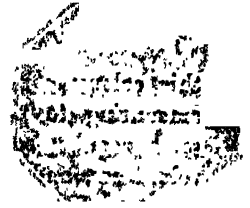
Timothy grasped his hand, "With pleasure, Captain Beauchamp. They have a bucellas over there that's old, and a tolerable claret, and a port to be inquired for under the breath, in a mysteriously intimate tone of voice, as one says, 'I know of your treasure, and the corner under ground where it lies.' Avoid the champagne: 'tis the banqueting wine. Ditto the sherry. One can drink them, one can drink them."

"At a quarter to eight this evening, then," said Nevil.

"I'll be there at the stroke of the clock, sure as the date of a bill," said Timothy.

"And it's early to guess whether you'll catch Bevisham or you won't," he reflected, as he gazed at the young gentleman crossing the road; "but female Bevisham's with you, if that counts for much." Timothy confessed that, without the employment of any weapon save arrogance and a look of candour, the commander had gone some way toward catching the feminine side of himself.

GEORGE MEREDITH.



THE  
FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

NO. XCVI. NEW SERIES.—DECEMBER 1, 1874.

THE KAFIR REVOLT OF 1873.

THE publications mentioned in the foot-note<sup>1</sup> contain all that the colonial officials have been able to say in defence of proceedings in the course of which more than two hundred persons, including many old men, women, and children, have been killed, about two hundred have been sentenced to transportation or imprisonment with hard labour, and fifteen thousand have been deprived of all their land and cattle, and driven out homeless. Two thousand men, women, and children were even at one time offered by Government to private colonists as servants; though this project was afterwards abandoned, and in certain cases their friends have recovered them by paying for them ten shillings a head. And it is now clear that all this misery has been brought about by nothing worse than suspicion and fear on the part of the natives, combined with jealous pride of race, blundering, and ultimately panic, on the part of the white people and authorities, the latter of whom have resorted to measures of which the true description will be best left to the judgment of those who shall have read the narrative. The one consoling circumstance is, that there is reason to believe that the Home Government is well disposed to do all that is now possible to redress the injustice; but it is not the less necessary that the English public should be made alive to the manner in which its imperial duties have been discharged by those whom it has trusted on the spot.

On October 30th, 1873, Sir Benjamin Pine, the Lieutenant-Governor of Natal, informed the Legislative Council, by a message, "that a native chief named Langalibalele and his tribe" (the Ama-Hlubi) "have set the authority of her Majesty's Government in

(1) Papers relating to the late Kafir Outbreak in Natal, presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of Her Majesty: 1874, C—1025.

"The Kafir Revolt in Natal in the year 1873, being an Account of the Revolt of the Ama-Hlubi Tribe under the Chief Langalibalele, and the Measures taken to vindicate the Authority of the Government, together with the Official Record of the Trial of the Chief and some of his Sons and Indunas." Pietermaritzburg: Keith & Co. (1874.)

this colony at defiance, and are charged with committing acts amounting to public violence and treason." On the same day some regular soldiers, with two cannon, six corps of mounted volunteers, and five thousand natives, were set in motion for the purpose of surrounding the tribe and preventing its escape. For now it must be stated, though the Lieutenant-Governor's message specified no more than has been quoted, that the primary object of the expedition was to enforce an order for Langalibele's personal appearance at the capital, Pietermaritzburg, which had been several times sent to him during the preceding six months, and which he had not complied with, fearing that treachery was intended, and that he would be killed, though he at last offered to pay a heavy fine instead of appearing. Nor can it be said that such a fear was unnatural in a native mind, for only twice before in the history of the colony had such a summons been sent to a chief, and each time the matter had ended in the destruction of the tribe; besides that, at a former period, when the Ama-Hlubi were living in Zululand, their then chief, Langalibalele's brother, was sent for by the Zulu king Dingane, and slain on his arrival in obedience to the summons—an event which had left a deep impression on their minds. Langalibalele's appearance at Pietermaritzburg was required because Mr. Macfarlane, the magistrate of his county, Weenen, had reported him to Mr. Theophilus Shepstone, the Secretary for Native Affairs to the Colonial Government, on grounds which cannot be stated with proper definiteness, since the report was not contained in any official document, but of which the only ones that have been produced are conniving with his tribe in the retention of firearms contrary to law, and insulting a messenger sent to him about those firearms, and this messenger had a blood-feud with the Ama-Hlubi, and his report of the insult has not been confirmed by another unprejudiced messenger who accompanied him. As to the tribe, notwithstanding the Lieutenant-Governor's message, no act of public violence had, up to its date, been alleged against them, nor any unlawful act, except the retention of the guns; for advice to their chief not to risk his life by obeying the summons to the capital, and the intention of flying with him, and defending his person if necessary, were not acts. The charge of treason in the Lieutenant-Governor's message doubtless refers to information which the Natal Government had received from that of the Cape Colony, that a rumour was current among the Basutos that Langalibalele intended to resist the order to deliver up the guns, and had asked two Basuto chiefs to allow him to send his cattle into their country for safety. But the truth of this rumour has never been investigated, and the absence of any understanding between Langalibalele and the Basuto chiefs is quite apparent from the event.

The Ama-Hlubi occupied what is called a location, of about two hundred thousand acres—Middlesex contains a hundred and eighty

thousand—at the foot of the Kahlamba or Drakensberg mountains, the frontier between the colony and Basutoland, a district which a few years since submitted voluntarily to British sovereignty, and is governed from Capetown. They had entered Natal in 1848, as refugees from the cruel Zulu sovereign, Panda, and were placed in their location for the purpose, which they had admirably fulfilled, of protecting the colony against the inroads of the Bushmen, who are not, like the Basutos, a branch of the great Kafir race, but natives of a very low type. As the crisis approached, the agitation among the Ama-Ilubi had become extreme. Flight was the general thought, but no plan had been fixed on; yet movements, especially of the women and children, were commencing, and the more easily because, from the time of year, the cattle were already feeding high up towards the mountains. Some proposed that the tribe should return to Zululand, some had gone to the upper part of the Little Tugela River, when the actual march of the troops was made known by the messengers returning from Pietermaritzburg, whither they had been sent to make the last unsuccessful attempt to compound matters by a fine. Langalibalele then, by a sudden decision, issued an order that the men, with the cattle, should cross the Drakensberg by the Bushman's River pass, but if pursued should not fire upon the troops, but should leave the cattle and run away; and that the women and children should remain behind in the caves of the Little Tugela, where he did not doubt they would be safe under British rule. The chief himself ascended the pass on the morning of November 3rd, and proceeded further into the dreary waste which divides Natal from Basutoland.

To understand this flight, it should be known that the Kafir usages as to refugees (which are stated at p. 75 of the "Compendium of Kafir Laws and Customs," compiled by direction of Col. Maclean, Chief Commissioner of British Kaffraria, and published under the authority of the Cape Government) are very similar to those which are found, or might lately have been so, among more civilised peoples. No general right of expatriation is allowed, and those who wish to change their chief must fly stealthily with their cattle, for if caught they would be "caten up;" a term which includes all kinds of plunder and destruction of property, but not killing human beings, unless the "eating up" is resisted. But the right of asylum is recognised, and the chief to whom the fugitives may succeed in escaping is never even asked to give them up; only, if they have taken any of their neighbours' cattle with them, or if any lawsuit was pending before they fled, he generally settles such matters impartially on being appealed to. The Ama-Ilubi, then, considered that if they could escape with their cattle into Basutoland, they would be safe, and might either send for their women and children to follow them, or make terms with the Natal Government to pay a fine and return.

But in this calculation they forgot that Basutoland, too, had become British territory; so that entering it was not escaping into any jurisdiction where disobedience to an order of the Natal Government would not be regarded as a crime, but was, legally, seeking to occupy without lawful permission soil which, though new, was still British. The mistake was natural, seeing the little apparent unity there is between the British possessions, and especially that Basutoland has not been opened to colonisation, and has little to distinguish it from an independent native territory, except the residence of an agent of the Cape Governor among its chiefs.

The troops having been dispersed over a wide extent of country with the view, as has been mentioned, of surrounding the tribe, Major Durnford reached the summit of the Bushman's River pass on November 4th, with a small party of mounted volunteers and Basutos, and there found the flight still in progress, though Langalibalele was far in advance. The Ama-Hlubi "asked why they were followed, now they had left the country of taxes;" and, after a good deal of time spent in parleying, the senior officer of the volunteers informed the major that they were seized with panic, and were not to be depended on, and the major thereupon ordered a retreat, seeing which the Ama-Hlubi commenced firing, and the colonial force only got away with the loss of five killed—three Europeans, the interpreter, and a Basuto. The excitement which this event caused in the colony was redoubled by the circulation at the same time of another story, which obliges us to retrace our steps a little.

Mahoiza, the last of the messengers from the Government to Langalibalele, had been sent with a written summons to him from Mr. Shepstone, dated October 4th, by which he was peremptorily required to appear at Pietermaritzburg within fourteen days after its delivery. Tardy in setting out, travelling leisurely, and put off after his arrival while Langalibalele was trying to be allowed to pay a fine instead of appearing, Mahoiza did not see the chief till the 29th, two days after the Lieutenant-Governor, without waiting for the effect of the letter, had requested the military commandant to take forcible steps; nor was anything known of the result of his mission until, on November 1st, he met Mr. Shepstone, already surrounded by warlike preparations, at Estcourt, in the county of Weenen. To that gentleman he told a sensational story, to the effect that he and his companions had been "subjected to every possible insult . . . made prisoners of . . . stripped of their clothes, and then marched under a strong armed guard, prodded every now and then with the points of assegais, to the hut where the chief was . . . [who then] reviled the magistrate, me, and you [Mr. Macfarlane, Mr. Shepstone, and the Lieutenant-Governor]. . . . Nothing was given them to eat, and they had to do without for some days." It has since been proved that every syllable of this story was a lie, except that the party were

made to take off their coats, for fear that a pistol with which to kill the chief might have been concealed under them—a fear arising from an incident which the natives believe to have happened, namely, that Mr. John Shepstone, brother of the Secretary for Native Affairs, when charged with arresting a chief named Matyana, enticed him to a meeting, and then suddenly produced a pistol and fired at him. Matyana escaped to Zululand, the matter was never investigated, and some of the colonists deny the firing; but the currency of the allegation excuses suspicion under the circumstances of Mahoiza's visit. Mahoiza's own previous career had not been free from the accusation of dishonest practices, though the Kafirs who made it had failed to convince Mr. Shepstone of its truth. Yet that gentleman accepted his whole story without question, and embodied it the next day in a despatch to the Lieutenant-Governor, in which, declaring that it removed every lingering doubt from his mind, he recommended that the whole tribe should be removed from where it was, and dispersed among the farmers, and that the men found in arms should be punished as the Lieutenant-Governor might decide. This, it will be observed, was two days before the affair at the pass, when there was no overt act of resistance to authority to punish any one for.

For immediate purposes, Mr. Shepstone's plan was to issue a proclamation, reciting that "the chief Langalibalele and a portion of the Ama-Hlubi tribe have disobeyed the orders of the Supreme Chief" [the Lieutenant-Governor], "and defied the authority of the Government of her Majesty the Queen, and have taken up a position in the Drakensberg, where they have insulted the messengers sent by the Supreme Chief to remonstrate with them and require their obedience,"—observe that Mahoiza himself did not place the scene of his story in the Drakensberg, but at one of the numerous kraals of the tribe, four days before Langalibalele set out for the Drakensberg, which he did on the very day of the date of this proclamation—and menacing coercive measures, which, as being to a large extent intrusted to a native force, were sure to be severe, after twenty-four hours had been allowed to individuals to give themselves up. Mr. Shepstone says, "I find"—he should have said "I conjecture"—"that the rebellious portion of the tribe is all in one place, and that therefore twenty-four hours' notice is quite sufficient." But on November 4th, when two messengers were sent to make this proclamation—a number which would not have been too small if there had really been a collected body of the Ama-Hlubi to send them to—the last of the so-called rebellious portion were crossing the Drakensberg on the opposite side of the extensive location to Estcourt, and few but the old men, women, and children—who should have been the subject of watchful care by the Government—were left to address these menaces to. That day and the next the two messengers walked about, meeting the few wretched creatures who ventured out of their caves and



thickets after their goats or their horses, and on November 6th the dogs of war were let slip on the location.

It would serve no purpose to detail the horrors of the ensuing days, as they appear in the narratives contained in the official record of the trials, and as they are admitted in the anonymous but apparently not quite unofficial introduction to that record, as published by Messrs. Keith and Co. Little difference can be made between the conduct of the whites, infuriated by the loss of white lives at the pass, and that of their native allies. Fighting there was none, in any military sense; but several of the able men returned from across the Drakensberg, when they heard that the women and children were being captured, rather with the view of sharing their fate than from any notion that they could protect them, and there was a good deal of firing among the thickets and into and out of caves. From the evidence printed by the Government, it is not certain that any life was destroyed by the fires which were certainly lighted at the mouths of caves; but the spirit which prevailed may be judged of from a passage in the introduction just referred to, where, after relating how a solitary and wounded "rebel," on being dragged from his hiding-place by a large party, was shot by order of the officer in command, it is suggested that if mercy had been shown to him it might have been regarded as a sign of fear. The total result was the slaughter of two hundred persons, of both sexes and all ages, and the sweeping in of a multitude of captives, ruined in property, and severed from their relations and friends. Martial law (whatever that may mean) was not proclaimed till November 11th, and was revoked from the 24th; but the lawless violence which had not waited for its proclamation was not stopped by its being revoked, and as late as December 16th the Government Kafirs swooped down on a kraal which had remained perfectly quiet, assassinated one of the men, and stole seventy head of cattle, as many goats, £20 in cash, and everything else on which they could lay their hands; nor was it till four months afterwards that any expression of regret for the murder, or any promise of restitution of the property, could be extracted from the authorities.

Meanwhile, Langalibalele, followed by a force from Natal, was desirous of reaching the Basuto chief, Molapo, in the hope of being received by him as a refugee, according to the Kafir custom; but while he was wandering in the mountains without a guide, a treacherous message from Molapo brought him to that chief's kraal, where on December 11th he surrendered to the British authorities, and the remainder of the Ama-Hlubi, with their cattle, were soon afterwards taken. The cattle were appropriated by the Government, or by their Basuto captors with its consent; the men were brought back to the colony, to learn that the matter against them was already judged by another proclamation of the Lieutenant-

Governor, dated November 11th, by which "the chief, Langalibalele, and the Ama-Ilubi tribe" were declared outlaws, on the *ipse dicit* of Sir Benjamin Pine that they were in rebellion; Langalibalele was deposed from the dignity of chief, and it was declared that the tribe was broken up, and had ceased to exist, "and that no person heretofore belonging to it shall be allowed to live within the colony, until he shall be furnished with and possess a certificate from the resident magistrate of the county or division in which he resides or has resided, stating that he has taken no part in the revolt and rebellion aforesaid, or shall have been duly tried and acquitted of such offence." The Ama-Ilubi, by the returns of the hut tax, had 2,344 huts, and were estimated to number 1,875 fighting men. Here, then, were 10,000 people, lately tillers of the soil, and possessed of abundance of cattle, sheep, and horses, despoiled of everything, and all the men among them forbidden even to work for wages, or to sleep under a bush, without having justified themselves individually, and this under conditions making justification almost impossible; for few had not taken part in the flight, and to say that they had fled, but had never meant to rebel in any proper sense, would be to give the lie to the Lieutenant-Governor's proclamation, and throw blame on all his proceedings.

The farce which was called the trial of Langalibalele was opened on January the 16th. The Kafirs in the colony of Natal are believed to be under, or at least liable to be under, a special something called native law, for the purposes of which the Lieutenant-Governor dons the title of Supreme Chief; but, in practice, all serious criminal charges against natives have, almost from the foundation of the colony, been tried before the Supreme Court, according to the ordinary criminal law. On this occasion, however, the arbitrary weapon of native law was again produced, with what degree of strict legality I will not here inquire, being content to see how far the proceedings were consonant with justice, which the Supreme Chief was the more bound to observe since he considered himself free from technical restraints. The court was composed of the Lieutenant-Governor and Mr. Theophilus Shepstone, the two persons whose proceedings any real investigation of the charge of rebellion would have impeached, and a varying number of European magistrates, and native chiefs and government indunas (officers). It was opened by a speech from the Lieutenant-Governor, in which the prisoner's guilt was affirmed; and he was told that, under native law, if strictly administered, it would be considered as proved without trial. Mr. John Shepstone, acting as prosecutor, then indicted the prisoner for rebellion, charging as special acts the flight from the colony, the killing the members of the colonial force at the pass, a conspiracy with the tribe to procure and retain firearms illegally, "treasonable communications with others at present unknown," and insult and violence to the messengers

of the Supreme Chief. Langelibalele—though of course it does not appear in the publications named at the beginning of this article—had been prevented from conversing with the other native prisoners, though some of them might have been valuable witnesses for him; but, being called on to plead, he attributed the flight from the colony to fear, said that he would have liked to call some witnesses who would have exculpated him personally about killing the men at the pass, denied having ordered the men of his tribe to procure guns, denied all treasonable communication with any one, and admitted some disrespect to the messengers in causing them to strip (only their coats, be it remembered), which, however, he said was a precaution caused by fear. This plea, so plainly one of Not Guilty, the court declared that it regarded as one of Guilty, and directed the trial to proceed only “for the purpose of placing on record the extent of the prisoner’s crime,” that is, in plain English, not for the conviction of the prisoner, which was already decided on, but for the justification of the Governor’s acts and proclamations; and the excuse given for the treatment of the messengers the Lieutenant-Governor pronounced at once to be an aggravation, because it imputed the possibility of treachery to the Government. He may not have heard of the story about Mr. John Shepstone, as he was not in the colony at the time of the occurrence; but the cue was taken, aided, no doubt, by the presence of the two Messieurs Shepstone in important official positions, and the full nature and real importance of the excuse were never explained. On the third day the Lieutenant-Governor announced that he had determined to allow counsel to appear for the prisoner; but, on the fourth day, he announced that Mr. Escombe, whom the court had selected (and who, by the way, knew nothing of the native language), had refused to accept the duty, on being informed “that he must confine himself within certain limits;” whereupon it was determined that there was to be no counsel, “because he could only say something in extenuation of the guilt of the prisoner,” any disproof of which, it is thus confessed, was not to be permitted. The prisoner was not even allowed to have the advice and assistance of Mr. Advocate J. B. Moodie, whom he had desired to consult as an old acquaintance, and one familiar with the Kafir language. After the fourth day it became known to the Bishop of Natal that Mahoiza’s story, most of which he had repeated at the trial, was a tissue of falsehoods, and the witnesses to that effect, produced by the bishop, were confronted with Mahoiza in the presence of Mr. Theophilus Shepstone and the native members of the court, who were all fully satisfied of their truth; but they were not allowed to repeat the discomfiture of Mahoiza before the court, from which the Lieutenant-Governor, on the fifth day, elicited a declaration that they required no further evidence on the point; and thus that scoundrel’s inventions stand uncontradicted in the official record of

the trial, and I regret to add that he retains to this day his post of induna to the magistrate's court at Pietermaritzburg, in which capacity he has to hear and decide all native cases in the first instance. Of a trial thus conducted it is needless to say anything further, but that on the sixth day the Lieutenant-Governor delivered an elaborate judgment, finding Langelibalele guilty of all the charges except that of treasonable communication with persons out of the colony, which had not been inquired into, and supporting the finding of guilty of the killing at the pass, (as to which not a syllable of evidence had been furnished that the order to fire, which was given by Mabuhle, was in accordance with the chief's directions,) by the ridiculous arguments that Mabuhle was a trusted induna of Langelibalele, sent him a report of the action, and was with him when he was taken prisoner. The notions of political, civil, and criminal responsibility for the acts of another appear to have been all confused together in the minds of the court.

Space fails me to relate in detail how against this judgment, which concluded with a sentence of transportation for life, the Bishop of Natal appealed in Langelibalele's name to the Lieutenant-Governor in Executive Council; by what difficulties and limitations interposed the success of the appeal was prevented; how the bishop then unsuccessfully applied to the Supreme Court to prohibit the transportation on various technical grounds; how there was one such ground, unknown to the bishop, and at least unnoticed by the Supreme Court, to which, as being decisive against the legality of the sentence, Lord Carnarvon, as Secretary of State for the Colonies, had drawn the attention of the Lieutenant-Governor, by a despatch which he must have received before the appeal was heard, and, *a fortiori*, before the application to the Supreme Court; and how, notwithstanding that despatch, the sentence has been carried into effect by transportation to Robben Island, near Cape Town, where Langelibalele is kept, it is said, in close confinement, though other Kafir prisoners there are allowed the freedom of the island, and whither one of his wives, the mother of a boy transported with him, has been prevented from accompanying him, if not by the Natal Government, at least by the petty chief under whose surveillance they had placed her. Nor can I find room for the trials of the sons and tribesmen of Langelibalele, which have resulted in the wholesale sentences mentioned at the commencement of this article—an instalment of that indictment of a whole people, which Burke said he did not know how to draw, but which we have seen was promised, not in vain, by the Lieutenant-Governor's proclamation. Only I cannot help observing that, in the trial of the sons, the Lieutenant-Governor, having begun by ordaining that five native chiefs or indunas should be necessary to constitute the court, made up the number, on the day when judgment was given, by bringing in one

who had not been present at any, and another who had been present only on four, of the nine days on which evidence was taken;<sup>1</sup> and as the affair of the guns was the principal occasion of the troubles, the upshot of it, as it appears from all the evidence, must be stated. It is that the Ama-Hlubi, though the only tribe whom the Government much pestered about their guns, were as little at fault as any, for the register which, though produced to the court, has been kept out of the official record of the trials, shows that in the three years 1871-2-3 they, with their 2,344 huts, had thirteen guns registered, while other tribes in the district, numbering together 12,650 huts, and who are known to have abounded with guns as well as the Ama-Hlubi, had only eight registered; that the guns had been lawfully purchased at the Diamond Fields, another British territory, where the regulations as to the possession of guns by natives are less strict than in Natal, out of wages earned there; that the Natal Government, when the guns were brought within its jurisdiction, sought to enforce its own rules about them, which were that they must be brought in for registration, and would then be detained unless the owners were favourably reported on, no compensation, however, being offered in case of their detention; and that Langalibalele's offence, even under this harsh dealing, was only that he persisted in saying that in so large a tribe, in which much must necessarily go on without his knowledge, he could not aid the Government in getting the guns sent in unless they furnished him with the names of the men whom they accused of having them. The idle stories with which panic, and jealousy of all independent spirit, filled the colony in 1873, and of which no proof at all has been offered, or none but some expressions of witnesses whom there was no one to cross-examine, though a few questions would have elicited the explanations they have themselves since given, must here be dismissed, though they are paraded sometimes as verities, sometimes with an "it is said," or an "it must have been," in the narrative which forms the anonymous introduction to the official record. Langalibalele's habit was to answer when found fault with; he usually did so, as far as I can make out, fairly, and rather on behalf of his tribe than of himself; but he had been warned that his magistrate disliked him for it, and this, at bottom, appears to have brought the trouble on the Ama-Hlubi.

I said at the beginning that fifteen thousand persons had been driven out homeless, and in the Ama-Hlubi I have accounted for ten

(1) On one of the days on which evidence was taken, the number of five was made up by bringing in a native chief, Umnini, who had been summoned to Pietermaritzburg to give an account of himself for having, as reported, remonstrated against an order of the Lieutenant-Governor. Since the refusal of counsel has been extenuated on the plea that the native members of the court were free to put questions to the witnesses, one may ask what impartial questioning was expected from judges among whom it was thought proper to place one who had, as it were, the government rope round his neck?

thousand. The balance is composed of the late neighbour tribe of Putini, the Ama-Ngwe, who were living quietly, without so much as a charge being made against them, when, during the "eating up" of the Ama-Hlubi, "by an admirable movement," says the Lieutenant-Governor, they were "surrounded and disarmed without loss of life." About a month afterwards, on December 17th, 1873, a proclamation was issued, breaking up the tribe, and, as in the case of the Ama-Hlubi, forbidding its late members to live within the colony until they should have cleared themselves, individually, from taking part in the rebellion; the grounds alleged being that they had received and concealed part of the people (they were chiefly women) and cattle of Langelibalele's tribe, and that they had fired on her Majesty's forces, which, if they did it at all, was not till the "admirable movement" had been commenced against them. None of them have been tried, and the Natal Government now admits that the proclamation, in their case, was an error, and has promised to restore them to their lands and property; but at the date of the latest advices from the colony those who had been bound for terms of years as servants to colonial farmers had not been so restored.

The first reflection which this sad narrative suggests relates to the consequences of the mode in which the tribal organization has been maintained among the Kafirs in Natal. The wars of the cruel Zulu dynasty of Chaka, and the convulsions caused by the movements of the Dutch boers, had left the colony almost vacant in the early British times. It was then re-peopled by Zulus, returning in large numbers to their old associations, as well as by others, flying from the tyranny of Dingane and Panda; and as there is a rapid national increase among a people in general orderly, and for their state of civilisation industrious, the Kafirs now number 350,000, while the whites, who have not thriven in the usual colonial manner, are but 18,000. The situation, no doubt, was and is difficult, nor can Mr. Shepstone and the other founders of the actual system be blamed for relying to a great extent on the means of government to be found among the natives. Yet it is now evident that mistakes were made. The tribal organization which the refugees brought with them was preserved, and a similar one was established for those who came as scattered families, so far that titles to land were not given to individuals, but to the chiefs or tribes, and were vested even for them in a Government Kafir trust, as a protective measure against improvident alienation, except, singularly enough, in the case of the tribes here chiefly concerned, and one other, that of Umnini, whose land I believe is vested in the Bishop of Natal. But the chiefs, who by native law had the power of life and death, were reduced to the right "to adjudicate in all civil cases between members of their own tribes, or where one of them is the defendant in any suit, and to punish for small municipal

offences" (*Lieut.-Governor Scott's despatch, No. 34, 1864, p. 51*); and as the natural consequence, "the authority of the chief, though tacitly acknowledged, and on rare occasions enforced, is generally dormant, and, for all useful purposes, little more than nominal" (*Times of Natal, 10th June, 1874*). The inability of Langalibalele to furnish more effectual aid to the Government in the matter of the unregistered guns illustrates the result of relying so much on a power which was at the same time so weakened, and of so far depriving the individual Kafir of the discipline of contact with European magistrates, and of the incentive to increased industry which the power to acquire separate property in land would have given. It was not unnatural to underrate, at first, the degree in which the Kafir, who had risen beyond savagery into a barbarian order of his own, was prepared to take his place individually as a responsible subject of a civilised government, but it is now time to enable him more freely to do so.

Another evil was that, just as a feudal king employed his faithful vassals in expeditions against his rebellious ones, the force used for coercing a tribe, in case of need, was mainly drawn from the other tribes; and thus the passions to which the *pax Britannica* refused a vent in private war, received nevertheless an occasional gratification under the sanction of the Government. It was during the employment of the Ama-Hlubi in "eating up" Matyana's tribe that they killed the brother of Umtyityizelwa—the man whose story, since made more than doubtful, of an insult offered him by Langalibalele, has been already alluded to;<sup>1</sup> and we have seen what the Ama-Hlubi have suffered in their turn. But perhaps the most striking evil which has flowed from the system is to be found in the arbitrary and unjust habits of mind and action which have been engendered among the white authorities themselves, by the practice of dealing with the natives without the restraint of British law. In the present instance, this corruption of the white authorities has reached the point of cynicism. The worst things that Sir Benjamin Pine and Mr. Shepstone have done against the Ama-Hlubi and their chief

(1) See p. 2. Is this the insult referred to in the proclamation of martial law as having been offered to certain messengers? As they are said to have been sent by the Supreme Chief, it may be thought that Mahoiza's party is referred to, and not Umtyityizelwa's, who were sent by Mr. Macfarlane. But the proclamation enumerates the insult to the messengers among the causes why the Lieutenant-Governor "directed a civil force, aided by the military, to proceed to invest the country occupied by said chief and tribe;" and as that direction was given before Mahoiza's affair happened, the Lieutenant-Governor, if the latter be the affair meant, must have inverted the order of events for the purpose of palliating the hasty exhibition of force which drove the tribe into flight. In the sentence on Langalibalele, Umtyityizelwa's affair is unequivocally alluded to thus: "It also clearly appears from the evidence that, with reference to the unlawful possession of these firearms, the prisoner set the authority of the magistrate at defiance, and on one occasion insulted his messenger." Yet not a word about it is to be found in the evidence on this trial, but only in that on the later ones!

they have justified on the plea, not always true, that the Zulus, whose law they deemed themselves to be administering, would have done as bad or worse. It is the old story of paternal government, with the old ending. Whenever any men claim the right of governing others, on the ground of mental or moral superiority, and there is nothing to hold them in check, the event shows, with unfailing irony, that whatever may be thought of such a claim on principle, at least the men who made it were not the right ones. Our national habits give us, at home and in our other dependencies, a law capable of holding its own against the executive: the Kafirs in Natal must have its protection, or good government and mutual confidence between them and us are impossible.

Lastly, what is to be done with the two tribes? The restoration of Putini must be completed; it has been promised, and it must be done. For the Ama-Ilubi, the case is not so simple. They were in some fault about the guns, though it is now known that not one in ten of the men of the tribe possessed guns unregistered. Their public opinion influenced Langelibalele against obeying the summons to the capital, though real fear for his safety was the motive. They actually abandoned their location, though under the fear that the Government had a grudge against them, and meant them mischief. A few fired on the troops at the Bushman's River pass, though it was on ground believed to be beyond the colonial boundary, and where, therefore, they thought the troops had no right to follow them. Under these circumstances, their complete restoration would scarcely be advisable politically, and could not be claimed as a right, much as it is to be regretted that one of the best and finest tribes in the colony, whose members were always highly esteemed and sought after as servants, should have been broken up in so fearful a way. But all outlawry and penal sentences against any of them should be remitted by a full pardon; and it has been well suggested by the Bishop of Natal that, with the wages which they will then quickly earn, and with such restitution as can be made to them from the produce of their confiscated property, they should be allowed and encouraged to purchase land individually, and thus a commencement be made of dealing with the Kafirs on a better system than the tribal one, which, as the experiment succeeded, might be gradually discontinued or modified elsewhere. If such purchases were allowed to be made at once, the price to be paid by instalments, the women, with the old men and children, whose position now presents the greatest difficulty, might settle in the new location, and would be usefully employed in preparing homes for their husbands and sons against the time when the price should be paid up. Great judgment and knowledge of the natives would be required, in order to superintend the carrying out of such a plan, but it seems to afford the most hopeful mode of bringing good out of the evil which has been done. JOHN WESTLAKE.



## BODY AND MIND.

THE subject of this Lecture is one in regard to which a great change has recently taken place in the public mind. Some time ago it was the custom to look with suspicion upon all questions of a metaphysical nature as being questions that could not be discussed with any good result, and which, leading inquirers round and round in the same circle, never came to an end. But quite of late years there is an indication that a large number of people are waking up to the fact that Science has something to say upon these subjects; and the English people have always been very ready to hear what Science can say—understanding by Science what we shall now understand by it, that is, organized common sense.

When I say Science, I do not mean what some people are pleased to call Philosophy. The word "philosopher," which meant originally "lover of wisdom," has come in some strange way to mean a man who thinks it his business to explain everything in a certain number of large books. It will be found, I think, that in proportion to his colossal ignorance is the perfection and symmetry of the system which he sets up; because it is so much easier to put an empty room tidy than a full one. A man of science, on the other hand, explains as much as ever he can, and then he says, "This is all I can do; for the rest, you must ask the next man." And with regard to such explanations as he has given, whether the next man comes at all, whether there is any next man or any further explanation or no (and we may have to wait hundreds or even thousands of years before another step is made), yet if the original step was a scientific step, was made by true scientific methods, and was an organization of the normal experience of healthy men, that step will remain good for ever, no matter how much is left unexplained by it.

Now the supposition that this subject in itself is necessarily one which cannot be discussed to good purpose, that is to say, in such a way as to lead to definite results, is a mistake. The fact that the subject has been discussed for many hundreds of years to no good purpose, and without leading to definite results, by great numbers of people, is due to the method which was employed, and not to the subject itself; and, in fact, if we like to look in the same way upon other subjects as we have been accustomed to look upon metaphysics—if we regard every man who has written about mathematics or mechanics as having just the same right to speak and to be heard that we give to every man who has written about metaphysics—then I think we shall find that exactly the same thing can be said about the most certain regions of human science.

Those who like to read the last number of the *Edinburgh Review*, for example, will find, from an article on "Comets," that it is at present quite an open question whether bodies which are shot out from the sun by eruptive force may not come to circle about the sun in orbits which are like those of the planets. Now that is not an open question; the supposition is an utterly absurd one, and has been utterly absurd from the time of Kepler. Again, those who are curious enough to read a number of pamphlets that are to be found here and there, may think it is an open question whether the ratio of the circumference of a circle to its diameter may not be expressed by certain finite numbers. It is not an open question to Science; it is only open to those people who do not know any Trigonometry, and who will not learn it. In exactly the same way there are numbers of questions relating to the connection of the mind with the body which have ceased to be open questions, because Science has had her word to say about them; and they are only open now to people who do not know what that word of Science is, and who will not try to learn it.

The whole field of human knowledge may be divided roughly, for the sake of convenience, into three great branches. There are first of all what we call *par excellence* the Physical Sciences—those which deal with inanimate matter. Next, there are those sciences which deal with organic bodies—the bodies of living things, whether plants or animals, and the rules according to which those things move. And lastly, there are those sciences which make a further supposition—which suppose that besides this physical world, including both organic and inorganic bodies, there are also certain other facts, namely, that other men besides me, and most likely other animals besides men, are *conscious*. The sciences which make that supposition are the sciences of Ethics and Politics, which are still in the practical stage, and especially the more advanced science which is now to be considered—Psychology, the Science of Mind itself; that is to say, the science of the laws which regulate the succession of feelings in any one consciousness. Each of these three great divisions began in the form of a number of perfectly disconnected subjects, between which nobody knew of any relation; but in the history of science each of them has been woven together, in consequence of connections being found between the different subjects included in it, into a complete whole; and the further progress of the history of science requires that each of these great threads, into which all the little threads have been twined, should themselves be twined together into a single string.

Now with regard to the first two groups, the group of mechanical sciences as we may call them—that is to say, the physics of inorganic bodies, and biological science, or the physics of organic bodies—the gulf between these two has in these last days been firmly bridged

over. A description of that bridge, and an account of the doctrines which form it, will be found in Professor Huxley's admirable lecture delivered at Belfast before the British Association, which is printed in the November number of this Review. That bridge, as we have it now, is, in the conception of it, mainly due to Descartes; but parts of it have been worked out since his time by a vast number of physiologists, with the expenditure of an enormous amount of labour and thought. Such facts as that discovered by Harvey, that the movement of the blood was a mere question of Hydrodynamics, and was to be explained upon the same principles as the motion of water in pipes—facts like these have been piled up, one upon another, and have gradually led to the conclusion that the science of organic bodies is only a complication of the science of inorganic bodies.

It would not be advisable here to describe in detail the stones which compose this bridge; but we have to ask whether it is possible to construct some similar bridge between the now united Science of Physics, which deals with all phenomena whether organic or inorganic, in fact with all the material world, and the other science, the Science of Consciousness, which deals with the Laws of Mind and with the subject of Ethics. This is the question which we have now to discuss.

In order to make this bridge a firm one, so that it will not break down like those which philosophers have made, it is necessary to observe with great care what is the exact difference between the two classes of facts. If we confuse the two things together to begin with, if we do not recognise the great difference between them, we shall not be likely to find any explanation which will reduce them to some common term. The first thing, therefore, that we have to do is to realise as clearly as possible how profound the gulf is between the facts which we call Physical facts and the facts which we call Mental facts. The difference is one which has been observed from primeval times, when man or his prehuman ancestor found it not good to be alone; for the very earliest precept that we find set forth in all societies to regulate the lives of those who belong to them, is, "Put yourself in his place;" that is to say, ascribe to other men a consciousness which is like your own. And this belief which the lowest savage got, that there was something else than the physical organization in other men, is the foundation of Natural Ethics as well as of the modern Science of Consciousness. But in very early times an hypothesis was formed which was supposed to make this belief easier. If you eat too much you will dream when you are asleep; if you eat too little you will dream when you are awake, or have visions; and those dreams of savages whose food was very precarious led them to a biological hypothesis. They saw in those dreams their fellows, other men, when it appeared from evidence furnished to them afterwards that those other men were not there when they were dreaming.

Consequently, they supposed that the actions of the organic body were caused by some other body which was not physical in the ordinary sense, which was not made of ordinary matter, and this other body was called the Soul. Animism, as Mr. Tylor calls this belief, was at first, then, an hypothesis in the domain of biology. It was a physical hypothesis to account for the peculiar way in which living things went about. But then when people had got this belief in another body which was not a physical body, after a long series of years they reasoned in this way. It is very difficult indeed to suppose that the ordinary matter which makes a man's body can be conscious. This Me is quite different from the flesh and blood which make up a man; but then as to this other body, or soul, we do not know anything about it, so that it may as well be conscious as not. That hypothesis put upon the Soul, whose basis was in the phenomena of dreams, the explanation of the consciousness which we cannot help believing to exist in other men. I have mentioned this early hypothesis on the subject, because out of that grew the almost universal custom of holding at this time of the year the Festival of the Dead which we preserve in our All Souls' Day.

But now let us see what it is that Science can tell us, and what we can believe in place of that early hypothesis of our savage ancestors. In the first place, let us consider a little more narrowly what we mean by the body, and more especially what we mean by the nervous system; for it is the great discovery of Descartes that the nervous system is that part of the body which is related directly to the mind. This can hardly be better expressed than it is by the first of that series of propositions which Professor Huxley has stated in his lecture.

I. "*The brain is the organ of sensation, thought, and emotion; that is to say, some change in the condition of the matter of this organ is the invariable antecedent of the state of consciousness to which each of these terms is applied.*" We may complete this statement by saying, not only that some change in the matter of this organ is the invariable antecedent, but that some other change is the invariable concomitant of sensation, thought, and emotion; and that is rather an important remark, as you will see presently.

Let us now look at the general structure of the brain and see what it is like. We can easily make a rough picture of it, which will serve our present purpose (see p. 721). A parachute is a round piece of paper, like the top of a parasol, with strings going from its circumference to a cork. Let us imagine a parachute with two corks, a red and a blue one; each of these corks being attached by strings, not only to the circumference of our piece of paper, but to innumerable points in the inside of it. Moreover, let innumerable other strings go across from point to point of the paper, like a spider's web spun in the inside of a parasol. And the corks themselves

must be tied to each other and to a third cork, say the white one, while from all three streamers fly away in all directions.

This is our diagram. Now the sheet of paper represents the *cerebral hemispheres*, a great sheet of grey nervous matter which forms the outside of your brain, and lies just under your skull. Our red and blue corks are two other masses of grey matter lying at the base of the brain, and called the *optic thalami* and the *corpora striata* respectively. The white cork is another mass of grey matter called the *medulla oblongata*, which is the top of the spinal cord. Our strings which tie part of the parachute together, and our streamers which go out in all directions from the corks, represent the nerves, white threads that run all over the body. And they are of two kinds; there are some which go to the brain from any part of the body, and others which come from the brain to it. As regards the position of the nerves this is the same thing for both of them, but it is not the same thing with regard to what they do. The nerves which are called *Sensory nerves*, and which go to the brain, are those which are excited whenever any part of the body is touched. When your finger is touched a certain excitement is given to the nerves which end in your finger, and that excitement is carried along your arm and away up to the medulla, represented by our white cork. But when you are going to move your arm the excitement starts from the brain, and goes along the other set of nerves which are called *Motor nerves*, or moving nerves, and goes to the muscles which work the part of the arm which you want to move. And that excitement of the nerves by purely mechanical means makes those muscles contract so as to move the part which you want to move. We have then a connection between the brain and any part of the body which is of a double kind: there is the means of sending a message to the brain from this part of the body, and the means of taking a message from the brain to this part. The nerves which carry the message to the brain are called the "*Sensory nerves*," because they accompany what we call sensation: the nerves which carry the message from the brain are called "*Motor nerves*," because they are the agents in the motion of that part of the body.

All this is expressed in Professor Huxley's second and third propositions.

II. "*The movements of animals are due to the change of form of the muscles, which shorten and become thicker; and this change of form in a muscle arises from a motion of the substance contained within the nerves which go to the muscle.*"

III. "*The sensations of animals are due to a motion of the substance of the nerves which connect the sensory organs with the brain.*"

I pass on to his fourth proposition:—

IV. "*The motion of the matter of a sensory nerve may be trans-*

*mitted through the brain to motor nerves, and thereby give rise to a contraction of the muscles to which these motor nerves are distributed; and this reflection of motion from a sensory into a motor nerve may take place without volition, or even contrary to it."*

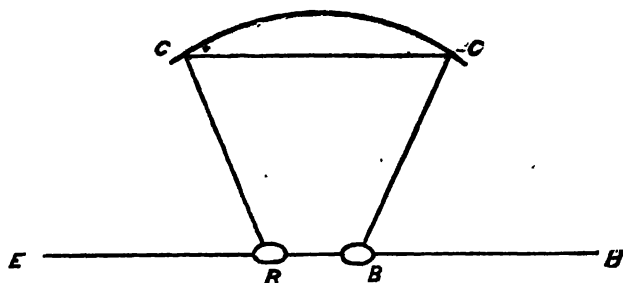
Let us take that organ of sense which always occurs to us as a type of the others, because it is the most perfect, the eye. The optic nerve which runs from the eye towards the brain may be represented by one of our streamers going to the red cork, to which it is fastened by a knot that is called the "Optic ganglion." Supposing that you move your hand rapidly towards anybody's eye, a message with news of this movement goes along the nerve to the optic ganglion, and it comes away back again by another streamer, not direct from the ganglion, but from a point on the blue cork very near it, to the muscles which move the eyelid, and that makes the eye wink. You know that the winking of the eye, when anybody moves his hand very rapidly towards it, is not a thing which you determine to do, and which you consider about; it is a thing which happens without your interference with it; and in fact it is not you who wink your eye, but your body that does it. This is called Automatic or involuntary motion, or again it is called Reflex action, because it is a purely mechanical thing. A wave runs along that nerve, and comes back on another nerve, and that without any deliberation; and at the point where it stops and comes back it is just a reflection like the wave which you send along a string and which comes back from the end of the string, or like a wave of water which is sent up against a sea-wall and which reflects itself back along the sea.

V. *"The motion of any given portion of the matter of the brain excited by the motion of a sensory nerve leaves behind it a readiness to be moved in the same way in that part, and anything which resuscitates the motion gives rise to the appropriate feeling. This is the physical mechanism of memory."* We can perhaps make this a little more clear in the following manner. Suppose two messages are sent at once to the brain; each of them is reflected back, but the two disturbances which they set up in the brain create, in some way or other, a link between them, so that when one of these disturbances is set up afterwards the other one is also set up. It is as if every time two bells of a house were rung together, that of itself made a string to tie them together, so that when you rang one bell it was necessary to ring the other bell in consequence. That, remember, is purely a physical circumstance which we know happens. There is a physical excitation or disturbance which is sent along two different nerves and which produces two different disturbances in the brain, and the effect of these two disturbances taking place together is to make a change in the character of the brain itself, so that when the one of them takes place it produces the other.

Now there are two different ways in which a stimulus coming to

the eye can be made to move the hand. In the first place, suppose you are copying out a book ; you have the book before you, and you read the book whilst you are copying with your hand, and consequently the light coming into your eye from the book 'directs your hand to move in a certain way. It is possible for this light impinging upon the eye to send a message along the optic nerve into the ganglion, and that message may go almost, though not quite, direct to the hand, so as to make the hand move, and that causes the hand to describe the letter which you have seen in the book ; or else the message may go by a longer route which takes more time. A simple experiment to distinguish between these processes was tried by Donders the great Dutch physiologist. He made a sign to a man at a distance, and when he made this sign the man was to put down a key with his hand. He measured the time which was taken in this process, that is to say, the time which was taken by the message in going from the eye to the ganglion and then to the hand. Measurements of the rate of nerve-motions have also been made by Helmholtz. The velocity varies to a certain extent in different people, but it is something like one hundred feet a second. But Donders also made another measurement. Suppose it is not decided beforehand whether the man is to move the key with his right or his left hand, and this is to be determined by the nature of the signal, then before he can move his hand he has to decide which hand he will use. The time taken for that process of decision was also measured. That process of decision, when looked at from the physical side, means this. The message goes up from the eye to the ganglion. It is immediately connected there with the mass of grey matter represented by our red cork. From that mass of grey matter there go white threads away to the whole of the surface of the cerebral hemispheres, or the paper of our parachute, and they take that message therefore which comes from the eye to the ganglion away to all this grey matter which is put round the inside of your skull. There are also white threads which connect all the parts of this grey matter together, and they run across from every part of it to almost every other part of it. As soon as a message has been taken to this grey matter, there is a vast interchange of messages going on between those parts ; but finally, as the result of that, a number of messages come upon other white threads to another piece of grey matter which is represented by our blue cork ; from that the message is then taken to the muscles of the hand. There are then two different ways in which a message may go from the eye to the hand. It may go to the optic ganglion and then almost straight to the hand, and in that case you do not know much about it—you only know that something has taken place, ~~you do not think that you have done it yourself~~ ; or it may go to the optic ganglion and be sent up to the cerebral hemispheres, and

then be sent back to the sensory tract and then on to the hand. But that takes more time, and it implies that you have deliberated upon the act. The diagram here drawn may make this point more clear. • Here E is the eye, R and B are the red and blue corks,



and H is the hand. The curve C C represents the cerebral hemispheres, or the top of our parachute. If the action is so habitually associated with the signal that it takes place involuntarily, without any effort of the will, the message goes from the eye to the hand along the line E R B H. This may happen with a practised performer when it is settled beforehand which hand he is to use. But if it is necessary to deliberate about the action, to call in the exercise of the will, the message goes round the loop-line, E R C C B H; from the eye to the optic thalami, from them to the cerebrum, thence to the corpora striata, and so through the medulla to the hand.

Besides this fact which we have just explained, the fact of a message going from one part of the body to the brain and coming out in the motion of some other part of the body, there is another thing which is going on continually, and that is this. There is a faint reproduction of some excitement which has previously existed in the cerebral hemispheres, and which calls up, by the process which we have just now described, all those that have become associated with it; and it is continually sending down faint messages which do not actually tell the muscles to move, but which begin to tell them to move as it were. They are not always strong enough to produce actual motions, but they produce just the beginnings of those motions; and that process goes on even when there is apparently no sensation and no motion. If a man is in a brown study, with his eyes shut, although he apparently sees and feels nothing at all, there is a certain action going on inside his brain which is not sensation, but is like it, because it is the transmission to the cerebral hemispheres of faint messages which are copies of previous sensations; and it does not produce motion, but it produces something like it; it produces incipient motion, the beginnings of motion which do not actually take effect. Sometimes a train of thought may so increase in



strength as to produce motion. A man may get so excited by a train of thought that he jumps up and does something in consequence. And the sensory impressions which are taken from the ganglia to the hemispheres may be so strong as to produce an illusion; he may think that he sees something, he may think that he sees a ghost, when he does not. This continuous action of the brain depends upon the presence of blood; so long as a proper amount of blood is sent to the brain it is active, and when the blood is taken away it becomes inactive. And it is a curious property of the nervous system that it can direct the supply of blood which is to be sent to a particular part of it. It is possible, by directing your attention to a particular part of your hand, to make a determination of blood to that part which shall in time become a sore place. Some people have given this explanation, which seems a very probable one, of what has happened to those saints who have meditated so long upon the crucifixion, that they have got what are called stigmata, that is, marks of wounds corresponding to the wounds in what they were thinking about.

That, then, is the general character of the nervous system which we have to consider in connection with the mind. There is a train of facts between stimulus and motion which may be of two kinds; it may be direct or it may be indirect, it may go round the loop-line or not; and also there is a continuous action of the brain even when these steps are not taking place in completeness. Moreover, when two actions take place simultaneously they form a sort of link between them, so that if one of them is afterwards repeated the other gets repeated with it. That is what we have to remember chiefly as to the character of the brain.

Now let us consider the other class of facts and the connections between them—the facts of consciousness. An eminent divine once said to me that he thought there were only two kinds of consciousness—to have a feeling and to know that you have a feeling. Now it seems to me that there is only one kind of consciousness, and that is to have fifty thousand feelings at once and to know them all in different degrees. Whenever I try to analyse any particular state of consciousness in which I am, I find that it is an extremely complex one. I cannot help at this moment having a consciousness of all the different parts of this hall, and of a great sea of faces before me; and I cannot help having the consciousness at the same time of all the suggestions that that picture makes, that each face represents a person sitting there and listening or not as the case may be. And I cannot help combining with them at the same moment a number of actions which they suggest to me, and in particular the action of going on speaking. There are a great number of elements of complexity which I cannot describe, because I am so faintly conscious of them that I cannot remember them. Any state of our

consciousness, then, as we are at present constituted, is an exceedingly complex thing; but it certainly possesses this property, that if two feelings have occurred together, and one of them afterwards occurs again, it is very likely that the other will be called up by it. That is to say, two states of consciousness which have taken place at the same moment produce a link between them, so that a repetition of the one calls up a repetition of the other.

Again I find a certain train of facts between my sensations and my exertions. When I see a thing, I may go through a long process of deliberation as to what I shall do with it, and then afterwards I may do that which I have deliberated and decided upon. But, on the other hand, I may, by seeing a thing, be quite suddenly forced into doing something without any chance of deliberation at all. If I suddenly see a cab coming upon me from the corner of a street where I did not at all expect it, I jump out of the way without thinking that it is a very desirable thing to get out of the way of the cab. But if I see the cab a little while before, and have more time to think about it, then it occurs to me that it will be unpleasant and undesirable to be run over by that cab, and that I can avoid it by walking out of the way. You here see that there are in the case of the mind two distinct trains of facts between sensation and exertion. There is an involuntary train of facts when the exertion follows the sensation without asking my leave, and there is a voluntary train in which it does ask my leave.

Then, again, there is this fact: that even when there is no actual sensation and no actual exertion, there may still be a long train of facts and sensations which hang together; there may be faint reproductions of sensation which are not so vivid as are the sensations themselves, but which form a series of pictures of sensations which pass continually before my mind; and there will be faint beginnings of action. Now the sense in which there are faint beginnings of action is very instructive. Any beginning of an action is what we call a judgment. When you see a thing, you in the first instance form no judgment about it at all—you are not prepared to assert any proposition—you merely have the feeling of a certain sight or sound presented to you; but after a very short space of time, so short that you cannot perceive it, you begin to frame propositions. If you consider what a proposition means you will see that it must correspond to the beginning of some sort of exertion. When you say that A is B, you mean that you are going to act as if A were B. If I see water with a particularly dull surface, and with stones resting upon the surface of it, then, first of all, I have merely an impression of a certain sheet of colour, and of certain objects which interrupt the colour of that sheet. But the second thing that I do is to come to the conclusion that the water is frozen, and that therefore I may walk

upon it. The assertion that the water is frozen implies a bundle of resolves; which means, given certain other conditions, I shall go and walk upon it. So, then, an act of judgment or an assertion of any kind implies a certain incipient action of the muscles, not actually carried out at that time and place, but preparing a certain condition of the mind such as afterwards, when the occasion comes, will guide the action that we shall take up.

Now, then, what is it that we mean by the *character* of a person? You judge of a person's character by what he thinks and does under certain circumstances. Let us see what determines this. We can only be speaking here of voluntary actions—those actions in which the person is consulted, and which are not done by his body without his leave. In those voluntary actions what takes place is, that a certain sensation is communicated to the mind, that sensation is manipulated by the mind, and conclusions are drawn from it, and then a message is sent out which causes certain motions to take place. Now the character of the person is evidently determined by the nature of this manipulation. If the sensation suggests a wrong thing, the character of the person will be bad; if the sensation suggests in the great majority of cases a right thing, you will say that the character of the person is good. So, then, it is the character of the mind which determines what it will do with a given sensation and what act will follow from it, which determines what we call the personality of any person; and that character is persistent in the main, although it is continually changing a little. The vast mass of it is a thing which lasts through the whole of every individual's life, although everything which happens to him makes some small change in it, and that constitutes the education of the man.

Now, then, the question arises, Is there anything else in your consciousness of a different nature from what we have here described? That is a question which every man has to decide by examining his own consciousness. I do not find anything else in mine. If you find anything else in yours, it is extremely important that you should analyse it and find out all that you possibly can about it, and state it in the clearest form to other people; because it is one of the most important problems of philosophy to account for the whole of consciousness out of individual feelings. It seems to me that the account of which I have only given a very rough sketch, which was begun by Locke and Hume, and has been carried out by their successors, chiefly in this country, is in its great general features complete, and leaves nothing but more detailed explanations to be desired. It seems to me that I find nothing in myself which is not accounted for when I describe myself as a stream of feelings such that each of them is capable of a faint repetition, and that when two of ~~them~~ have occurred together the repetition of the one calls up the

other, and that there are rules according to which the resuscitated feeling calls up its fellows. These are, in the main, fixed rules which determine and are determined by my character; but my character is gradually changing in consequence of the education of life. It seems to me that this is a complete account of all the kinds of facts which I can find in myself; and, as I said before, if anybody finds any other kinds of facts in himself, it is an exceedingly important thing that he should describe them as clearly as he possibly can.

We have described two classes of facts, let us now notice the parallelism between them. First, we have these two parallel facts, that two actions of the brain which occur together form a link between themselves, so that the one being called up the other is called up; and two states of consciousness which occur together form a link between them, so that when one is called up the other is called up. But also we find a train of facts between the physical fact of the stimulus of light going into the eye and the physical fact of the motion of the muscles. Corresponding to a part of that train, we have found a train of fact between sensation, the mental fact which corresponds to light going into the eye, and exertion, the mental fact which corresponds to the motion of the hand by a message going out along the nerves. And we have found a correspondence between the continuous action of the brain and the continuous existence of consciousness apparently independent of sensation and exertion.

But let us look at this correspondence a little more closely; we shall find that there are one or two things which can be established with practical certainty. In the first place, it is not the whole of the physical train of facts which corresponds to the mental train of facts. The beginning of the physical train consists of light going into the eye and exciting the retina, and then of that wave of excitation being carried along the optic nerve to the ganglion. For all we know, and it is a very probable thing, the mental fact begins here, at the ganglion. There is no sensation till the message has got to the optic ganglion for this reason, that if you press the optic nerve behind the eye you can produce the sensation of light. It is like tapping a telegraph, and sending a message which has not come from the station from which it ought to have come; nobody at the other end can tell whether it has come from that station or not. The optic ganglion cannot tell whether this message which comes along the nerve has come from the eye or is the result of a tapping of the telegraph, whether it is produced by light or by pressure upon the nerve. It is the immense discovery of Müller that all these nerves are exactly of the same kind. The only thing which the nerve does is to transmit a message which has been given to it; it

does not transmit a message in any other way than the telegraph wire transmits a message—that is to say, it is excited at certain intervals, and the succession of these intervals determines what this message is, not the nature of the excitation which passes along the wire. So that if we watched the nerve excited by pressure, the message going along to the ganglion would be exactly the same as if it were the actual sight of the eye. We may draw from this the conclusion that the mental fact does not begin anywhere before the optic ganglion. Again, a man who has had one of his legs cut off can try to move his toes, which he feels as if they were still there; and that shows that the consciousness of the motor impulse which is sent out along the nerve does not go to the end to see whether it is obeyed or not. The only way in which we know whether our orders, given to any parts of our body, are obeyed, is by having a message sent back to say that they are obeyed. If I tell my hand to press against this black board, the only way in which I know that it does press is, by having a message sent back by my skin to say that it is pressed. But supposing there is no skin there, I can have the exertion that precedes the action without actually performing it, because I can send out a message, and consciousness stops with the sending of the message, and does not know anything further. So that the mental fact is somewhere or other in the region R C C B of the diagram, and does not include the two ends. That is to say, it is not the whole of the bodily fact that the mental fact corresponds to, but only an intermediate part of it. If it just passes through the points R B, without going round the loop from C to C, then we merely have the sensation that something has taken place—we have had no voice in the nature of it and no choice about it. If it has gone round from C to C we have a much larger fact—we have that fact which we call choice, or the exercise of volition. We may conclude, then—I am not able in so short a space as I have to give you the whole evidence which goes to an assertion of this kind; but there is evidence which is sufficient to satisfy any competent scientific man of this day—that every fact of consciousness is parallel to some disturbance of nerve matter, although there are some nervous disturbances which have no parallel in consciousness, properly so called; that is to say, disturbances of my nerves may exist which have no parallel in my consciousness.

We have now observed two classes of facts and the parallelism between them. Let us next observe what an enormous gulf there is between these two classes of facts.

The state of a man's brain and the actions which go along it are things which every other man can perceive, observe, measure, and tabulate; but the state of a man's own consciousness is known to him only, and not to any other person. Things which appear

to us and which we can observe are called *objects* or *phenomena*. Facts in a man's consciousness are not objects or phenomena to any other man; they are capable of being observed only by him. We have no possible ground, therefore, for speaking of another man's consciousness as in any sense a part of the physical world of objects or phenomena. It is a thing entirely separate from it; and all the evidence that we have goes to show that the physical world gets along entirely by itself, according to practically universal rules. That is to say, the laws which hold good in the physical world hold good everywhere in it—they hold good with practical universality, and there is no reason to suppose anything else but those laws in order to account for any physical fact; there is no reason to suppose anything but the universal laws of mechanics in order to account for the motion of organic bodies. The train of physical facts between the stimulus sent into the eye, or to any one of our senses, and the exertion which follows it, and the train of physical facts which goes on in the brain, even when there is no stimulus and no exertion, these are perfectly complete physical trains, and every step is fully accounted for by mechanical conditions. In order to show what is meant by that, I will endeavour to explain another supposition which might be made; that when stimulus comes into the eye there is a certain amount of energy transferred from the ether, which fills space, to this nerve; and this energy travels along into the ganglion, and sets the ganglion into a state of disturbance which may use up some energy previously stored in it. The amount of energy is the same as before by the law of the conservation of energy. That energy is spread over a number of threads which go out to the brain, and it comes back again and is reflected from there. It may be supposed that a very small portion of energy is created in that process, and that while the stimulus is going round this loop line it gets a little push somewhere, and then, when it comes back to the ganglia, it goes away to the muscle and sets loose a store of energy in the muscle so that it moves the limb. Now the question is, Is there any creation of energy anywhere? Is there any part of the physical process which cannot be included within ordinary physical laws? It has been supposed, I say, by some people, as it seems to me merely by a confusion of ideas, that there is, at some part or other of this process, a creation of energy; but there is no reason whatever why we should suppose this. The difficulty in proving a negative in these cases is similar to that in proving a negative about anything which exists on the other side of the moon. It is quite true that I am not absolutely certain that the law of the conservation of energy is exactly true; but there is no more reason why I should suppose a particular exception to occur in the brain than anywhere else. I might just as well

assert that whenever anything passes over the Line, when it goes from the north side of the Equator to the south, there is a certain creation of energy, as that there is a creation of energy in the brain. If I chose to say that the amount was so small that none of our present measurements could appreciate it, it would be difficult or indeed impossible for anybody to disprove that assertion; but I should have no reason whatever for making it. There being, then, an absence of positive evidence that the conditions are exceptional, the reasons which lead us to assert that there is no loss of energy in organic any more than in inorganic bodies are absolutely overwhelming. There is no more reason to assert that there is a creation of energy in any part of an organic body, because we are not absolutely sure of the exact nature of the law, than there is reason, because we do not know what there is on the other side of the moon, to assert that there is a sky-blue peacock there with forty-five eyes in his tail.

Then it is not a right thing to say, for example, that the mind is a force, because if the mind were a force we should be able to perceive it. I should be able to perceive your mind and to measure it, but I cannot; I have absolutely no means of perceiving your mind. I judge by analogy that it exists, and the instinct which leads me to come to that conclusion is the social instinct, as it has been formed in me by generations during which men have lived together, and they could not have lived together unless they had gone upon that supposition. But I may very well say that among the physical facts which go along at the same time with mental facts there are forces at work. That is perfectly true, but the two things are on two utterly different platforms—the physical facts go along by themselves, and the mental facts go along by themselves. There is a parallelism between them, but there is no interference of one with the other. Again, if anybody says that the will influences matter, the statement is not untrue, but it is nonsense. The will is not a material thing, it is not a mode of material motion. Such an assertion belongs to the crude materialism of the savage. Now the only thing which influences matter is the position of surrounding matter or the motion of surrounding matter. It may be conceived that at the same time with every exercise of volition there is a disturbance of the physical laws; but this disturbance, being perceptible to me, would be a physical fact accompanying the volition, and could not be the volition itself, which is not perceptible to me. Whether there is such a disturbance of the physical laws or no, is a question of fact to which we have the best of reasons for giving a negative answer; but the assertion that another man's volition, a feeling in his consciousness which I cannot perceive, is part of the train of physical facts which I may perceive, this is

neither true nor untrue, but nonsense ; it is a combination of words whose corresponding ideas will not go together.

Then we are to regard the body as a physical machine, which goes by itself according to a physical law, that is to say, is automatic. An automaton is a thing which goes by itself when it is wound up, and we go by ourselves when we have had food. Excepting the fact that other men are conscious, there is no reason why we should not regard the human body as merely an exceedingly complicated machine which is wound up by putting food into the mouth. But it is not *merely* a machine, because consciousness goes with it. The mind, then, is to be regarded as a stream of feelings which runs parallel to and simultaneous with a certain part of the action of the body, that is to say, that particular part of the action of the brain in which the cerebrum and the sensory tract are excited.

Then, you say, if we are automata what becomes of the freedom of the will? The freedom of the will, according to Kant, is that property which enables us to originate events independently of foreign determining causes ; which, it seems to me, amounts to saying precisely that we are automata, that is, that we go by ourselves and do not want anybody to push or pull us. The distinction between an automaton and a puppet is, that the one goes by itself when it is wound up and the other requires to be pushed or pulled by wires or strings. We do not want any stimulus from without, but we go by ourselves when we have our food, and therefore so far as that distinction goes we are automata. But we are more than automata because we are conscious ; mental facts go along with the bodily facts. That does not hinder us from describing the bodily facts by themselves, and if we restrict our attention to them we must describe ourselves as automata.

The objection which many people feel to this doctrine is derived, I think, from the conception of such automata as are made by man. In that case there is somebody outside the automaton who has constructed it in a certain definite way, with definite intentions, and has meant it to go in that way ; and the whole action of the automaton is determined by such person outside. Of course, if we consider, for example, a machine such as Frankenstein made, and imagine ourselves to have been put together as that horrible machine was put together by a German student, the conception naturally strikes us with horror ; but if we consider the actual fact we shall see that our own case is not an analogous one. For, as a matter of fact, we were not made by any Frankenstein, but we made ourselves. I do not mean that every individual has made the whole of his own character, but that the human race as a whole has made itself during the process of ages. The action of the whole race at any given time determines what the character of the race shall be in the future.



From the continual storing up of the effects of such actions, graven into the character of the race, there arises in process of time that exact human constitution which we now have. By that process of Natural Selection all the actions of our ancestors are built into us and form our character, and in that sense it may be said that the human race has made itself. In that sense also we are individually responsible for what the human race will be in the future, because every one of our actions goes to determine what the character of the race shall be to-morrow. If, on the contrary, we suppose that in the action of the brain there is some point where physical causes do not apply, and where there is a discontinuity, then it will follow that some of our actions are not dependent upon our character. Provided the action which goes on in my brain is a continuous one, subject to physical rules, then it will depend upon what the character of my brain is; or if I look at it from the mental side, it will depend upon what my mental character is; but if there is a certain point where the law of causation does not apply, where my action does not follow by regular physical causes from what I am, then I am not responsible for it because it is not I that do it. So you see the notion that we are not automata destroys responsibility; because, if my actions are not determined by my character in accordance with the particular circumstances which occur, then I am not responsible for them, and it is not I that do them.

Moreover, if we once admit that physical causes are not continuous, but that there is some break, then we leave the way open for the doctrine of a destiny or a providence outside of us, overruling human efforts and guiding history to a foregone conclusion. Now of course it is the business of the seeker after truth to find out whether a proposition is true or no, and not what are the moral consequences which may be expected to follow from it. But I do think that if it is right to call any doctrine immoral, it is right so to call this doctrine; when we remember how often it has paralysed the efforts of those who were climbing honestly up the hillside towards the light and the right, and how often it has nerved the sacrilegious arm of the fanatic or the adventurer who was conspiring against society.

I want now, very briefly indeed, to consider to what extent these doctrines furnish a bridge between the two classes of facts. I have said that the series of mental facts corresponds to only a portion of the action of the organism. But we have to consider not only ourselves, but also those animals which are next below us in the scale of organization, and we cannot help ascribing to them a consciousness which is analogous to our own. We find, when we attempt to enter into that, and to judge by their actions what sort of consciousness they possess, that it differs from our own in precisely

the same way that their brains differ from our brains. There is less of the co-ordination which is implied by a message going round the loop-line. A much larger number of the messages which go in at a cat's eyes and come out at her paws go straight through without any loop-line at all than do in the case of a man; but still there is a little loop-line left. And the lower we go down in the scale of organization the less of this loop-line there is; yet we cannot suppose that so enormous a jump from one creature to another should have occurred at any point in the process of evolution as the introduction of a fact entirely different and absolutely separate from the physical fact. It is impossible for anybody to point out the particular place in the line of descent where that event can be supposed to have taken place. The only thing that we can come to, if we accept the doctrine of evolution at all, is that even in the very lowest organisms, even in the *Amœba* which swims about in our own blood, there is something or other, inconceivably simple to us, which is of the same nature with our own consciousness, although not of the same complexity—that is to say (for we cannot stop at organic matter, knowing as we do that it must have arisen by continuous physical processes out of inorganic matter), we are obliged to assume, in order to save continuity in our belief, that along with every motion of matter, whether organic or inorganic, there is some fact which corresponds to the mental fact in ourselves. The mental fact in ourselves is an exceedingly complex thing; so also our brain is an exceedingly complex thing. We may assume that the quasi-mental fact which corresponds and which goes along with the motion of every particle of matter is of such inconceivable simplicity, as compared with our own mental fact, with our consciousness, as the motion of a molecule of matter is of inconceivable simplicity when compared with motion in our brain.

This doctrine is not merely a speculation, but is a result to which all the greatest minds that have studied this question in the right way have gradually been approximating for a long time. ♣

Again, let us consider what takes place when we perceive anything by means of our eye. A certain picture is produced upon the retina of the eye, which is like the picture on the ground-glass plate in a photographic camera; but it is not there that the consciousness begins, as I have shown before. When I see anything there is a picture produced on the retina, but I am not conscious of it there; and in order that I may be conscious the message must be taken from each point of this picture along a special nerve-fibre to the ganglion. These innumerable fine nerves which come away from the retina go each of them to a particular point of the ganglion, and the result is, that, corresponding to that picture at the back of the retina, there is a disturbance of a great number of centres of grey matter in the

ganglion. If certain parts of the retina of my eye, having light thrown upon them, are disturbed so as to produce the figure of a square, then certain little pieces of grey matter, in this ganglion, which are distributed we do not know how, will also be disturbed, and the impression corresponding to that is a square. Consciousness belongs to this disturbance of the ganglion, and not to the picture in the eye; and therefore it is something quite different from the thing which is perceived. But at the same time, if we consider another man looking at something, we shall say that the fact is this—there is something outside of him which is matter in motion, and that which corresponds inside of him is also matter in motion. The external motion of matter produces in the optic ganglion something which corresponds to it, but is not like it. Although for every point in the object there is a point of disturbance in the optic ganglion, and for every connection between two points in the object there is a connection between two disturbances, yet they are not like one another. Nevertheless, they are made of the same stuff; the object outside and the optic ganglion are both matter, and that matter is made of molecules moving about in ether. When I consider the impression which is produced upon my mind of any fact, that is just a part of my mind; the impression is a part of me. The hall which I see now is just an impression produced on my mind by something outside of it, and that impression is a part of me.

We may conclude from this theory of sensation, which is the discovery of Helmholtz, that the feeling which I have in my mind—the picture of this hall—is something corresponding, point for point, to the actual reality outside. Though every small part of the reality which is outside corresponds to a small part of my picture, though every connection between two parts of that reality outside corresponds to a connection between two parts of my picture, yet the two things are not alike. They correspond to one another, just as a map may be said in a certain sense to correspond with the country of which it is a map, or as a written sentence may be said to correspond to a spoken sentence. But then I may conclude, from what I said before, that, although the two corresponding things are not alike, yet they are made of the same stuff. Now what is my picture made of? My picture is made of exceedingly simple mental facts, so simple that I only feel them in groups. My picture is made up of these elements; and I am therefore to conclude that the real thing which is outside me, and which corresponds to my picture, is made up of similar things; that is to say, the reality which underlies matter, the reality which we perceive as matter, is that same stuff which being compounded together in a particular way produces mind. What I perceive as your brain is really in

itself your consciousness, is You; but then, that which I call your brain, the material fact, is merely my perception. Suppose we put a certain man in the middle of the hall, and we all looked at him. We should all have perceptions of his brain; those would be facts in our consciousness, but they would be all different facts. My perception would be different from the picture produced upon you, and it would be another picture, although it might be very like it. So that corresponding to all those pictures which are produced in our minds from an external object, there is a reality which is not like the pictures, but which corresponds to them point for point, and which is made of the same stuff that the pictures are. The actual reality which underlies what we call matter is not the same thing as the mind, is not the same thing as our perception, but it is made of the same stuff. To use the words of the old disputants, we may say that matter is not of the *same* substance as mind, not *homousion*, but it is of *like* substance, it is made of similar stuff differently compacted together, *homoi-ousion*.

With the exception of just this last bridge connecting the two great regions of inquiry that we have been discussing, the whole of what I have said is a body of doctrine which is accepted now, as far as I know, by all competent people who have considered the subject. There are of course individual exceptions with regard to particular points, such as that I have mentioned about the possible creation of energy in the brain; but these are few, and they occur mainly, I think, among those who are so exceedingly well acquainted with one side of the subject that they regard the whole of it from the point of view of that side, and do not sufficiently weigh what may come from the other side. With such exceptions as those, and with the exception of the last speculation of all, the doctrine which I have expounded to you is the doctrine of Science at the present day.

These results may now be applied to the consideration of certain questions which have always been of great interest. The application which I shall make is a purely tentative one, and must be regarded as merely indicating that such an application becomes more possible every day. The first of these questions is that of the possible existence of consciousness apart from a nervous system, of mind without body. Let us first of all consider the effect upon this question of the doctrines which are admitted by all competent scientific men. All the consciousness that we know of is associated with a brain in a certain definite manner, namely, it is built up out of elements in the same way as part of the action of the brain is built up out of elements; an element of one corresponds to an element in the other; and the mode of connection, the shape of the building, is the same in the two cases. The mere fact that all the consciousness we know of is associated with certain complex forms of matter need

only make us exceedingly cautious not to imagine any consciousness apart from matter without very good reason indeed; just as the fact of all swans having turned out white up to a certain time made us quite rightly careful about accepting stories that involved black swans. But the fact that mind and brain are associated in a definite way, and in that particular way that I have mentioned, affords a very strong presumption that we have here something which can be *explained*; that it is possible to find a reason for this exact correspondence. If such a reason can be found, the case is entirely altered; instead of a provisional probability which may rightly make us cautious, we should have the highest assurance that Science can give, a practical certainty on which we are bound to act, that there is no mind without a brain. Whatever, therefore, is the probability that an explanation exists of the connection of mind with brain in action, such is also the probability that each of them involves the other.

If, however, that particular explanation which I have ventured to offer should turn out to be the true one, the case becomes even stronger. If mind is the reality or substance of that which appears to us as brain-action, the supposition of mind without brain is the supposition of an organized material substance not affecting other substances (for if it did it might be perceived), and therefore not affected by them; in other words, it is the supposition of immaterial matter, a contradiction in terms to the fundamental assumption of uniformity of nature, without practically believing in which we should none of us have been here to-day. But if mind without brain is a contradiction, is it not still possible that an organization like the brain can exist without being perceived, without our being able to hold it fast, and weigh it, and cut it up? Now this is a physical question, and we know quite enough about the physical world to say. "Certainly not." It is made of atoms and ether, and there is no room in it for ghosts.

The other question which may be asked is this: Can we regard the universe, or that part of it which immediately surrounds us, as a vast brain, and therefore the reality which underlies it as a conscious mind? This question has been considered by the great naturalist Du Bois Reymond, and has received from him that negative answer which I think we also must give. For we found that the particular organization of the brain which enables its action to run parallel with consciousness amounts to this—that disturbances run along definite channels, and that two disturbances which occur together establish links between the channels along which they run, so that they naturally occur together again. Now it will, I think, be clear to every one that these are not characteristics of the great interplanetary spaces. Is it not possible, however, that the stars we can

see are just atoms in some vast organism, bearing some such relation to it as the atoms which make up our brains bear to us? I am sure I do not know. But it seems clear that the knowledge of such an organism could not extend to events taking place on the earth, and that its volition could not be concerned in them. And if some vast brain existed somewhere in space, being invisible because not self-luminous, then, according to the laws of matter at present known to us, it could affect the solar system only by its weight.

On the whole, therefore, we seem entitled to conclude that during such time as we can have evidence of, no intelligence or volition has been concerned in events happening within the range of the solar system, except that of animals living on the planets. The weight of such probabilities is of course estimated differently by different people, and the questions are only just beginning to receive the right sort of attention. But it does seem to me that we may expect in time to have negative evidence on this point of the same kind and of the same cogency as that which forbids us to assume the existence between the Earth and Venus of a planet as large as either of them.

Now about these conclusions which I have described as probable ones, there are two things that may be said. In the first place it may be said that they make the world a blank, because they take away the objects of very important and widespread emotions of hope and reverence and love, which are human faculties and require to be exercised, and that they destroy the motives for good conduct. To this it may be answered that we have no right to call the world a blank while it is full of men and women, even though our one friend may be lost to us. And in the regular everyday facts of this common life of men, and in the promise which it holds out for the future, there is room enough and to spare for all the high and noble emotions of which our nature is capable. Moreover, healthy emotions are felt about facts and not about phantoms; and the question is not "What conclusion will be most pleasing or elevating to my feelings?" but "What is the truth?" For it is not all human faculties that have to be exercised, but only the good ones. It is not right to exercise the faculty of feeling terror or of resisting evidence. And if there are any faculties which prevent us from accepting the truth and guiding our conduct by it, these faculties ought not to be exercised. As for the assertion that these conclusions destroy the motive for good conduct, it seems to me that it is not only utterly untrue, but, because of its great influence upon human action, one of the most dangerous doctrines that can be set forth. The questions which we have been discussing to-day are exceedingly difficult and complex questions; the ideas and the knowledge which we used in their discussion are the product of long centuries of laborious investigation and thought; and perhaps, although we all make our little guesses,

there is not one man in a million who has any right to a definite opinion about them. But it is not necessary to answer these questions in order to tell an honest man from a rogue. The distinction of right and wrong grows up in the broad light of day out of natural causes wherever men live together; and the only right motive to right action is to be found in the social instincts which have been bred into mankind by hundreds of generations of social life. In the target of every true Englishman's allegiance, the bull's-eye belongs to his countrymen, who are visible and palpable and who stand around him; not to any far-off shadowy centre, beyond the hills, *ultra montes*, either at Rome or in heaven. Duty to one's countrymen and fellow-citizens, which is the social instinct guided by reason, is in all healthy communities the one thing sacred and supreme. If the course of things is guided by some unseen intelligent person, then this instinct is his highest and clearest voice, and because of it we may call him good. But if the course of things is not so guided, that voice loses nothing of its sacredness, nothing of its clearness, nothing of its obligation.

In the second place it may be said that Science ought not to deal with these questions at all; that while scientific men are concerned with physical facts, they are *dans leur droit*, but that in treating of such subjects as these they are going out of their domain, and must do harm.

What is the domain of Science? It is all possible human knowledge which can rightly be used to guide human conduct.

In many parts of Europe it is customary to leave a part of a field untilled for the Brownie to live in, because he cannot live in cultivated ground. And if you grant him this grace, he will do a great deal of your household work for you in the night while you sleep. In Scotland the piece of ground which is left wild for the devil to live in is called "the good man's croft." Now, there are people who indulge a hope that the ploughshare of Science will leave a sort of good man's croft around the field of reasoned truth; and they promise that in that case a good deal of our civilising work shall be done for us in the dark, by means we know nothing of. I do not share this hope; and I feel very sure that it will not be realised. I think that we should do our work with our own hands in a healthy straightforward way, and not leave any croft to the good man from which his arrow may fly by night and in which his pestilence may walk in the noonday. It is idle to set bounds to the purifying and organizing work of science. Without mercy and without resentment she ploughs up weed and briar; from her footsteps behind her grow up corn and healing flowers; and no corner is far enough to escape her furrow. Provided only that we take as our motto and our rule of action, *Man speed the plough*.

W. K. CLIFFORD.

## AUVERGNE.<sup>1</sup>

IN the magnificent picture of the physical geography of France, with which the genius of Michelet has illustrated its history, only a few harsh touches are given to the province of Auvergne, depicted briefly as a land of inconsistencies and contradictions, cold beneath a southern sky, and inhabited by a southern race shivering on the ashes of volcanoes ; a land of vineyards, whose wine does not please, of orchards, of which distant strangers eat even the commonest fruits, and one to whose mountains thousands of emigrants yearly return without a new idea. It is, in fact, a land of contrasts, physical and moral ; containing regions whose features, social and economic, as well as geological, are widely dissimilar. Yet the contrasts involve no real contradictions. The chief physical contrast is between mountain and plain, and remarkable economic and social diversities spring from it. But mountain and plain are correlatives and complements, not contradictions, to one another ; and differences of life, occupation, usage, thought, and feeling in their inhabitants are but consequences of the same laws of human nature, operating under diverse conditions, and afford excellent illustrations of the mode in which differences of structure and character in human societies, often superficially attributed to diversity of ancestral origin or race, are really produced.

It is not the scenery of Auvergne that this essay seeks to describe, but some of its chief economic and social phenomena ; they are, however, so related to some of its physical features, that the latter cannot be left altogether unnoticed. Of the two departments into which the ancient province once called Arvernes, from the Arverni, is now divided, that of the Cantal, formerly La Haute Auvergne, is

(1) Some controversy exists on the point whether, in translating the name *Auvergne*, the English article should be used, as in the case of the Bourbonnais, the Lyonnais, the Vivarais, the Ardennes, the Seine, the Creuse, &c., or whether we should say simply Auvergne, as in the case of Normandy, Brittany, Picardy, Flanders, &c. A German philologist whom I consulted on the point, and in whose opinion a French philologist also consulted, concurs, draws the following distinction between the cases in which the article should be used in English, and those in which it is more idiomatic to discard it :—"The Bourbonnais, the Lyonnais, the Vivarais, are adjectival formations, and therefore naturally take the article in English. The French departments, again, being the names of rivers and mountain chains, take the article in English, just as we say the Seine, the Loire, the Alps, the Pyrenæes, of the rivers and mountains themselves. But the only French province which could properly take the article in English would be such as La Marche, where English idiom too would require us to say the March, or the Border. There is nothing to distinguish the case of Auvergne from that of Normandy and Brittany, where the article is omitted in English, though used in French."



wholly a mountainous region; while the richer, more populous, and far more important department of the Puy-de-Dôme—so named from the huge mountain overhanging Clermont-Ferrand, its capital—contains both mountainous districts, and also the famous plain or valley named the Limagne, traversed by the railway from Gannat to Issoire; of which, thirteen hundred years ago, King Childebert said, “there was but one thing he desired before he died; that was to see the beautiful Limagne of the Auvergne, which was said to be the masterpiece of nature, and a land of enchantment.” A century earlier Sidonius Apollinaris wrote from a country-seat in this rich valley, “The Auvergne is so beautiful that strangers who have once entered it cannot make up their minds to leave it, and forget in it their native land.” The strangers who enter Auvergne at the present day are for the most part either geologists about to inspect its extinct volcanoes and other similar phenomena, or invalids on their way to the mineral waters of Royat, La Bourboule, or Mont Dore, or ordinary tourists coming to see both its exhausted craters and its baths. The geologists and the tourists usually make up their minds to leave the province after a few days; and a few weeks at the baths generally suffice to give the invalids strength and resolution to return home. Least of all, perhaps, is the visitor who comes (as has happened more than once to the present writer) fresh from Switzerland to the Limagne, likely to be moved to the enthusiasm of Sidonius Apollinaris by its scenery; especially just after the harvest, when its corn-fields, like shorn sheep, are bare and unpicturesque. But the ancient could as little have sympathized with the modern traveller’s admiration for Switzerland. What he loved was a land of corn and wine and fruit, and that the Limagne is. His associations with gigantic mountains, frowning rocks, tremendous precipices, deserts of ice and snow, were horror, hunger, danger, and death. Auvergne itself has mountains and rocks, which, picturesque as they are, have no charms for those to whom they are associated only with privation and hardship. A woman, of whom I asked my way a few weeks ago in the highlands of Mont Dore, said, “This is not a nice country, with all these mountains and rocks,” adding, with a horizontal movement of her hand, “I like a flat country.” Her associations with mountain scenery were black bread with a few chestnuts and potatoes, water unreddened with the wine at which Michelet sneers, hard times in winter, and hot and weary work in summer, with only one preservative from thirst, not to have a habit of drinking. “Je n’ai pas l’habitude de boire, ainsi je n’ai pas soif,” she replied to a question suggested by my own feelings under a burning sun. In the plain of the Limagne she knew that the labourer often owned the ground on which he worked, might, if he pleased, drink the juice of his own grapes, and might, if he sold, as Michelet says, the

common apples from his orchard in a distant market, instead of eating them himself, get 450 francs to the hectare for them, with as much more for the grass amidst which they grew. Having heard an old woman in a cottage in the Limagne say to a visitor, to whom she offered a slice off a huge melon, that she was very fond of melons, which are cheap in that region, I asked my friend on the Mont Dore mountain if she liked them. "Je les aimerais mieux," she replied, "s'ils venaient dans les montagnes."

A contrast full of instruction and interest, when viewed in relation to its causes, between the mountain and the plain in Auvergne, is the different distribution of landed property. In the mountainous districts of the Puy-de-Dôme, the term large property—*la grande propriété*—is applied, as a general rule, only to properties of a hundred and fifty acres and upwards; properties under forty acres being there classed as *la petite propriété*, and those between forty and a hundred and fifty acres as *la moyenne propriété*. In the Limagne, on the other hand, from twenty to five-and-twenty acres make a large property in popular thought and speech, and a multitude of the small properties do not exceed a quarter of an acre. The soil in this fertile valley has in the last two generations, especially the last twenty years, passed almost wholly out of the possession of wealthier and larger owners into that of *petits propriétaires*, who cultivate it with their own hands. The Report on the Puy-de-Dôme, contained in one of the twenty quarto volumes of the *Enquête Agricole*, after referring to the want of capital in the mountainous parts of that department, says, "In the plain, the want of capital does not make itself felt, in consequence of the sale of land in small lots, which has permitted of the liquidation of property by paying off mortgages; but the species of proprietors has changed, and the man of means, the former proprietor, has become a capitalist, who has invested the proceeds of his land in securities." This diversity in the distribution of landed property results partly from economic causes, partly from profound differences in the feelings and ideas generated by opposite conditions of life in mountain and plain. The economic causes are by no means the most interesting, but they must not be overlooked. In the mountains, on the one hand, both the comparative infertility of the land and the nature of pastoral husbandry tend to maintain comparatively large farms, and to prevent their being broken up by sale in small parcels. In the Limagne, on the other hand, the aptitude of the soil and climate for the production of rich plants, the vine, for example, requiring minute cultivation, and peculiarly suited to spade-husbandry,—the rise in the price of such productions in recent years,—the rise, moreover, of wages, adding nothing to the expenses of the cultivator who employs no hired labour, but heavily to those of the large farmer,—the increased gains

and savings of both small cultivators and labourers, and their consequently increased purchases of land,—make a combination of causes tending to minute subdivision. Adam Smith, remarking that it was a matter of dispute among the ancient Italian husbandmen whether it was advantageous to plant new vineyards, adds that the anxiety of the owners of old vineyards in France in his own time to prevent the planting of new ones indicated an opinion that the high profits of vine-growing could last no longer than the restrictive laws which they had procured for that purpose. The increased growth of the vine around Clermont-Ferrand in the last five-and-twenty years shows what the small proprietors in the Limagne now think on the subject. In the arrondissement of Clermont alone, between thirty and forty thousand acres of both hill-side and plain are now covered by vineyards, which formerly were to be seen only on certain slopes with the best aspects.

Yet, after allowing all due weight to the economic causes referred to, it remains certain that causes of a totally different order have powerfully contributed to the maintenance of larger properties in the mountainous districts than in the plain, namely, the greater strength in the former of ancient usage, old family feeling, and religious sentiment in both sexes. In the plain, both the sale of land in small plots and the partition of inheritances by the law of succession tend to break up family properties; in the mountain neither has hitherto operated considerably. The Report of the *Enquête Agricole* on the Puy-de-Dôme makes no attempt to trace to their sources the curious diversities of usage and sentiment which it describes, but the description itself is worth citing:—

“ The transmission of property takes place in a manner essentially different in the plain and the mountain. In the plain, an inheritance is almost always partitioned or sold when a succession (of more than one child) takes place; if partitioned, each of the heirs takes a part of each parcel; if it is sold, it is so in detail, and by the smallest fractions, in order the more readily to find buyers. Everything thus contributes to indefinite subdivision in the plain. In the mountains they cling to the conservation of the inheritance unbroken, and do all that is possible in order not to destroy the work of the family, and not to divide the paternal dwelling. The daughters willingly consent to take religious vows, and renounce the patrimony of their parents; those who contract marriage agree to leave to the head of the family their share of the inheritance. It is the same with the sons, of whom some become priests, others emigrate, consenting not to claim their share of the property; and it is one of the sons who remains at home, working with the father and mother, who becomes in turn proprietor of the paternal dwelling. Thus the principle of the law of equal partition is eluded, and it comparatively seldom happens that the other children assert their claims, so accepted is the usage in the manners of the mountain.”

In Auvergne, as in the department of the Creuse, one reason for the great annual migration of the peasants to the towns, which, in France, where there is no exodus to foreign countries, goes by the name of emigration, is doubtless the comparative unproductiveness of moun-

tain land. It cannot give bread to all the young men born on it. But a more potent reason, in Auvergne, though one less in accordance with old economic hypotheses, is that the younger sons, as the *Enquête Agricole* states, seek a subsistence elsewhere in order to leave the property undivided to the elder brother; or occasionally it is the elder brother who emigrates, relinquishing his share to a younger one remaining at home. Thousands of Auvergnats are consequently to be found labouring in remote cities, as masons, sawyers, porters, water-carriers, blacksmiths, chimney-sweeps; and it is a saying in the surrounding provinces, when some hard work has to be done, "Il faut attendre le passage des Auvergnats."

They have a character in French towns, and French novels, for clownishness and stupidity, derived doubtless from the nature of their occupations, as hewers of wood and drawers of water. But they show no lack of native shrewdness, according to my observation, when questioned on any subject. And M. de Lavergne remarked to me lately, that the Auvergnat displays more sagacity in timing his migration than the peasant of his own department, the Creuse—M. de Lavergne is deputy for the Creuse—does. The Auvergnat leaves his home at the beginning of winter, when the country is buried in snow, returning in summer, when work of different kinds is going on. The Creuse peasant, on the other hand, goes to Paris, Lyons, or some other town, when summer is coming on, and comes back in winter, when there is nothing to do. Michelet taunts the Auvergne emigrants with bringing back some money, but no new ideas. The sum they bring to the poor department of the Cantal is put at five million francs (£200,000) a year, in the report of the *Enquête Agricole* on that department—a sum hardly to be despised. But the renunciation by the emigrants of their share in the family property certainly shows, if not an extraordinary imperviousness to new ideas, an extraordinary tenacity of old ones, and in particular of two ideas which are among the oldest in human society—subordination to the male head of the family, and conservation of the family property, unalienated and unpartitioned. The number of younger sons from these mountains who become priests is a still more remarkable phenomenon, though traceable in the main to the same causes. M. Bonnet, of Clermont-Ferrand, being asked in the course of his evidence before the *Enquête Agricole*, what was the proportion of young men in the plain and the mountains, respectively, of the Puy-de-Dôme, who devoted themselves to the clerical profession, replied, "In the Limagne, very few young men devote themselves to the religious profession. It is from the mountains they come. Half the clergy of the diocese come from the arrondissement of Ambert."

A few weeks ago, I happened myself to sit beside a party of priests at dinner, and learned that four out of the six were born in the

Auvergne mountains, which likewise contribute largely to recruit the convents with nuns. M. Bonnet, being asked whether the mountain families do not induce the daughters to take religious vows, in order to prevent the partition of the family estate, replied, "To that I answer in the affirmative. The parents, in consequence of the piety which reigns in the mountains, are not sorry to see their daughters embrace the religious profession, and at the same time to see the family property thereby less divided. In general, the eldest son remains at home, and the father frequently leaves to him the part disposable by will. And when a daughter enters a convent, if the portion she brings to it does not absorb her share in the inheritance, she on her side usually makes her will in favour of the already favoured brother."

Thus in the Auvergne mountains at this day, "the younger brother sinks into the priest," just as Sir Henry Maine describes him as doing under the influence of primogeniture in feudal society. The daughter, too, enters the convent just as she did in the middle ages, and from the same causes which actuated her then—family sentiment and male primogeniture on the one hand, and "the piety which reigns in the mountains" on the other hand, which is in fact a survival of medieval piety, preserved by certain conditions of life and environment. A reason, it is true, sometimes assigned for the number of young women who become nuns in the department of the Puy-de-Dôme is that there are no girls' schools in the mountains; the daughters of parents who can afford it are, therefore, sent to convents to be educated, and the education they receive both unfits them and gives them a distaste for the rude life of a mountain farmhouse. They learn to make lace and embroidery, but not to mend stockings or to make butter or cheese. It is nevertheless undisputed that religious feeling and family ideas fill the chief place among the motives which lead both the daughters to take vows, and the younger sons to become priests.

I have nowhere met with any attempt to trace to their ultimate causes the curious social phenomena just described; but one may, I think, point with certainty to the difference of environment and conditions of life in the mountains and in the plains, as the source of the superior force of religion, family feeling, and ancient usage in the former. On its moral and social side, the contrast between mountain and plain is the contrast between the old world and the new; between the customs, thoughts, and feelings of ancient and modern times. The principal sources of change and innovation in the plain—towns, manufactures, trade, easy communication with distant places, variety of occupation and manner of life—are inoperative in the mountains. Even in summer, the mountain lies aloof from the town and its life, communication between them is tedious for people

on foot ; the country carts are of the most primitive make, and drawn by slow oxen or cows ; where a heavy load has to be brought up hill on the best roads in the department, for instance, from Clermont towards Mont Dore, I have seen six horses yoked in a curious order to draw it—first one wheeler, then two abreast, with three leaders in tandem. In winter the whole mountain region is under snow, the roads are often impassable, and the members of the mountain family are shut up together with their dumb companions, the cattle. Then the life of the mountain pastoral farmer is the same from father to son, and from age to age ; the whole neighbourhood too follows the same occupation, and leads the same life, so that there is a surrounding mass of uniform and primitive usage and thought. But the family is the earliest of all social bonds, and it is by studying it as it survives in places such as the Auvergne mountains, that we can best realise something of the force of that ancient bond, and something of the nature of the sentiments which led to the patriarchal authority of the elder brother, on the one hand, and the conservation of the family property under his guardianship and control on the other. Sir Henry Maine calls the origin of primogeniture, as affecting the devolution of land in the middle ages, one of the most difficult problems of historical jurisprudence ; and it has a peculiar difficulty in England to which he has not referred. How was it that during a period when society was decidedly becoming more orderly, and patriarchal rule was giving place to regular government, the division of socage lands among all the sons was superseded by primogeniture, the principle already established in the case of land held in military tenure ? A tendency to uniformity in the law, produced by the institution of itinerant royal courts, and the bias of the judges, contributed probably to the change ; but something more is required to explain it. The courts proceeded to make custom, instead of the old law of gavelkind, determine the succession to socage lands ; but the question follows, how did a custom come into existence contrary to the old law, and to the apparent interest of the majority of the family ? And the existence at this day, in the Auvergne mountains, of a custom directly opposed to the positive law of the land aids us to understand how the English courts were supported by family feeling in assuming a custom of primogeniture contrary to the old law of division.

The force of religious feeling, "the piety which reigns in the mountains," as M. Bonnet calls it in a passage cited above, has its root, doubtless, partly in the same conservation of ancient sentiment, thought, and belief, which gives the family property to one son, partly in other ideas and feelings generated by the conditions of mountain life. As the difference between the mountain and plain is a phase of the difference between the old world and the new, so is it a

phase of the difference between country and town. The mountain is as it were the country in its rudest primitive form, while the plain is as it were a great suburb of the towns it contains and has continual intercourse with. The *petit propriétaire* in the Limagne has the money-making spirit as strongly developed as the town tradesman; sometimes he himself lives in the town, and in any case he has frequent transactions of buying, selling, and other relations with it. But the money-making and commercial spirit evidently tends to individualism, and to the disintegration of the family; and it has ever been found also to foster a secular spirit and repugnance to sacerdotal dominion. In towns, moreover, and also (though in a smaller degree) in the surrounding plain, men see chiefly the power of man, and unconsciously gather confidence from their own numbers against both the powers of nature, which are supreme in the mountain, and those supernatural powers which the powers of nature suggest to rude minds. The difference between the force of religious sentiment and reverence for the clergy in town and country in Catholic countries is striking. One has but to look at the way in which a Flanders priest is saluted in the streets of Ghent, for instance, and at some miles distance in the country, for evidence of the opposite influence in this respect of town and country life. At Clermont-Ferrand, the respectable working-man commonly holds aloof from the clergy, declines their aid, even when in need, and is averse from joining societies for the mutual benefit of the members, because the clergy take a part in their management. Indications of the prevailing disposition in that town towards ecclesiastical authority, have repeatedly come under my notice. One day, last September, I was reading a newspaper in a café, when an old woman going by observed in the most sarcastic manner and tone in reference to a person beside me, "*Ce monsieur appartient à Monseigneur l'Evêque, puisqu'il a acheté la Gazette d'Auvergne.*" Pointing to another person, she continued, "*Ce monsieur-là appartient à Monsieur le Préfet, puisqu'il a acheté le Journal du Puy-de-Dôme.*" Then seeing both journals in my hand, "*Voilà un monsieur qui a acheté tous les deux. Il ne sait pas encore à qui appartenir. C'est une question difficile.*" No old woman in the mountains of a diocese which draws half its clergy from their youth, could have spoken with such levity of an episcopal dignity. The persistence in the Auvergne mountains of ancient ideas and feelings on such subjects as both the clergy and family property, notwithstanding that thousands of their peasants spend half the year in large towns, affords an instructive example, on the one hand, of the profound influence of physical geography on the mental constitution of man, and the history of the different branches of the race, and, on the other hand, of the operation of laws of human nature and motives to human conduct, powerfully affecting the economic

structure of society, the division of occupations, the amount and the distribution of wealth, which are absolutely ignored in what still passes with some professed economists for a science of wealth.

Among the most active agencies in the town which rarely reach the mountains in Auvergne, is the newspaper, the influence of which at Clermont-Ferrand I have heard ecclesiastics deplore, although they themselves employ it to the utmost of their power. Arthur Young tells that he could not find a single newspaper in a café in that town in the autumn of 1789, though the air was alive with revolutionary rumours. In the autumn of 1874 he might have found half-a-dozen in any one of several cafés, besides having them pressed upon him by newsvendors incessantly passing by. The local journals are not sparing of rhetoric, or lacking in party spirit. The number of the journal which the old woman called the organ of Monseigneur l'Evêque, contained a furious article against radicalism, of which the following passage is a specimen:—"The radical lives on hatred. Irritated against authority, irritated against society, irritated against God, he hates everything, he hates even himself. Hatred devours him, and hatred supports him. To glut his hatred he would give his life, and he wishes to live only to glut it. He breathes, imbibes, and feeds on hatred; and, like the garment of Nessus, it burns him, being in that respect an anticipation of eternity." If the Auvergne radical is a good hater, it seems that the Auvergne ecclesiastic is so too. M. de Lavergne, speaking of the immense subdivision of landed property in the Limagne since 1789, and the vast increase in the number of spade-cultivators, remarks in his "Rural Economy of France" that the prevalence of such severe manual labour has a tendency to produce rough and violent manners. Such manners certainly are sometimes exhibited in the Limagne, but not by spade-cultivators only.

The minute subdivision of land during the last twenty-five years in the Limagne, whatever may be its tendencies for good or for evil in manners and other respects, assuredly cannot be ascribed to over-population, once regarded in England as the inevitable consequence of the French law of succession. It is true that between 1789 and the middle of this century, the population of the Puy-de-Dôme increased, as M. de Lavergne says, from 400,000 to 600,000.<sup>1</sup> But later statistics supplied to me by M. Adolphe F. de Fontpertuis, an economist well known to English readers of the *Economiste Français* and the *Journal des Economistes*, exhibit an opposite movement—

	1851.	1866.	1872.
Population of the Puy-de-Dôme .	601,594	571,690	566,463

And the Report of the *Enquête Agricole* on the department states, "All the witnesses have declared that one of the principal causes of

(1) "Economie Rurale de la France," p. 371.



the diminution of the population is the diminution of children in families. Each family usually wishes for only one child; and when there are two, it is the result of a mistake (*une erreur*), or that, having had a daughter first, they desire to have a son." A poor woman near Royat, to whom I put some questions respecting wages and prices, asked whether my wife and children were there, or at one of the other watering-places, and seemed greatly surprised that I had neither. She thought an English tourist must be rich enough to have several children; but when asked how many she had herself, she answered with a significant smile, "One lad; that's quite enough." Our conversation on the point was as follows:—

"Votre dame et vos enfants, sont-ils à Royat?"

"Non."

"Où donc? à Mont Dore?"

"Moi, je n'ai ni enfants ni femme."

"Quoi! Pas encore!."

- "Et vous, combien d'enfants avez-vous?"

"Un gars; *c'est bien assez*. Nous sommes pauvres, mais vous êtes riche. Cela fait une petite différence."

If over-population gives rise to tremendous problems in India, the decline in the number of children in France seems almost equally serious. If two children only are born to each married couple, a population must decline, because a considerable number will not reach maturity. If only one child be born to each pair, a nation must rapidly become extinct. The French law of succession is producing exactly the opposite effect to what was predicted in this country. Had parents in France complete testamentary power, there would not be the same reason for limiting the number of children. Mr. Léon Iscot, accordingly, in his evidence on this subject before the *Enquête Agricole* on the Puy-de-Dôme, said, "The number of births in families has diminished one-half. We must come to liberty of testation. In countries like England, where testamentary liberty exists, families have more children."

Whatever may be thought of the change which is taking place in France in respect of the numbers of the population, there is one change of which no other country has equal reason to be proud. Its agricultural population before the Revolution was in the last extremity of poverty and misery, their normal condition was half-starvation; they could scarcely be said to be clothed, their appearance in many places was hardly human. No other country in Europe, taken as a whole, can now show upon the whole so comfortable, happy, prosperous, and respectable a peasantry. The persons examined before the *Enquête Agricole* on the Puy-de-Dôme, a department with many disadvantages of situation and climate, grumbled about many things, as landowners and farmers universally do; but

they were unanimous on the point that the peasantry and labouring class were "better fed, better clothed, and better lodged" than a generation ago; and in all these respects a visible improvement has taken place, even within the last ten years. You still, it is true, often see boys and girls in the Puy-de-Dôme without shoes and stockings, but rarely ever otherwise than comfortably clad in all other respects. The absence of shoes and stockings is a sign, not of poverty, but of the retention of ancient custom. In the north of Ireland it is still not uncommon to see girls on the road in a smart dress and bonnet, and holding a parasol over their heads, with their shoes not on their feet, but in their hands. And in a good many parts of the south of France a century has made no great change since Adam Smith wrote, "Custom has rendered leather shoes a necessary of life in England. The poorest person of either sex would be ashamed to appear in public without them. In Scotland, custom has rendered them a necessary of life to the lowest order of men, but not to the same order of women, who may, without any discredit, walk about barefooted. In France, they are necessities neither to men nor to women; the lowest ranks of both sexes appearing there publicly, without any discredit, sometimes in wooden shoes and sometimes barefooted." That it is no discredit either to boys and girls in the Puy-de-Dôme to go barefooted, and, on the other hand, that modern fashion is beginning to creep even into the mountain villages, I saw evidence the other day in the village of La Tour d'Auvergne, where children smartly *chaussés* in the latest style were playing with others without shoes or stockings. The Auvergne children, one may observe, do play; they are not, like the children in Swiss villages, serious little old men and women, too busy and grave for laughter or play. Children and adults alike in Auvergne seem for the most part in rude health, though in the mountains they may sometimes owe more to the air than to their food; and in some villages *crétins* are still to be seen—a consequence doubtless of the filthy condition of the cottages within and without. The horrid malady of *crétinisme* has lately been driven from some Swiss valleys by an improvement of the houses. And in the Puy-de-Dôme this autumn, I saw many instances of a change which is the sure precursor of an elevation of the standard of habitation, namely, the substitution of tiled for thatched roofs. One hears people say there, indeed, that this change is no improvement; that the thatch is not only cheaper, but warmer in winter and cooler in summer. It is, however, a source of constant danger from fire to the whole village; and in every country in western Europe the change from the straw roof to tiles or slates is found to be accompanied by material progress. M. L. Nadaud puts into the mouth of an interlocutor in his "Voyage en Auvergne," "You will never make of an Auvergne village a Flemish village. Climates form

the habits and tastes." Climate certainly plays a great part in determining the economic condition of mankind; and its agency, along with other physical influences, has been too generally overlooked by economists in their eagerness to explain the whole economy of society by reference to the single assumption of a desire of every one to obtain additional wealth. But climate did not make the Flemish village. It grew up by degrees in the middle ages out of liberty, manufactures, and markets for village productions. And the fact that the Auvergne villager is beginning to roof his dwelling with tiles from another province shows that liberty and facilities for trade may yet make a Flemish village of the Auvergne one. Even of the remote and mountainous Cantal, M. de Lavergne said several years ago, "The discoveries of modern civilisation have been long unknown in Upper Auvergne; its towns are but rude villages, and its rustic dwellings have but too often the repulsive aspect of extreme poverty, yet competence and comfort are making their way into them by degrees."

A general rise of wages has taken place in Auvergne in the last fifteen years, but the rise has been very unequal. The demand for labour has increased much more in some communes than in others, and, on the other hand, the supply is much scantier in some than elsewhere. "In one commune," says the Report of the *Enquête Agricole*, "there are but four labourers; every one therefore fights for them, and when they work for one employer, it is impossible for the others to get their work done." At Saint Maude, near Issoire, M. de Saint-Maude stated to the commission that it was out of the power of large proprietors there to farm their own land, on account of the scarcity of labour and its extravagant price. "The price of a day's labour is from 4 to 5 francs, and a meal besides, with wine. Wages have more than doubled since 1852. Women, above all, have seen their wages trebled."<sup>1</sup> In another place, however, the rate was shown to be only 1 fr. 25 cents in winter, and 2 fr., with food, in summer; and in a third, 1 fr. 50 cents, without food, during the greatest part of the year, with 1 fr. 25 cents, and food, in harvest. In the autumn of the present year, after the harvest, I found 3 francs a day the rate in several parts of the Limagne, and a person from Normandy, who was present when I made some inquiries on the subject, remarked that this was more than is paid in that wealthy province—a statement quite in conformity with M. Victor Bonnet's statistics.<sup>2</sup> The assertion of M. De Saint-Maude respecting the rise of women's wages is likewise in accordance with the statement of a high authority on French economics, M. Paul Le Roy-Beaulieu, that the pay of women for agricultural labour has risen more than that of men in recent

(1) "Enquête Agricole, Puy-de-Dôme," p. 296.

(2) "Agricultural Wages in Europe," *Fortnightly Review*, June, 1874, p. 708.

years—a fact, he adds, only to be rejoiced at, women having formerly been much underpaid in comparison with men. With respect to the relative movement in recent years of agricultural and town wages in Auvergne, the following figures are taken from some unpublished statistics, which Mr. Somerset Beaumont, late M.P. for Wakefield, collected at the close of last year, showing the comparative rates in agriculture and several other employments, in 1868 and 1873, at Clermont-Ferrand and in its neighbourhood:—

		1868.	1873.
		<i>fr. c.</i>	<i>fr. c.</i>
Agricultural wages, per diem, without food	during the harvest .	3 17	4 0
	in ordinary seasons .	2 24	2 50
Masons . . . . .		3 0	3 50
Carpenters . . . . .		3 0	4 50
Joiners . . . . .		3 0	3 50
Locksmiths . . . . .		3 25	3 50
Servants, per annum.	men . . . . .	300 0	400 0
	women . . . . .	150 0	200 0

The reader will observe that these variations are by no means in harmony with the old assumption of abstract political economy, that the diversities of wages in different employments correspond to diversities in the nature of the work; as though all the poor workmen throughout every country could know exactly all the differences of wages and work in all occupations, and choose their own trade accordingly. The wages of carpenters at Clermont were lower in 1868 than those of locksmiths; in 1873 they were much higher, and were so, not because the nature of either employment had changed, but simply for the same reason that agricultural wages had risen in some communes much more than in others, namely, that the local conditions of demand and supply had changed.

Among causes both of a rise and of local inequalities in wages, prices, and the cost of living in Auvergne are its watering-places, Royat, Mont Dore, and La Bourbole, which may be classed together as constituting a third social and economic region. Auvergne, as already said, is a land of contrasts, and the contrast which this third region presents to the two others already described is worth notice, not only as contributing to a description of the province, but also as illustrating the influence of local physical conditions on social phenomena, and exemplifying the causes which produce distinct types of human life, character, and pursuit.

One difference which strikes the eye at once between the watering-place and the two other regions is, that while the latter display dissimilar social and economic features, yet those features are in both cases indigenous; it is the Auvergnat you see, unlike as he appears in mountain and plain. But the watering-place, though in Auvergne, is not of it, socially speaking. You find yourself, on entering it, among Frenchmen from every part of France, except the

province in which it is situated : its chief social phenomena are exotic, not native. The only pervading type of character here is also altogether unlike the types which the two other regions develop. The representative man of the Limagne is the spade-husbandman wringing the uttermost farthing from his little property ; the patriarchal head of the pastoral household, the priest, the nun, the emigrant labourer, are the representatives of the mountain. But in the watering-place the only representative character is the invalid ; the people round you differ in every respect but one, that they are almost all seeking the cure of some malady. In the mountain, family sentiment, religion, ancient usage, are the dominant principles ; in the rich agricultural plain, the paramount object is to make money wherewith to buy land ; at Royat, Mont Dore, and Bourbonle the dominant motive which determines the occupations of producers and the demand of consumers is the desire, not of wealth, but of health. But this desire brings wealth to the watering-place, which thereby becomes a monetary region in which the cost of living is higher than in other parts of the province, and is so in conformity with the main principle governing the diffusion of money and the movements of prices. The general principle traceable throughout the immense monetary changes of our time—one which the assumption that wages and profits are equalised by competition has led not a few economists to miss—is that the distribution of the increased currency of the world has followed the path of local progress, and of the development of local resources or advantages, of whatever kind. Superior local advantages for manufactures and trade in one place, for scenery or amusement in another, for the cure of disease in a third, cause a relatively large influx of money, and send up the prices of labour and important commodities above the rates prevailing in places making inferior progress, or offering no special attraction to money. Only one classification, as already said, fits the majority of the visitors to the watering-places of Auvergne, namely, that they are for the most part invalids ; but whatever they are, and however they spend their lives, they spend here in the mass a great sum of money at hotels, and on baths, carriages, saddle-horses, sedan-chairs, shops, the casino, &c. ; and as their numbers yearly increase, local prices rise. Not many years ago, Royat, Mont Dore, and Bourbonle were three villages of no reputation, with village prices. Bourbonle, in particular, was then a mere hamlet of the meanest order ; now the visitor forgets the old hamlet in a cluster of new hotels and villas, with rows of smart little shops, which disappear at the close of the season. Bourbonle was mentioned in guide-books not long ago as having from seventy to eighty visitors in the season ; this autumn it had several thousands, most of whom remained for several weeks. There were members of the National Assembly, authors, country gentlemen, Parisians, provincial townspeople, military men, ecclesiastics, besides a multitude

of nondescript young gentlemen and ladies. Eminent above all was a writer of European fame, M. Léonce de Lavergne, especially entitled to mention here, not only as having described the rural economy of both the Limagne and the mountains of Auvergne, but also as having foretold the growth of its watering-places in one of the celebrated works by which he is best known to most English readers, "*L'Economie Rurale de la France*." In his own country, he has long held a high place both in the world of letters and in the political world, having formerly occupied a considerable post in M. Guizot's government, and being now one of the most influential and respected members of the National Assembly, although the infirmity of his health has prevented his taking a conspicuous part in its public proceedings. His presence at Bourboule this autumn may be instanced as an example of the operation of the physical causes which are giving both wealth and celebrity to places formerly as poor as unknown, and changing the scale of prices in proportion. The charge for pension this autumn at Bourboule was from twelve to fifteen francs a day, according to the length of the stay—a rate, perhaps, not immoderate, considering that it included wine, but one which would have seemed incredible a few years ago. At Clermont-Ferrand, the passing and uncovenanted stranger still pays only four francs for an excellent dinner in the principal hotels, with wine and fruit unlimited. Clermont, indeed, with the other chief towns of the Puy-de-Dôme, might fairly be classed together as constituting a fourth region with distinct social and economic phenomena; one indication of this being that, close as are the commercial and other relations between the towns of the Limagne and the surrounding plain, the villagers in the latter generally regard the townspeople with a feeling approaching to hostility. It was, however, the aim of this essay to sketch only some of the most striking and distinctive social and economic features of a province as yet little known in those respects in England; and its towns, though not without peculiar characteristics, seem hardly to call for a special description. The sketch which has been given of the phenomena of the rest of the province may suffice to illustrate the importance of taking account, in economic investigations, of physical geography and environment, and the necessary fallaciousness of a theory which professes to account for the division of labour in every country, the amount and distribution of its wealth, and the movements of money and prices, by deductions from the principle of pecuniary interest.

What do we learn respecting the real division of employments in Auvergne, the motives which determine it, the distribution of landed property and other wealth, the scale of wages and prices, from the assumption that every individual pursues his pecuniary interest to the uttermost? Is it simply the desire of pecuniary gain which makes one Auvergnat a porter at Lyons, another a priest at Clermont, and

the sisters of both perhaps nuns, while an elder brother of each has the whole family property? In one only of the three regions described is pecuniary interest the dominant principle; and even in that region there are inequalities of wages and profits, with other economic phenomena utterly at variance with doctrines which, by a curious combination of blunders, have been called by some writers "economic laws." The faith of a school of English economists removes mountains. In France, where labour moves from place to place, and from agriculture to other employments, much more freely than in England, mountains certainly do not prevent the migration of labour. Yet even in France the migration by no means takes place on such a scale, or with such facility, as nearly to equalise wages; and in the places from which it is greatest, the department of the Creuse and the province of Auvergne, the main cause is not pecuniary interest. The younger brother in Auvergne goes from his home to a distant city in obedience to traditional family sentiments; and the peasant goes from the Creuse to Paris as a mason, not because he has calculated the difference of earnings in the two places, and in different employments (for he could make more in many cases by remaining at home), but because his father went to Paris before him, and his comrades do so around him. The relation of the economic phenomena of society to its moral, intellectual, and political condition is undreamt of by the old school of economists. Even in the case of men, it is manifestly vain to look for an explanation of the causes which determine the economic condition either of individuals or of classes, without reference to laws, customs, moral and religious sentiment; how much more is it so in the case of women? Let me adduce one instance, showing how, even in the smallest details, the economic structure of society, as regards the occupations and earnings of women, is influenced by moral and other causes, quite apart from individual pecuniary interest. At a hotel in Clermont-Ferrand, in which, as is commonly the case in large French hotels, a man does the work of housemaid, a Swiss visitor remarked to me lately, that you will rarely find perfect cleanliness and neatness where such is the case; yet in France, he added, "it is a necessary evil. A young or good-looking housemaid has no chance of keeping her character in a French hotel; in Switzerland she is as safe as in a church." I answered that possibly she might be as safe in the mountains of Auvergne as of Switzerland; for climate is certainly one of the causes which produce a difference in this respect between French and Swiss morals. Other causes too might be assigned, but I refer here to the moral difference in question only as exhibiting the influence of moral causes on the economic structure of society down to the minutest details.

There is another subject on which the social and economic phenomena of Auvergne may be seen to throw considerable light,

namely, the mode in which diversities of human character and life are produced, and the real origin of differences of national character, customs, and condition, which are vulgarly attributed to difference of race,—that is to say, to ancestral and inherited differences of physical and mental constitution. Greater differences of human life, motive, and pursuit are to be found in parts of the province of Auvergne, a few miles from each other—in adjacent districts of mountain and plain, for example—than some which are often pointed to between Frenchman and Englishman as the consequences of an original difference of race. The people of every country like to be told that they possess an inherent superiority to every other, and the doctrine of race flatters every race and every nation. The Englishman, the Frenchman, the German, the Spaniard, the Jew, above all the Chinaman, each thinks himself of a superior race. When we descend from nations to smaller divisions of mankind, to provinces for example, the same claim is commonly set up by each to superiority over the other divisions. An Auvergnat lately asked me if I did not observe that the Auvergnats were a finer and more vigorous race than the rest of Frenchmen, and the question reminded me that a Comtois once asked me the very same question in favour of the men of his own province, la Franche Comté. Divide provinces into departments or counties, and one finds that county pride can soar quite as high as provincial or national pride. Descend further from counties to yet smaller divisions, to villages for instance, and you will find neighbouring villages in Germany with a profound contempt for each other, and an exalted consciousness of their own hereditary superiority. Take still minuter groups, and you may discover in every country many thousands of families, in all ranks of life, the members of each of which believe that they come of a better stock, and possess finer natural qualities than their neighbours. From the family come down to the individual, and the real root of the popular doctrine of race in all its forms is reached, being no other than individual conceit. The doctrine of race not only does not solve the problems which really arise respecting national diversities of character, career, and condition, but prevents those problems from being even raised. And it is impossible to acquit a dogmatic school of economists of all blame in respect of the ignorance of ascertainable causes of social diversities, which the vulgar theory of race exhibits. The method of abstract reasoning from crude assumption, in place of careful investigation of economic phenomena and their causes, has prevented the discovery of a mass of evidence respecting the real origin of differences in the aims, qualities, and circumstances of mankind in different countries and situations, such as the mountain and the plain of Auvergne for example, upon which a true theory of the causes of the diversities commonly attributed to race, might have been built.

T. E. CLIFFE LESLIE.



## UNSOLVED PROBLEMS IN NATIONAL EDUCATION.

IN a paper contributed to this Review some months since,<sup>1</sup> I ventured to say that there were three or four distinct objects in regard to which those who cared most about the education of the poor should seek to come to some early practical agreement. These were :—

(1) "To bring every child of suitable age into the primary school.

(2) "To keep him there long enough to secure that he shall at least receive the rudiments of a good education.

(3) "To raise and ennoble the standard of instruction set up by public authority, so as to correspond to the improved attendance."

The present is not a favourable juncture for very ambitious or drastic reforms, nor for the application of new principles of action to the educational administration of the State. But it is eminently favourable for the consideration of those moderate and practical reforms which arouse no political resentments, and subserve no party interests. A few months have done much to remove hindrances, and to concentrate the sympathies of the public upon the work of improving our educational system. And it is very happily manifest that this work is no longer regarded as the heritage of any one political party; but that men of very various ranks and opinions are disposed to take a share in perfecting it. If to an ardent patriot, who indulges in the most hopeful visions of the future development of English education, and of the ultimate reduction of all its present agencies to a harmonious and symmetrical system, this state of things seems to postpone still farther the fulfilment of a great ideal, it should at least be consoling to reflect that certain simple measures of unquestionable utility lie near at hand, and are actually attainable; that the brief period of three or four years represents one whole generation in the national life, as far as school instruction is concerned, and is therefore too precious to be spent in the indulgence of illusions; and that in the domain of politics, as in that of one's own personal history, the wisest man at times reaches a stage where he is fain to say—

"I do not ask to see  
The distant scene. One step enough for me."

What this one step should be in regard to each of the three problems here indicated is a question worth consideration.

(1), "Statistical Fallacies respecting Public Instruction," *Fortnightly Review*, November, 1873.

I. The first business is to bring all English children into school, and to familiarise their parents, once for all, with the notion that school attendance is not a luxury—not a matter to be left to the voluntary choice or rejection of the father—not a habit to be intermitted at pleasure whenever the child can be found useful at home or at work—but a necessary of life, a condition of citizenship, one on which the State means to insist, a parental obligation which shall not in any circumstances be evaded.

Now one of the most hopeful signs of our times is the extraordinary rapidity with which this notion has become prevalent, and the willingness with which it has been accepted as a principle, not only by politicians, in spite of the traditional English jealousy of State interference with the liberty of the subject, but also by the artisans themselves. It is to their credit that compulsory education is unquestionably popular with working-men as a class. In this matter they do not ask for liberty, but for restraint. Five years ago, when engaged, just before the framing of the Education Act, on an official inquiry in Birmingham and Leeds, I had occasion to confer with several societies of operatives, with a view to learn their own needs and wishes on this subject. It was evident that the idea of compulsion was already familiar, and very far from unwelcome to the majority of the members. I inquired, not without surprise, "Do you wish for a compulsory law for yourselves, or for the sake of other labouring men less conscious than you are of parental responsibility?" "For both," was the reply. "We want to be freed from the temptation to neglect and carelessness in this matter. We want the law of the land to settle it once for all that none of our children shall grow up in ignorance, as so many of us have been compelled to do." And it is very noticeable that the complaints which have recently been audible, in reference to alleged harshness of school-board officials in enforcing the compulsory laws, have not been made by the poor themselves, but by weak sentimentalists who have professed to speak on their behalf, and have shown great ignorance as to the care and forbearance with which the law has been generally administered. The sympathy lavished on the drunken or thriftless father who selfishly desires to use the labour of a little child for his own convenience, would surely be better bestowed on the poor boy or girl thus condemned to life-long ignorance, and to permanent disqualification for honourable employment.

It may well be doubted whether by the Mines' Inspection Act, the Workshops' Act, the Agricultural Children's Act, and the Factory Act, curiously inconsistent as are their several provisions with each other and with any intelligible principle, we have not reached the limit of what is called indirect compulsion. These laws all impose certain responsibilities on the employers of labour. They

carry with them inevitably some vexatious and otherwise needless investigations on the part of public authorities into the working of commercial enterprises; and they are to a certain extent a restraint upon the liberty of trade, and the free action of the labour market. Moreover, the poor child who has been neglected, and finds himself at eleven or twelve forbidden to work because he cannot pass an examination in the fourth or fifth standard, has a new disability added to the disability of ignorance, and a new hindrance placed in the way of his obtaining an honest living. After all, the legal responsibility should as far as possible lie where the moral responsibility lies—with the parent, not with the employer. There is also a substantial advantage in the distinct recognition of the fact that the parent is accountable to the State in this matter. For whereas an employer will always be ready to avail himself of cheap labour when he can get it, and will be beset by constant temptations to evade the law, few parents will be likely to permit their children to grow up less instructed than themselves. It is only while we have a race of fathers and mothers themselves untaught that so harsh a thing as law is required to enforce on any of them the need of instruction for their children. And thus, while all laws of indirect compulsion must continue in force, and become increasingly stringent as the competition of trade increases, laws of direct compulsion will become, as the experience of Switzerland and Germany conclusively shows, practically needless as soon as a single generation of instructed parents shall have been called into existence.

At present the law knows no other form of direct compulsion than that exercised by School Boards. But since the adoption of a School Board is generally the spontaneous act of each separate district, the application of the principle of compulsion is accidental and voluntary, and far from universal. Up to October, 1874, the total number of School Boards in England and Wales had reached 854, covering, besides the Metropolitan district, 106 out of 224 municipal boroughs, and 942 out of 14,082 civil parishes. Out of a total population of 22,712,266, only 10,818,825 are included within the jurisdiction of School Boards; and of these the number to whom bye-laws for enforcing school attendance apply is 9,538,971. Compulsion is now the law for rather less than forty-two per cent. of the entire population, and for about seventy-nine per cent. of the borough population. In many places Boards have been formed for no other purpose than to enforce the attendance of children in schools of which the supply was already sufficient. A Parliamentary return in June last enumerated 173 School Boards which had no rate-supported schools under their own control. The number of Boards is daily increasing, and would probably increase faster but for the belief that they are a somewhat costly and cumbrous machinery to call into exercise for

one purpose alone, added to the strong prejudice, reasonable or unreasonable, against the Board type of school, and to a belief on the part of many that, once a School Board is established, a school with the dreaded Cowper-Temple clause is not far off.

It seems, therefore, very desirable that the end—universal compulsion—on which all friends of education are practically agreed should be attained, if possible, without necessary recourse to the particular means—the establishment of School Boards—on which those persons are not agreed. And this object is not difficult of accomplishment.

Sections 36 and 74 of the Elementary Education Act of 1870 empower School Boards to frame bye-laws for the enforcement of children's attendance, to appoint a school-officer, and to make such arrangements as they deem necessary for determining the time and conditions of attendance. There is nothing in these sections of the Act which requires educational knowledge and experience, or which presupposes the existence of a Board-school in the district. The whole duty might as easily be fulfilled by the ordinary local authority, where there is no Board, as by the Board itself. It is suggested, therefore, that by a short Act provision might readily be made as follows:—

“That any municipal council, local board, or parish vestry, in a district unprovided with a School Board, may on its application be empowered to make bye-laws, and to enforce them, on the conditions prescribed in Sections 36 and 74 of the Elementary Education Act (except only so far as Sub-section 3 of Section 74, relating to the payment of fees, is concerned), and to appoint a school-officer and to compel school attendance in its own district.”

The immediate effect of such a provision would be that in many places, notably in country villages, already well supplied with elementary schools, the friends of education would put the vestry in motion, and by its help bring up the school attendance in an effectual way, and at little or no expense. There would probably still remain some upathetic parishes or districts unwilling to avail themselves of this provision, and content to let the present state of things continue. For them a second clause in such a Bill as is here suggested might properly provide:—

“That if, after a given date, say January, 1876, Her Majesty's Inspector reported that the attendance in the public elementary schools of a parish fell short of that determined on by the Education Department in formal notices as requiring school accommodation, it should be lawful for that Department to issue a precept requiring, under conditions similar to those in Section 10 of the Act, either the adoption of the voluntary rule just described, or the formation of a School Board.”

In this proposal there is an intentional omission of the clause providing for the payment of school fees by the local authority for those children who, while not poor enough to come under the operation of Denison's Act, are yet too poor to pay the ordinary fees. How thin a stratum of the population is affected by this omission may be judged from the fact that during three years the School Board of London has paid the fees of 254 children, and remitted those of 304 only. *De minimis non curat lex*. It is not worth while to raise again, for the sake of these exceptional children, the acrimonious discussion about the 25th clause, and the payment of fees in denominational schools. Vestries and local boards may with great propriety be empowered to spend a small sum out of rates for the special purpose contemplated in Section 74 of the Act. But it might not unreasonably be contended that no part of their revenues is properly available for the payment of fees in schools not under their supervision. So if it be once certified to the satisfaction of the local authority that A. B. C. D. and E. do not attend school, but that E. is the child of parents who, though not in receipt of parochial relief, cannot afford to pay the school-pence, then the compulsory powers here proposed to be confided to such local authority must extend to A. B. C. and D. only, and E. must be relegated for the present to the "uncovenanted mercies" of private benefactors.

Such a measure would, at the present stage of our educational progress, be not unlikely to conciliate moderate men of all parties. It is undoubtedly less comprehensive and complete than many of the most earnest promoters of education desire. But it would effect some substantial improvements. It would, in the first place, actually bring a considerable number of neglected children into the schools; it would prove that this object is attainable without necessary resort to the special machinery so much in disfavour among the clergy and the supporters of denominational schools; it would rapidly familiarise the people with the practice of obligatory school attendance; and go far to reconcile many who now oppose such a measure to the more general establishment of School Boards. Above all, the frank acceptance of such a partial expedient as this by the powerful party which has always sought to make School Boards universal would prove to the nation that this party cares more about ends than means, and has more genuine concern in bringing the children of the poor under instruction than in determining the particular type of elementary school they shall attend. The process by which the Boards are absorbing the denominational schools is going on rapidly, and cannot be legally accelerated without an enormous increase of friction. The number of Boards is increasing every day, as a glance at the notices in the *London Gazette* will show; and yet it is obvious that a measure requiring the estab-

lishment of a School Board in every district has at present no chance of being carried. Meanwhile, it is not proved that Board-schools are, or are likely to become, places of more efficient elementary instruction than good National or Wesleyan schools. Until that is proved, those who care primarily about efficient instruction, and have no *arrière pensée* as to the use which might be made of the Elementary Education Act to bring about the destruction of clerical influence and of ecclesiastical establishments, may be well content to see the children of the poor gathered into any of the schools which the law of the land has consented to recognise, and which are annually certified by State officers as actually furnishing sound secular instruction.

II. If by some such means the problem of securing the attendance of children up to the age of thirteen is once solved, there remains the further task of encouraging the best and most promising scholars to stay longer, and to continue the education they have begun. Whatever may be our wishes and aspirations in regard to public instruction, it seems certain that for the rank and file of the labouring classes a good, useful education, such as may be carried on till the age of thirteen, is all that will be possible in the elementary schools. At that age, the child will, as a rule, be withdrawn for labour; although it may be hoped that other agencies, such as the newly-established University lectures, more systematic provision for evening classes, and societies for mutual improvement, will multiply rapidly, and satisfy an increasing appetite for further teaching, after the hours of labour are ended. Yet, among the scholars of the primary schools there is always a considerable number of thoughtful, studious boys and girls, who evince a desire for further improvement, and who, if taken by the hand and properly encouraged, would make an excellent use of advanced instruction, and would, either as highly-skilled workmen, or as recruits in the ranks of what Mr. Buckle calls "the intellectual classes," add appreciably to the wealth and strength of the community. Such children are now compelled, by the inexorable necessities of their parents, to leave school just at the moment when school-learning is beginning to tell upon the formation of their characters. For them, the chief need is some provision analogous to the scholarships and exhibitions of the Universities. A bursary, of sufficient value to cover all the expense of instruction, and also to furnish a small contribution towards the cost of maintenance at home, would, in many cases, just suffice to detain a promising boy in school for a year or two longer, by inducing his father to forego his earnings for that time. To bursaries of this kind, which should be attainable by merit, and tenable in the advanced class of the primary schools, there should then be added exhibitions, designed to furnish gratuitous education in a secondary

school, where in time the boy would find other exhibitions, enabling him to proceed to the University. We have well nigh overweighed the higher education of the country with premiums and rewards of this kind, but we have forgotten that there is exactly the same necessity for such arrangements in the lower department of educational work as in the higher. It is only by the adoption of some such means that full justice can be done to the intelligence of the poor, and that the "*carrière ouverte aux talents*," of which so much has been said of late, can become a reality. And it would be wrong to measure the expediency of such a measure merely by its influence on the highly exceptional scholar. The

"divinely gifted man,  
Whose life in low estate began,  
And on a simple village green,"

would, it might be urged, find his way to honour and usefulness even without such aid. But every provision of this kind for discovering and rewarding special ability, raises the whole level of work in a school, and gives to hundreds of children, who are not prize-holders, a better standard of excellence and a more active intellectual life.

Yet, it is manifestly futile to look for the needful resources for such a purpose to parliamentary subsidies or to rates. The funds for scholarships and bursaries must be found elsewhere. Private benevolence and public spirit have already founded several scholarships in the city of London. The report of the Rev. Dr. Abbott, a few months ago, of the examination he had held of picked scholars in the elementary schools, for the award of an exhibition in the City of London School, and his subsequent testimony as to the hopeful career of the scholars thus selected, are full of encouragement, and will doubtless have the effect of eliciting, from wealthy merchants and from city companies, further aid in the same direction. But, in truth, the appropriate resources for this special purpose already exist in great abundance. There are in England upwards of two thousand endowed charity-schools, all of which were designed to furnish gratuitous primary instruction, and many of which also give clothing and provide apprentice premiums, and other advantages. As places of instruction they have, for the most part, fallen far below the standard of inspected elementary schools, and, since the passing of the Education Act, they are practically superfluous as part of the provision for educating the poor. Many of them are becoming absorbed by degrees into the ranks of public schools, and others are only prevented from becoming such by the difficulty of disposing of the endowment. While the funds suffice to enable the trustees to dispense with the aid of grant, subscriptions, or fees, those trustees, not unnaturally, desire to preserve their own autonomy and their

distinctive denominational character, even though it is proved that the school would be much more useful for its own proper purpose if it were thrown entirely open on the usual conditions. The system of clothing a child in a charity dress has been condemned by universal experience. No doubt it is, in its way, a gift to a poor parent, but it is no boon to the child. For him it is more often a humiliation and misfortune, the memory of which clings to him painfully for life. Yet it is unquestionably true that the system of clothing has served one very useful purpose. It has given the teachers and managers a hold upon the parents, and enabled them to insist on regular attendance. And it has thus come to pass that while the little parochial charity schools, in London and elsewhere, are generally dull, joyless, and unsatisfactory schools, clinging to obsolete methods of instruction, out of the reach of all the influences by which primary education has been so greatly stimulated of late, and characterized by dress and other usages destructive of the self-respect of the scholars; they have at the same time been distinguished from all others by the punctual regularity of the scholars' attendance, and by the power which the trustees possess of prolonging that attendance beyond the average school age. In any attempt to adapt these old foundations to modern necessities this one special feature of excellence must not be overlooked. Endowments for apprentice premiums, also, were once of very high value, as the only means whereby the child of a poor man could obtain introduction into a respectable trade. But the conditions of our industrial life are so altered that such premiums are now scarcely ever needed. The intention of the founder both of school charities and of apprentice charities was to place within the reach of the poor man's son a higher education, and a better chance of becoming a skilled workman, than he would otherwise obtain. Both of these purposes are as valuable now as at the time when the bequests were made. But they cannot wisely be compassed by precisely the same means. The motive of the ancient benefactions may be retained, but the form requires modification. An honourable place on the foundation of a good school is a better safeguard for prolonged attendance than the bestowal upon a child of an antiquated disguise. And the boy who desires to become a highly-skilled workman is more likely to attain that result by means of improved general training of his faculties, and perhaps by being helped to enter a technical school or college, than by receiving a sum of money for the purpose of binding him as an apprentice. If members of Boards and other school-managers will inquire into the neighbouring local charities they will, in nearly all cases, discover funds for apprenticing, or for some other obsolete, and possibly mischievous, purpose, which, under the provisions of the Endowed Schools' Act, might



readily, and with great public advantage, be applied to the purpose of advancing education beyond the point to which the law requires it to be carried. Where the funds are large enough, the wisest course is to establish a good middle school, with free places reserved in it for meritorious pupils from the schools below. But in all other cases, the establishment of even two or three bursaries, either tenable in the higher classes of the primary school, or available for admitting the scholar to a place of advanced instruction, will serve not only to stimulate the elementary schools and improve their character, but also to furnish a link uniting these schools to those above them and to the Universities.

It may be safely predicted that ere long the steadfast efforts of the late Endowed Schools Commissioners, through evil report and good report, to secure for the poor the priceless blessing of honourable access to a liberal education, will be more generously recognised than at this moment. It has been from the first a distinguishing characteristic of all their schemes for reorganizing the secondary schools of the country, that a substantial part of the endowment is specially devoted to this purpose. I take, as an example, a single clause from a recent scheme devoting a large fund of nearly £7,000 per annum to the establishment of intermediate and higher schools in the suburbs of the metropolis. Through the enlightened and cordial co-operation of the Haberdashers' Company, which has hitherto administered the trust, the scheme became law recently, and this great revenue, with its prospective increase, has been devoted to the erection and maintenance of four large schools in the north and south of London, in which provision of an exceptionally liberal kind has been made for higher and technical instruction. *Inter alia* the scheme for one of these schools provides as follows:—

"The managers shall assign an annual sum of £100 for exhibitions not exceeding £12 a year each in value, and tenable at the Hoxton Schools, and in conferring such exhibitions the managers shall distribute them in a fair proportion among boys and girls, having regard to the number of scholars in each school. All such exhibitions shall be given as the reward of merit only. One half of them shall be conferred preferentially upon children who have been educated at some public elementary school or schools for a space of at least three years, and have passed the Government Inspector's examination in the Standard suitable to their age and standing. And in conferring such exhibitions the managers shall make such arrangements as seem to them best adapted to secure the combined objects of attracting good scholars to the Hoxton secondary schools and of advancing elementary education. The managers shall also assign a further sum of £600 for exhibitions of such value as they think fit, tenable by scholars of the Hoxton Schools at any places of higher education, or to enable them to gain a start in some profession or skilled trade."

Provisions of this kind,<sup>1</sup> varying according to the character and

(1) The fear is sometimes expressed that the boon thus offered to the poor is merely illusory, and that such a provision is only a covert device for handing over endowments to rich parents, who can afford to pay tutors for special preparation. Experience proves, however, that children who come direct from the primary schools, are precisely those

resources of the several endowments, will be found in nearly all the schemes framed by the Commissioners. That they are conceived exactly in the spirit of the ancient instruments of foundation is certain. But that, in order to fulfil their purpose, they must necessarily depart in their details from the letter of those instruments is equally certain ; although the fact is too often overlooked.

III. As a correlative to all efforts for securing more regular and prolonged attendance at school, there is need of a steady elevation in the aims of the schools themselves, and of higher requirements on the part of the central government, as represented by the Code of Regulations. The impatience which is sometimes manifested by educational reformers on this head, though natural and praiseworthy, is somewhat unreasonable. The Code never undertook to formulate the ideal of a perfect school, but only to prescribe the minimum conditions on which a certain sum of money should be claimable from the Parliamentary Grant ; and as a matter of fact the requirements of the Code have until recently corresponded, not unfairly, with the more definite and calculable portions of the average school course. Any sudden increase in the severity of those requirements, while the conditions of attendance remained unchanged, would have discouraged the teachers, and defeated its own purpose. But the time has already arrived when, without injustice to the teachers, or serious financial embarrassment to the managers, a substantial change in the requirements may properly be made. The ablest of the Inspectors, judging from the recent report of the Committee of Council, are unanimous in the opinion that the public grant might easily be distributed on conditions more likely to increase the efficiency of the schools. The London School Board and the Association of Elementary Teachers have each propounded some valuable suggestions with the same purpose. The faults of the existing Code are, in truth, plain even to the most superficial student of the subject. It does not exact the highest efficiency as a condition for the highest grant. It regards as "extra subjects" elements of instruction which ought to form an organic part of the curriculum of every primary school. It offers some temptation to teachers to present children in low rather than in high standards. The test which it applies may be too nearly satisfied by certain mechanical exercises, and does not sufficiently recognise the importance of intelligence and life in the teaching. The question, "Understandest thou what thou readest ?" occurs too infrequently, and is not necessarily put at

who succeed best at such competitions. The great grammar-school of King Edward in Birmingham offers free admissions on the result of an entrance examination. It is found that while only one-third of the candidates who present themselves are scholars who have been educated in the public elementary schools, one-half of those who succeed and are ultimately chosen belong to that class.

all. Moreover, there is a total absence of any direct and sufficient stimulus to the systematic instruction of the pupil-teachers. The remedy for these grave defects is not to be found in an increase in the total amount of the grant. Nor would it be desirable to transplant bodily the Scotch Code into England. That Code has some conspicuous merits; but it offers too great and bewildering a variety of extra subjects, and is in some other respects unsuited to the actual condition and capacities of English schools. Without encumbering these pages with technical details, it may be stated that the main principles on which the code might usefully be recast are these:—

(1) A reduction in the grant for attendance only, unless, as in the Scotch Code, certain conditions as to good organization and discipline are fulfilled.

(2) The division of the 12s. grant now obtainable by each child on examination into *four* parts instead of three, of which the first should consist of reading or recitation; the second, of written exercises, including the elements of grammar and verbal analysis; the third, of arithmetic; and the fourth, of some exercise distinctly intended to test intelligence. In the lower standards this condition would be fulfilled by an oral examination into the meaning of words; and in the higher standards by history and geography.

(3) The restriction of extra subjects beyond this range to scholars of the fifth and sixth standards, and the allowance of a further grant beyond the present maximum of 15s. per head in respect of one such subject in each year.

(4) The allowance of a special capitation grant—say of 30s. per head—in respect to pupil-teachers who pass an excellent examination.

Such a change would leave it still possible for a moderate school to claim an average grant of 11s. or 12s. per scholar; but it would require very high merit to justify a claim for the present maximum of 15s., and would also allow the exceptionally good school to obtain a still higher sum for the introduction of scientific teaching, or for marked success in the training of future teachers.

But, concurrently with any measures designed to raise the standard of instruction in the schools, the necessity arises for a higher standard of qualification in the teachers themselves. This subject was treated with great force and ability in a thoughtful paper by Mr. William Jolly, in a recent number of this Review.<sup>1</sup> But the specific suggestions made in that paper are better adapted to the latitude of Scotland than to that of England. Neither in that country, nor in any other in Europe, is there the same “great gulf fixed” as here, between the older Universities and the class from which the elementary teachers are taken. The constitution and the traditions of Oxford and Cambridge are not such as to justify any hope that they could properly undertake the duty of co-ordinating

(1) “The Professional Training of Teachers,” *Fortnightly Review*, September, 1874.

and directing the work of the normal colleges; still less is it befitting that the authorities of these Universities should ultimately supersede the present colleges, and set up practising schools and "masters of method" of their own. Considering what is the nature of an elementary teacher's employment, and what rewards it has to offer, it seems impossible to doubt that for years to come the most appropriate and the best available training, is that which is to be obtained by a five years' apprenticeship as pupil teacher, followed by a two years' residence in a Training College. But it is equally certain that this course of training is at best narrow and incomplete; that it keeps the teacher too much in one groove; that it is apt to give him an inordinate estimate of his own acquirements and importance; and that it furnishes little or no access to that wider culture, which is so indispensable to all who would see their work in true perspective, and understand its proper relations to the work of other professions, and to the general intellectual life of the community. Much has already been done in this direction by opening the degrees of the University of London; for which distinctions there is a constantly increasing number of candidates from the foremost ranks of elementary schoolmasters. The recent extension of the higher Local Examinations of Cambridge to non-gremial students of both sexes above the age of eighteen, will probably serve the same purpose of supplying teachers with motives and guidance in the pursuit of their own studies.

But the best possible corrective for the faults of the present system is not a scheme of examinations only, but in the case of a limited number of the best teachers, an actual introduction for a time to the world of letters and of science, and to the direct influence of an ancient university. In the prospect of the inevitable changes suggested by the recent report on the revenues of the Universities, it seems not unreasonable to hope that the field of their influence and usefulness may ere long be widened in this direction. The establishment of a professorship mainly concerned with the history and with the scientific aspects of Education would be the first step. To this should be added a special arrangement, whereby persons who had taken a good place at the certificate examination, and who intended to become teachers, might be admitted for one year's residence on condition of attending the lectures of the Professor of Education, and of pursuing some one branch of science or literature. A third provision enabling every person who had thus kept three terms in the University, and passed a suitable examination, to receive a special teacher's diploma from the authorities of the University, would go far to secure for the exceptional students who were enabled, either by their own self-denial or by means of scholarships, to undergo this preparation, an excellent chance of reaching the highest places in their profession. In this way there would be a

constant infusion of men into the ranks of elementary teachers who had received a three years' instead of a two years' training; but who, during the last year of the three, had added to their experience in the primary schools and in the training college the inestimable advantage of breathing the atmosphere of an ancient seat of learning, and coming into contact with a higher standard of scholarship and of life than would otherwise be attainable to them.

On the influence of a few such schoolmasters in leavening the whole class to which they belong, it is needless to insist. But it may be safely said that unless the teacher's profession is ultimately so organized that at least the highest posts in it are honourably filled by persons of really liberal education, the general level of acquirement and of aspiration among the body of elementary teachers will always be low. And it is scarcely less evident that the ancient Universities, which have already evinced by the extension of their local examinations, and by the recent establishment of local professorships in the great centres of industry, a commendable desire to make the power and prestige they possess operative upon classes of people and upon fields of work to which such influences had never before penetrated, will forfeit a great opportunity of usefulness if they do not seek, by some means or other, to reach down to the elementary schools of the country, to show sympathy with their teachers, and to ennoble the conception which such teachers form of their work.

Of the four very simple suggestions here made, the first, if carried into effect at all, requires the sanction of Parliament. The second,—the utilisation of endowments for the establishment of scholarships and secondary schools,—depends largely on the co-operation and the public spirit of charity-trustees and other local bodies. The improvement of the Code is the proper function of the Education Department. And the means of bringing the higher influences of the Universities to bear on the status and qualification of the teachers are in the hands of the authorities of Oxford and Cambridge. It is very characteristic of English institutions that the concurrence of so many public bodies should be required for the healthy growth and full maturity of our system of national education. Yet those among us who have formed for themselves the highest ideal of a symmetrical system, while feeling a momentary disappointment at the halting, tentative, and somewhat humble steps which we take in bringing that system to perfection, may nevertheless take heart when they reflect that institutions thus slowly built up are more permanent, and, to the eye of the student of history, more impressive and dignified, than if they sprang fully equipped from the brain of a philosopher.

J. G. FITCH.

## THE BLANK VERSE OF MILTON.

AMONG the many points which connect the literature of this century with that of the Elizabethan age, there is none more marked and striking than the revival of a true feeling for the beauty of blank verse. Blank verse was the creation of our dramatists, from Marlowe to Massinger and Shirley. Milton received it at their hands; but, in appropriating this metre to the Epic, even Milton thought it necessary to defend the use of unrhymed verse. Milton belonged by education and by disposition to the age which for want of a more accurate title has been called Elizabethan, but which may better be described as the Renaissance in England. That is to say, the spirit which gave form and life to our literature during the sixteenth and the first half of the seventeenth centuries, preserved its fullest vigour and manifested itself with the utmost splendour in the genius of Milton. But while he was yet alive, and by the publication of his masterpiece was proving his legitimate descent from the lineage of Spenser, Bacon, and Shakspeare, a new and antagonistic spirit began to manifest itself. The poets and prose-writers of the Restoration stood no longer in a close relation to Italy and the classics, nor did they continue the tradition of the dramatists of our Renaissance. They followed French examples, and introduced another standard of taste. One of the signs of this change was their rejection of blank verse, their exclusive practice of the couplet. To some extent this was a return to old English precedents, to the rhyming metre of Chaucer and the earliest English plays. But the heroic verse, as developed by Dryden, was not a regular continuation of the tradition handed down from Chaucer and from Marlowe. It had less in common with the metre of the *Canterbury Tales* and *Hero and Leander* than with the French Alexandrine, and its adoption was one of the signs of the French influence which prevailed throughout the Restoration, and which determined the style of English literature for the following century.

The exchange of blank verse for the rhyming couplet was not so insignificant as at first sight it may appear. • It was no mere whim of fashion or voluntary preference among the poets for one of two metres, either of which they could have used with equal mastery. On the contrary, it indicated a radical change in the spirit of our literature. With the substitution of heroic for unrhymed verse, the theory and practice of harmony in English composition were altered. What was essentially national in our poetry—the music of sustained

periods, elastic in their structure, and governed by the subtlest laws of melody in recurring consonants and vowels—was sacrificed for the artificial elegance and monotonous cadence of the couplet. For a century and a half the summit of all excellence in versification was the construction of neat pairs of lines, smooth indeed and polished, but scarcely varying in their form. The breadth and freedom of style, the organic connection between thought and rhythm, were abandoned for precise and studied regularity; and corresponding to this restriction of the form of poetry was an impoverishment in its matter both of thought and fancy. The audacities of Shakspeare and the sublimities of Milton were no less unknown and unappreciated than the volume and the grandeur of their metrical effects. We might compare this change in the spirit of our literature to the extinction of all the architectural originality of the earlier Italian Renaissance in the formal elegance of the Palladian style. Of course it is not to be denied that much was gained as well as lost. Not to speak of the exaggerated conceits, fantastic phraseology, and faults of overstrained imagination, which were eliminated in the age of the Restoration and Queen Anne, it must always be remembered that few literatures can exhibit two types of excellence so great and yet so diverse as those of our Elizabethan and Classic periods. But the fact remains that during this century and a half our authors abandoned the fields in which the earliest and most splendid laurels of the English had been won, and our critics lost the sense for beauties of style peculiarly national. To have written true blank verse during the despotism of the heroic couplet would have been impossible, and to appreciate Shakspearian or Miltonic melody was equally beyond the capacities of cultivated taste. It was not until the spirit of the Elizabethan age revived in the authors of the commencement of the present century that blank verse began once more to be constructed upon proper principles, and to be accepted at its true value. Even then the habits of several generations had to be laboriously broken, and the metre which every playwright of the sixteenth century commanded with facility, was used with pompous grandiosity or frigid baldness by poets even of distinguished genius.

These remarks serve merely as a preface to the following attempt to analyse the structure of Miltonic blank verse, and to explain some of the mistakes which have been made about it. Johnson's essay on the versification of Milton proves the want of intelligence which prevailed in the last century, and shows to what extent the exclusive practice of the couplet had spoiled the ear of critics for all the deeper and more subtle strains of which our language is capable. Johnson lays it down as a fixed canon that the English ten-syllable iambic measure is only pure and regular "when the accent rests

upon every second syllable through the whole line." Thus such lines as these—

His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings . . .  
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss, . . .

which are not of very common occurrence in Milton, and perhaps are never met with in succession, he admits as pure; while all the others—those, that is to say, in which we recognise the triumphs of Miltonic art—he condemns as "more or less licentious with respect to accent." The tender and pathetic cadence of the last line in the following passage—

This delicious place  
For us too large, where thy abundance wants  
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground,

is stigmatised by Johnson as remarkably inharmonious. Cowley's exquisite line—

And the soft wings of peace cover him round,

which exhibits a similar cadence, meets with the same condemnation, Johnson adding magisterially, with reference to both examples—"In these the law of metre is very grossly violated by mingling combinations of sound directly opposite to each other, as Milton expresses it in his sonnet to Henry Lawes, by *committing short and long*, and setting one part of the measure at variance with the rest." Johnson's ear, accustomed to the sing-song of the couplet, and his taste perverted by the false analogy of classical metres, exacted an even flow of regular iambics, which might occasionally be broken, for the sake of variety, by lines confessedly discordant. A superfluous syllable at rare intervals, or a trochee instead of an iamb in the first place, would be enough, he thought, to satisfy human weakness petulantly craving after change; then the metre should resume its calculated melody, and march on without interruption for a score or so of lines. But a trochee in the fourth place! (for so he scanned the lines), O Milton and Cowley! shame upon your ears! The ferule was raised, and down it came with a swinging blow upon the knuckles of the poets who had neglected their prosody. Johnson need not be followed through the details of his analysis. The canon already quoted is enough to prove how far he was from having discerned the true principles of criticism in this case. He attempted to reduce blank verse to rule by setting up the standard of an ideal line, any deviation from which was to be called "licentious, impure, unharmonious," remaining ignorant the while that the whole effect of this metre depends upon the massing of lines in periods and on the variety of complicated cadences.

Todd, commenting on Johnson's Essay, shows a truer appreciation



of Miltonic melody, and is properly indignant with the cool arrogance of Aristarchus. But he, too, is far from having perceived the laws which determine the structure of blank verse. He thinks that the metre of the *Paradise Lost* is a matter of dactyls, spondees, and choriambes. After observing that "Milton was fond of the ancient measures," which indeed is true, he goes on to settle some of the lines that puzzled Johnson, thus: "These lines exhibit choriambics in the third and fourth and in the fourth and fifth places:—

For us too large, where thý äbüdäncë wants  
Partakers, and uncrept fällt tö the gröünd."

He thinks that he has answered Johnson and established something positive by his erudition *in re metricä*, whereas he has only attained the negative result of demonstrating that blank verse must not be considered a mere sequence of iambs. It does not really satisfy any one to be told that two-fifths of each of these lines is what Horace might have called a choriambus, or that three-tenths of some other line is an anapæst. Johnson, to begin with, would not have been satisfied; for he required iambs or their equivalents, and critics like Todd think nothing of scanning an anapæst in the place of one of Johnson's feet. Nor can the classical scholar be satisfied; for, even granting that English metrical feet may be classified as tribrachs, dactyls, anapæsts, choriambics, and so forth, there is no classical precedent for versification which indiscriminately admitted all these kinds. The Greek comic metre is the only parallel of anything like closeness; and, even there, limits were fixed beyond which the poet dared not venture. Such licences as Milton allowed himself in his sublime epic would have been inadmissible in the dialogue of the *Frogs*, and would have been utterly abhorrent to the laws of the Sophoclean Iambic. The unlearned English reader meanwhile will justly condemn this talk about anapæsts and choriambi as inappropriate. It cannot help him to perceive the melody of a line to be told "here is a trochee," or "there I think I detect an amphibrach;" for although these terms may usefully be employed between students accustomed to metrical analysis, they do not solve the problem of blank verse. With classical versification the case is different. Quantity determines every line: a long syllable is unmistakable, and invariably weighs as equal in the scale against two short ones. But nothing so definite can be established in English metre. What one man reads as a dactyl may seem like an anapæst or a tribrach to another. So little is our language subject to the laws of quantity, that to have produced four stanzas of decently correct English *alcaics* is one of the proudest *tours de force* of the most ingenious of our versifiers since Pope. Since therefore quantity forms no part

of our prosody, and since the licences of quantity in blank verse can never have been determined, it is plainly not much to the purpose to talk about choriambes in Milton. They are undoubtedly to be found there. Our daily speech is larded with trochees and cretics and so forth. But these names of classic feet do not explain the secret of the varied melody of Milton. In order to show the uncertainty which attends the analysis of blank verse on these principles, it is enough to mention that Sir Egerton Brydges scans the line already quoted thus—

“Pärtā | kōrs, ānd | ūnerōpt | fālls tō thē | grōund

first, an iambic; second, an iambic; third, a spondee; fourth, a dactyl; fifth, a demifoot.” He makes no mention of the choriamb, which seemed so evident to Todd, while Keightley, who has written learnedly in the same spirit, seems to reject spondees from his system; at least, he does not mention them.

Though the attempt to apply the phraseology of Greek and Latin prosody to the analysis of blank verse does not really explain much, yet the principle of substitution of other feet for iambs, asserted by Todd, Brydges, and Keightley, in opposition to Johnson, is a step toward the truth. They defend Milton's irregularities by saying that in the place of two iambs he uses one choriambus, and that he employs trochees, anapaests, and tribrachs, under certain limitations, as freely as iambs. If these critics had advanced beyond the nomenclature of classic prosody, this principle of substitution would probably have led to a right understanding of the matter. English blank verse really consists of periods of lines, each one of which is made up normally of ten syllables, a stress or accent being thrown upon the final syllable in the line, so that the whole inclines to the iambic rather than to any other rhythm. The ten syllables are, also, if normally cadenced, so disposed that five beats occur in the verse at regular intervals. So far Johnson was right; but he went wrong the instant he proceeded to declare that deviation from this ideal structure of the line produced an inharmonious result. In truth, it is precisely such deviation that constitutes the beauty of blank verse. When the metre was first practised by Surrey, Sackville, Greene, and Peele, great hesitation was displayed as to any departure from iambic regularity; but Marlowe, the earliest poet of creative genius who applied himself to its cultivation, saw that in order to save the verse from monotony it was necessary to shift the accent, and, ignoring feet properly so called, to be only careful to preserve the right proportions and masses of sound. A verse may often have more than ten syllables, and more or less than five accents; but it must carry so much sound as shall be a satisfactory equivalent for ten syllables, and must have its accents so



first eight syllables into the two groups requisite for the rhythm of the verse. And this is not only once or occasionally, but always and invariably the case in all blank verse composed with proper freedom. In this respect the metre is true to its original purpose. It was formed for the drama, where it had to be the plastic vehicle of every utterance, and where a perfectly elastic adaptation of the rhythm to the current of the sense was indispensable. The irregularities in its structure were the natural result of emphasis. This is illustrated by a line of Marlowe, as admirable for its energy of movement as for its imagery—

See where Christ's blood *streams* in the firmament.

That violent stress upon the verb was illegitimate according to iambic scansion; but the verb required emphasis, and the verse gained rather than lost by the deviation from its even rise and fall. The one sound rule to be given to the readers of dramatic blank verse, written by a master of the art, is this—Attend strictly to the sense and to the pauses: the lines will then be perfectly melodious; but if you attempt to scan the lines on any preconceived metrical system, you will violate the sense and vitiate the music. Even the abstruse and fantastic audacities of Webster, who is the veriest Schumann of blank verse, melt into melody when subjected to this simple process. If one does but conceive the dramatic situation, sympathize with the passions of the speaker, allow for the natural inflections of his voice, mark his pauses, and interpolate his inarticulate exclamations, the whole apparently disjointed mass of words assumes a proper and majestic cadence. Milton took blank verse from the dramatists, and practised dramatic blank verse in *Comus*; nor in his *Epic* did he depart from the rules of composition we have analysed. The movement of the sense invariably controlled the rhythm of the verse; and most of his amorphous lines take form when treated as the products of dramatic art. The following, for example, is one of those that puzzled Johnson:—

'Tis true, I am that Spirit unfortunate.

Johnson, with eyes fixed on the ground, searching for iambs, had not gazed into the fallen Archangel's face—his disguise thrown off, his policy abandoned—nor heard the low slow accents of the two first syllables, the proud emphasis upon the fourth, the stately and melancholy music-roll which closed the line. Yet, in order to understand the rhythm of the verse as the poet wrote it, it was necessary to have heard and seen the fiend as Milton heard and saw. The same may be said about the spasms of intense emotion which have to be imagined in order to give its metrical value to **this verse**—

Me, me only, just object of his ire.

It is obvious here that scansion by feet will be of little use, but that the line is understood as soon as we allow the time of two whole syllables to the first emphatic *me*, and bring over the next words, *me only*, in the time of another two syllables, by doing which we give dramatic energy to the utterance. The truth of this method is still more evident when we take for analysis a verse from the eighth book of *Paradise Lost*, at first sight singularly inharmonious:—

Submit: he reared me, and, "Whom thou soughtest I am."

Try to scan the line, and it seems a confusion of uncertain feet. Read it over by itself, and its packed consonants offend the ear. But now supply the context—

Rejoicing, but with awe,  
In adoration at his feet I fell  
Submit: he reared me, and, "Whom thou soughtest I am."  
Said mildly, "Author of all this thou seest  
Above, or round about thee, or beneath."—*P. L.* viii. 319.

It is now seen that the word *submit* belongs by the sense to the preceding period; the words, *he reared me*, are a parenthesis of quick and hurried narration: then another period commences. So dependent is sound on sense, and so inextricably linked together are the periods in a complex structure of blank verse. It not unfrequently happens that a portion at least of the sound belonging to a word at the commencement of a verse is owed to the cadence of the preceding lines, so that the strain of music which begins is wedded to that which dies, by indescribable and almost imperceptible interpenetrations. The rhythmic dance may therefore be prolonged through sequences and systems of melody, each perfect in itself, each owing and lending something to that which follows and which went before, through concords and affinities of modulated sound.

Notwithstanding the pliancy of the method here suggested for the scansion of Miltonic verse, it is not easy to see the right rhythm of some few of his lines. The following present peculiar difficulties: since at first they seem like Alexandrines; and yet Milton's ear cannot be accused of letting an Alexandrine pass; while the striking similarity in the endings of these abnormal verses suggests at least some method in their irregularity:—

Imbued, bring to their sweetness no satiety.—*P. L.*, viii. 216.  
For solitude sometimes is best society.—*P. L.*, ix. 219.  
Such solitude before choicest society.—*P. R.*, i. 302.  
And linked itself by carnal sensuality.—*Comus*, 174.

The last instance, which is at once explained by pronouncing *sensuality* as if it had but three syllables, gives perhaps the key to the others. Though the English usage of words in *iety* precludes

their elision to the extent required, we must imagine that Milton sometimes gave to such words as *satiety* and *society* the value of three syllables by treating the *ie* almost as if it were a diphthong. The words would then stand at the end of the lines, each forming a full foot, followed by the licensed redundant syllable. It must, however, be mentioned that, in *Paradise Lost* at least, Milton does not often make use of the hendecasyllabic line, and also that in two instances (*Paradise Lost*, viii., 383, and ix. 1007) he uses *society* as a quadrisyllable.

It may here be remarked that Milton's familiarity with what he calls the "various-measured verse" of the ancient poets, and with the liquid numbers of the Italian hendecasyllable, determined, to some extent, his treatment of our blank verse. The variety of cadence and elaborate structure of Virgil's hexameters no doubt incited him to emulation. He must have felt that the unincumbered eloquence, which is suited to the drama, where perspicuity is indispensable, would be out of place in the stationary and sonorous Epic. Therefore, without seeking to reconstruct in English the metres of the ancients, he adapted the complex harmonies of the Roman poets to the qualities of our language. Like Virgil, he opened his paragraphs in the middle of a line, sustaining them through several clauses till they reached their close in another hemistich at the distance of some half-a-dozen carefully conducted verses. His pauses, therefore, are of the greatest importance in regulating his music. From the Italians, again, he learned some secrets in the distribution of equivalent masses of sound. Milton's elisions, and other so-called irregularities, have affinities with the prosody of Dante: for while the normal Italian hendecasyllable runs thus—

Mo su, mo giù, e mo ricreulando,

the poet of the *Inferno* dares to write—

Bestemmiano Iddio e i lor parenti;

which is an audacity on a level with many of Milton's.

Two elements of harmony in verse remain to be considered, each of which constitutes a large portion of Milton's music, and without which his pompous rhythm would often be hard and frigid. These are alliteration and assonance. Alliteration is the repetition of the same consonant at the beginning of words in a sentence. Assonance is the repetition of the same vowel in words which do not rhyme strictly. It is well known that the northern nations employed alliteration and not rhyme as the element of melody in poetry. The *Vision of Piers Ploughman*, for example, is written in a metre, of which this is a specimen:—

In habit as a harmot unholy of works  
Went wide in the world wonders to hear.

Assonance, again, is used by the Spanish poets in the place of the fuller rhyme required by our ear. Words like *pain* and *flare* are assonantal. The brief mention of these facts proves that alliteration and assonance can satisfy the craving for repeated sounds in poetry to which modern ears are subject; since each of them has taken the place of rhyme in systematically cultivated literatures. It cannot be denied that the singsong jingle of the alliterative couplet just quoted is intolerable to an educated sense; and it is on this account that alliteration has fallen into general disrepute. Nothing is easier than to turn it to ridicule. When Shakspeare, in *Love's Labour Lost*, made Master Holofernes say—

I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility;  
The preytill princess pierced and pricked a pretty pleasing pricket.

he threw contempt upon the vulgar and illiterate abusers of an ornament they did not understand. Nothing, again, is easier than to make verses that skip or hobble on alliterative crutches. Our ears are wearied with periods like the following:—

Creeps through a throbbing light that grows and glows—  
From glare to greater glare, until it gluts  
And gulfs him in.

Yet in spite of all this the lofty muse of Milton owes no small portion of her charm to this adornment. In order to understand the Miltonic use of alliteration, it must be remarked that the faults of the verses just quoted are due to the alliteration being forced upon the ear. It is loud and strident, not flattering the sense by delicate suggestion and subtle echoes of recurring sound, but taking it by storm and strumming, as it were, relentlessly upon one nerve. In good alliterative structures the letters chime in at intervals: two or three consonantal sounds are started together, and their recurrences are interwoven like the rhymes in *terza rima*. Here is an instance—

Far off from these a slow and silent stream,  
Lethæ, the river of oblivion, rolls  
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks  
Forthwith his former state and being forgets,  
Forgets both joy and grief, pleasure and pain.—P. L. ii. 582.

Here the letters *f* and *l* predominate; but they are assisted by alliterations of *s* and *r* and *w* and *g*. Next, it may be shown that really melodious alliteration owes much to medial and final as well as to initial consonants, and also to the admixture of cognate letters, such as *p* or *t* in structures where *b* or *d* predominate. The first of these points is illustrated by a strongly alliterative passage in *Paradise Lost* (v. 322), where, however, it must be admitted that Milton has erred into alliterative monotony:—

Small store will serve, where store,  
 All seasons, ripe for use hangs on the stalk;  
 Save what by frugal storing firmness gains  
 To nourish, and superfluous moist consumes.

It will here be noticed that the sibilants, wherever they occur, whether at the beginning, the middle, or the end of the words, are felt. It is rare to find a structure of repeated *s* in Milton.<sup>1</sup> Some letters lend themselves more than others to harmonious alliteration, and Milton shows decided preference for *f*, *l*, *m*, *r*, and *w*. *D* and *h* are letters which he uses not always with melodious effect, as in the following passage:—

But, lest his heart exalt him in the harm  
 Already done, to have dispeopled heaven,  
 My damage fondly deemed, I can repair  
 That detriment.—P. L., vii. 150.

We may compare with the two examples just given, those in which mere liquid sounds are employed, even though profusely, so as to observe how far more delicate is the music of the verse. Here is a sequence of *f* and *l*—

Farer than feigned of old, or fabled since  
 Of faery damsels, met in forests wide  
 By knights of Logres, or of Lyones,  
 Lancelot or Pelleas or Pellenore.—P. R., ii. 358.

Here is one in which *w* predominates:—

Sails between worlds and worlds with steady wing,  
 Now on the polar winds, then with quick fan  
 Winnows the buxom air; till within soar  
 Of towering eagles to all the fowls he seems  
 A phoenix.—P. L., v. 268.

Three other instances of very marked alliteration may be pointed out, to prove the frequency of repeated sounds which Milton sometimes allowed himself. They are as follows:—

War wearied hath performed what war can do,  
 And to disordered rage let loose the reins,  
 With mountains as with weapons armed, which makes  
 Wild work in heaven and dangerous to the main.

P. L., vi. 695.

But drive far off the barbarous dissonance  
 Of Bacchus and his revellers, the race  
 Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard  
 In Rhodopé, where woods and rocks had ears  
 To rapture.—P. L., vii. 32.

Moon that now meetest the orient sun, now liest,  
 With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that lies;  
 And ye five other wandering fires, that move  
 In mystic dance not without song.—P. L., v. 175.

(1) See, however, P. L. vii. 295.



To these may be added *Paradise Lost*, vi., 37—55, a fine instance of interlinked alliterations, *f, r, l, m, p, b*, determining the structure; while in *Paradise Lost* (vi., 386—405) we find a similar system of *d, f, r, p, v*. The famous passage at the end of the fifth book, which describes the retirement of Abdiel from the rebel army, exhibits splendid alliterative qualities in combination with Milton's favourite sequence of adjectives beginning with *m*.

Another point, besides the interlacement of sounds and intervention of subsidiary letters, which have been already mentioned, characterizes the alliteration of Milton. He confines his alliterative systems to periods of sense and metrical construction. When the period is closed, and the thought which it conveys has been expressed, the predominant letter is dropped. Thus there subsists an intimate connection between the metrical melody and the alliterative harmony, both aiding the rhetorical development of the sense. It consequently often happens that the alliteration is descriptive or picturesque, as in the lines about the Parthian bowmen—

Flying behind them shot  
Sharp sleet of arrowy showers against the face  
Of their pursuers.—*P. L.*, iii. 323.—(Compare *P. L.* vi. 211—213.)

The descriptive pomp of the alliterative system is more remarkable in the passage where Raphael relates the division of earth from water—

Immediately the mountains huge appear,  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs upheave  
Into the clouds; their tops ascend the sky,  
So high as heaved the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom, broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters. Thither they  
Hasted with glad precipitance, up-rolled,  
As drops on dust conglobing, from the dry;  
Part rise in crystal wall, or ridge direct,  
For haste; such flight the great command impressed  
On the swift floods. As armies at the call  
Of trumpet—for of armies thou hast heard—  
Troop to their standard, so the watery throng,  
Wave rolling after wave, where way they found;  
If steep, with torrent rapture, if through plain,  
Soft-sliding: nor withstood them rock or hill;  
But they, or underground, or circuit wide  
With serpent error wandering, found their way,  
And on the washy ooze deep channels wore.

*P. L.*, vii. 285—303.

Here the letters *b* and *h*, not inaptly, mark the firmness and resistance of the earth, while *w* and *r* depict the liquid lapse of waters.

Enough, perhaps, has now been said to prove that the harmony of Milton's verse depends very greatly upon alliteration: and here it

may be observed that he not unfrequently repeats the same word, as much with a view to the recurrence of sound, as with a rhetorical intention. In *Paradise Regained* (iii., 109) there is a period of twelve lines in which we find the word *glory* eight times repeated, and the alliteration strengthened by five subsidiary *g*'s. At the 205th line of the same book, there is a period of six verses containing *worse* five times, supported by three subsidiary *w*'s. In each of these cases the repetition is of course rhetorically studied. A very remarkable instance of the grandeur resulting from simple reiteration is the following:—

If I foreknew,  
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault ;  
Which had no less proved certain unforeknown.—P. L. iii. 117.

The assonance of various forms of the *o* sound adds to the volume of the music in these lines.

Assonance, though not so obvious as alliteration, is no less potent. Of its place in Milton's versification something must be said.<sup>1</sup> To begin with, the poet was himself very sensitive to the harmony of vowel sounds when well pronounced. In his *Epistle to Master Hartlib*, he lays it down as a rule that, in the education of youths, "their speech is to be fashioned to a distinct and clear pronunciation, as near as may be to the Italian, especially in the vowels. For we Englishmen, being far northerly, do not open our mouths in the cold air wide enough to grace a southern tongue," &c. His blank verse abounds in open-mouthed, deep-chested *a*'s and *o*'s. Here is a passage in which their assonance is all the more remarkable from the absence of alliteration—

Say, Goddess, what ensued when Raphael,  
The adfable Archangel, had forewarned  
Adam, by dire example, to beware  
Apostasy, by what befell in Heaven  
To those apostates ; lest the like befall  
In Paradise to Adam or his race,  
Charged not to touch the interdicted tree, &c.—P. L., vii. 40.

The opening lines of Book ii., the passage about Mulciber at the end of Book i., and the great symphonious period which describes the movement of the fallen angels "to the Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders," all serve to illustrate the gorgeousness of Milton's assonance. In attempting to characterize the effect of these deep-toned vowels, it is almost necessary to borrow words from the art of colours, since what colours are to painting vowels are to verse. It would seem, after drinking in draught after draught of these intoxi-

(1) This also would be the place to discuss the occasional rhymes found in Milton's blank verse. P. L. xi. 853—860 has no less than six assonantal endings. See too P. L. iv. 957. P. L. i. 612.

eating melodies, as if Milton with unerring tact had selected from the English language only such words as are pompous, full sounding, capable of being wrought into the liquid architecture of articulate music. Discord, who is so busy in the lines of even mighty poets, stands apart and keeps silence here. That tenuity of sound and want of volume from which the periods of otherwise great versifiers occasionally suffer, never occurs in Milton. Like Virgil he is unerringly and unremittingly harmonious. Music is the element in which his genius lives, just as light is the element of Pindar, or as darkness covers the *Inferno* like a pall.

Having attempted an analysis of the melody of Milton's blank verse, it remains to speak about the changes which may be traced in it from the date of *Comus* to that of *Samson Agonistes*. *Comus*, as might have been expected both from the time of its composition and its form, is the one of Milton's masterpieces in which he has adhered most closely to the traditions of the Elizabethan drama. His style, it is true, is already more complex and peculiarly harmonious, more characteristically Miltonic, than that of any of the dramatists. Yet there are passages in *Comus* which remind us forcibly of Fletcher. Others, like the following—

How sweetly did they float upon the wings—  
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night '  
At every fall smoothing the raven down  
Of darkness till it smiled,

might have been written by Shakspeare. Alliteration is used freely, but more after the manner of Fletcher or of Spenser, not with the sustained elaboration of Milton's maturity. The truly Miltonic licences are rare: we find fewer inverted sentences, less lengthy systems of concatenated periods,—in a word, a more fluent and simpler versification. Both in the imagery and the melody of *Comus* there is youthful freshness, an almost wanton display of vernal bloom and beauty. In the *Paradise Lost* we reach the manhood of the art of Milton. His elaborate metrical structure, supported by rich alliteration and assonance, here attains its full development. Already too there is more of rugged and abrupt sublimity in the blank verse of the *Paradise Lost* than can be found in that of *Comus*. The metre, learned in the school of the Elizabethan drama, is being used in accordance with the models of the Roman Epic. Yet the fancy of the poet has not yet grown chill or lost luxuriance, nor has his ear become less sensitive to every musical modulation of which our language is capable. *Paradise Regained* presents a marked change. Except in descriptive passages, there is but little alliterative melody; while all the harsh inversions and rugged eccentricities of abnormally constructed verses are retained. It is noticeable that hendecasyllabic lines,

which are but sparingly used in *Paradise Lost*, only two occurring in the first book, become frequent in *Paradise Regained*, and add considerably to the heaviness of its movement. These, for example, are found within a short space in the first book :—

One day forth walked alone, the Spirit leading. . . .  
 Awakened in me swarm, while I consider. . . .  
 These gnawing thoughts my mother soon perceiving. . . .  
 A star not seen before in heaven appearing. . . .

No doubt there are admirers of Milton who would not allow that the metrical changes in *Paradise Regained* are for the worse. Yet it is hardly to be denied that, in comparison with the *Paradise Lost*, much of richness, variety, sonorousness, and liquid melody has been sacrificed. *Samson Agonistes* is a step beyond *Paradise Regained* in dryness, ruggedness, and uncompromising severity. The blank verse is shorn of alliterative and assonantal harmony, except in the last speech of Manoah, and in a few of the more pensive passages scattered up and down the drama. Still it displays every form of the true Miltonic metre in so far as audacities of accent and accumulations of compacted syllables are concerned. To the lover of the most exalted poetry, *Samson Agonistes*, even as regards its versification, may even offer a pleasure more subtle and more rare than *Paradise Lost*, with all its full-toned harmonies. It has the grandeur of a play of Sophocles which after passing through the medium of the Latin genius, has been committed to English by the loftiest of modern poets in austere old age. *Comus* shows the style of the master in his earliest manhood, with the luxuriousness of an untamed youth, the labyrinthine blossoms of an unpruned fancy. *Paradise Lost* exhibits the same luxuriance and richness, mellowed by age and subordinated to the laws of abstruse and deeply studied proportion. In *Paradise Regained* the master has grown older, and his taste is more severe. In *Samson Agonistes* colour and melody have lost their charm for him, though he preserves his mighty style, restraining it within limits prescribed by a taste ascetically grave. In *Comus* we have the glowing hues of a Giorgione, with a comparatively weak design. In *Paradise Lost* the design of a Michael Angelo is added to the colouring of a Titian. In *Paradise Regained* both colour and design are of the great Florentine. In *Samson Agonistes* the design is still that of Michael Angelo; but the picture is executed *en grisaille*, in severest chiaroscuro, careful only of the form. Fortunately we know the dates of Milton's masterpieces. There is therefore no uncertainty or subjectivity of criticism in the analysis of these changes in his manner; at the same time they are precisely what we might have expected *a priori*—the intellectual gaining on the sensual qualities of art as the poet advanced in age.

JOHN ADDINGTON SYMONDS.

## CLERGY AND LAITY.

SOME short time ago, there was a great to-do about one Mr. King and his mare "Apology." Mr. King—it may be necessary to inform some readers as well as to remind others—was a clergyman holding one or more livings, and "Apology" was a race-horse: to say this much is, I should suppose, to indicate sufficiently the character of the offence charged against the reverend gentleman. The offence was keeping and running a race-horse. There could, of course, be no additional guilt, or immorality, or indecency, or whatever people may choose to call it, in *winning* with the same animal. However, win she did—very much to *her* credit at all events—and what is more, two races of such importance as to call attention to her owner, and to originate all the hubbub. Whether the matter was one which ought in fairness to have been made a subject of public notice seems to be open to some discussion. The mare was entered under an assumed name. Now, I should suppose—though in my supreme ignorance of everything connected with the turf it is with diffidence that I venture even to the extent of supposing anything about it—at any rate one might at first sight fancy that to run a horse under a pseudonym would be much the same thing as writing a book, or an article in a review or newspaper, or producing a play, or subscribing to a charitable or religious object, under a pseudonym, or, which amounts to the same thing, anonymously. In other words, one might fancy that an incognito of this kind ought to be respected, provided the owner did not obtrude his personality upon public notice. However, the reverend gentleman's diocesan did not take this view, and in declining to take this view he may after all have been perfectly right, as also in trying the effect first of threats and then of gentle remonstrances upon Mr. King. Nor did the public organs, as they are called, adopt this view: for the daily and weekly journals proceeded to take Mr. King in their grip, and to hug him with more or less severity, and with an infusion, more or less strong, of "extenuating circumstances." He was an old man: the turf was a very different thing in his early days from what it had since become: he was a squire as well as a parson: he trained horses merely for his amusement: he did not bet: and the sporting papers added that he was not a swindler, which is what I presume is meant by running straight, and not causing one's animals to be "pulled."

I have alluded to this case, because it raises, in a tangible shape, a question of great importance, and worthy of serious consideration,

particularly at the present time. Should clergy and laity be subjected to a different standard, in judging of the propriety of their amusements? And this is really very nearly the same thing as asking, "Is there a different standard of moral right and wrong for clergy and laity respectively?" The gravamen of the charge was, of course, that a person in holy orders should be doing something which was in his case wrong, though in that of a layman it would not or might not have been wrong. And we constantly hear the same point raised with regard to hunting, shooting, dancing, and other amusements. It appears to me that those who give an affirmative answer to this question are virtually yielding their assent to one of the deadliest theories with which civilisation has to struggle. Though many of them may repudiate the notion that a priest has power to remit sins, or to work a miraculous change in articles of food and drink, yet by taking up the ground that a person in orders is under an implied contract to observe what amounts to a different standard of morals, and to lead a different life from other people, they are in reality signifying their approval of a very bad form of sacerdotalism, and paving the way for it in its very worst form.

The old-fashioned Evangelical party (Dissenters as well as Churchmen), to do them justice, can scarcely be said to take up this ground. It would be difficult to name any kind of amusement which they would consider right for a layman and wrong for a clergyman or minister, for the simple reason that, as a general rule, they consider every kind of amusement wrong for everybody. This is intelligible and, indeed, logical. Fishing is possibly the only sport, and cricket is probably the only game, which the bulk of them except from this universal condemnation, and accordingly they do not object to their pastors playing at cricket, or (as a general rule) to their fishing. It is true that the late Bishop Wigram did go so far as to denounce the game in a charge delivered at Rochester, in the course of which he further fulminated at the then incipient practice of growing beards. But his action was looked upon by his own co-religionists as extreme. No man in his senses will doubt that it was; yet I believe that it was dictated by the fervour of his evangelicalism rather than by any tendency to sacerdotalism. Bishop Wigram, I fancy, disapproved of his clergy playing in cricket-matches, because he believed all cricket whatever, by whomsoever played, to be a mere waste of time; and he disapproved of their growing beards because he looked upon the wearing of a beard as a new, and dangerous, and wicked practice for an immortal being.

It is of course among the Roman Catholics and their Anglican imitators that the theory of the sanctity—sacro-sanctity would be the better word—of the priestly office receives its highest and, it is fair to add, its most logical development. If a man can believe,

and can get people to believe, that he has been summoned out of the ranks of ordinary humanity by a divine call, and made the subject of a divine afflatus,—and that in virtue of this indelible mark so set upon him, he is entrusted with a mysterious commission and an awful power,—a *prima facie* case is established for treating this man somewhat after the fashion in which the vestal virgins were treated by the Romans. Yet, even thus, were I the most rigid of Roman Catholics, it seems to me that for my part I should fail to see the slightest harm in the action *per se* of a man to whom I confessed my inmost thoughts, and through whom I received pardon for my worst offences, sitting out a ballet, or working his way across country at the tail of the hounds, simply because I cannot see that to do these things in moderation is to do anything wrong; and saintliness and holiness appear to me to involve abstinence from all that is wrong, not necessarily from all that is amusing. If there be such beings as angels (and we are told that there are), it would not in the least offend me to see one of them so employed; and if I began to ask myself whether such a recreation could be allowable for an angel, the question must at the same time suggest itself to me, “Is it allowable for a man?” However, if I were a Catholic, no doubt I should be satisfied with being told that the Church had forbidden (if it has forbidden) these amusements to the clergy; but I should stick to my opinion about the angel, in case the Church had not legislated for angels.

With the bulk of the English people, however, there are no such things as priests, but only ministers. I am not speaking of what is to be found in the Prayer-book, or of the wild talk of Convocation, but of what the mass of sensible persons believe. It need scarcely be said, that, though one office springs from the other, yet the conceptions which underlie each of them are fundamentally different. The thaumaturgic priest, the deputy of the gods, and the agent of angels and saints, armed with authority to bless and to curse, with his bunch of pass-keys to heaven swinging in his hand, is a mere instance of survival from savage times. Amidst existing savages, the power of this magician or medicine-man is always great in proportion to the density of their ignorance. The minister, on the other hand, a product of the Reformation, is a functionary for whom a place will be found for a long while in the world, and a place, too, which even those who style themselves philosophers may not be indisposed to see filled. It will be better, I think, when the world in general has reached the stand-point of the Quakers, and discards such functionaries altogether, seeing how liable they are to slip into priests. But this is a question for the Greek Kalends; and, meanwhile, the minister, Episcopalian or Congregational, has his use. He is a person who makes it his profession, among other things, to

conduct those religious services which are essential to the happiness of so many people, and which, in the absence of a Choregus, or leader of some sort, would in certain cases be altogether given up, and, in others, be conducted in a slovenly and haphazard fashion. This is his principal though not, of course, his only office, and from this point of view he seems to resemble the modern Rabbi. In the case of the Jews the daily sacrifice has been taken away; in that of the Protestants the notion has been given up. And in both cases, along with the sacrifice has gone the priest.

But just as the Roman Catholic, or Greek, or Anglican priest exhibits unmistakable lineaments derived from his savage predecessors, so to the Protestant minister have become attached superstitious notions derived from his predecessor, the priest. One of these notions was to be found till lately in the "indelibility of orders," which, for aught I know, may still be a dogma of the English Church, but which has, at any rate, been practically given up by the voice of the nation expressed in Parliament. In 1870, Mr. Hibbert and the present writer succeeded in passing the Clerical Disabilities Bill, enabling a clergyman, after going through certain forms, to obtain the complete status of a layman. There are but few people who can know by experience what it is for a private member, not specially assisted by Government, to pass a bill through the House of Commons; for there are few such bills that are not stranded and shipwrecked, even if they escape being run down, by the way. In the session I speak of, there were, if my memory serves me, altogether three (including our own) which became law. Frankenstein, in Mrs. Shelley's ingenious novel, occurs to me as the nearest approach to a private member engaged in watching over his private bill. At all hours of the day and night he is summoned to look after the monster of his own creation. In this case Mr. Hibbert (to whose skilful pilotage the success of the measure was mainly due) was confronted by a compact band of ecclesiastical Tories, who thoroughly appreciated the importance of the principle at stake. So admirable was their discipline, that on one occasion they divided on motions of adjournment no less than eleven times in sharp succession, not indeed leaving off till, every man on that side having either moved or seconded the adjournment, their power of resistance was exhausted.

*Et la guerre cessa, faute de combattants !*

The fray ended in broad daylight, the lamps having been put out. Again, at the close of the session, the remnant of the phalanx re-formed, with the view of waylaying the bill on its return from the Lords, and surreptitiously upsetting it on a motion to disagree with one of the Lords' amendments. I succeeded, Mr. Hibbert having by that time left town, in carrying it in the two hundred and forty-fourth and last division that was taken that session.



I have alluded to this bill because it has a distinct bearing on the subject in hand. It was an emphatic repudiation on the part of the State of the priestly theory—the theory that, by taking orders, a man separates himself for ever from the bulk of his fellow-citizens—and an assertion of the principle that the ministry is a profession to be entered upon and laid aside like any other profession. It may be thought that it would have been more satisfactory to have made the profession itself no bar to a seat in Parliament. And if the Church were unconnected with the State, it is evident that it ought to be no bar. In that case, the rector of Southwark ought to be as eligible as Mr. Spurgeon now is, and the Archbishop of Canterbury should be placed on the same footing as Dr. Adler. But while the great prizes of the Church are distributed by Government, it is clear that such a state of the law would open the way to abuses or, to what is sometimes as bad, the fear of abuses. It is not the circumstance of a man being “in orders” that would constitute the objection here. The clergyman must be looked upon as a Government official of such a kind that, on the whole, it would be better if, while he retains the right to wear his uniform, he be deemed ineligible to the House of Commons.

The good sense of the nation having virtually disposed of the indelibility of orders, there still remains in many minds a notion of the sanctity of the clerical profession, coupled with the idea that it is a necessary part of this sanctity to abstain from relaxations in themselves innocent, and, when used in moderation, profitable. As to the sanctity or sacredness of the clerical profession, in a certain sense, no objection can be offered to the use of the word. The man who conducts the religious services of a parish, and expounds to the Sunday-school children as much of the current theology as they can be made to understand, who visits the sick and the dying, and distributes his own and the squire's charities, is engaged in a work which may very well be described as sacred—that of endeavouring to ameliorate, from his own point of view, the moral and often the physical condition of mankind. Yet it appears to me that the term might be equally applied to the calling of a surgeon, perhaps the only calling which is productive of unmixed benefit to mankind. I can conceive of no positions more sacred, none, that is to say, which can lay those who hold them under a deeper sense of responsibility to a higher Power, none, consequently, in which there can be a stronger obligation to avoid even the appearance of evil, than those of the sovereign and prime minister of this country. Yet, by the way, the sovereign (who is, as everyone knows, the head of the Church) may breed and run race-horses with impunity, and so may the prime minister. No one ever heard of Lord Derby or Lord Palmerston being censured on that account. But the sanctity attributed to the

minister of religion is, it will be said, of a different kind from this. I know that it is of a different kind, and I believe that it is of a spurious kind. That sanctity can be obtained or promoted by asceticism—and to abstain from innocent amusements is a form of asceticism—seems to me a mere superstition which has survived from old times. That a man can draw nearer to God by removing further from his fellow-men appears to me a false and vicious proposition. What this view, when pushed to an extreme, leads to, may be seen in the legends of saints, and the histories of friars, hermits, and other useless and unintentionally mischievous persons. I do not think that the view can be safely or successfully urged in any form by Protestants, because the argument, if pursued, either leads straight to sacerdotalism<sup>1</sup> or else to this—and indeed this is the point at which those who argue against what I call “clerical amusements” are almost invariably landed—that the amusements referred to are wrong for a clergyman from the fact of their being of doubtful propriety for every one else. This is virtually to concede all that I contend for, viz., that the standard for clergy and laity should be the same. I will directly consider this briefly, and also notice another class of so-called arguments, which are chiefly remarkable for the persistency with which intelligent men put them forward, apparently under the notion that they are really arguments, and not utterly beside the true question. And, in conclusion, I will just touch upon what seems to me the strongest position which can be taken up on the opposite side.

First of all, it might be interesting to learn, with a little more exactness, what are the particular amusements from which the clergy should refrain. And, in approaching the matter, we are struck *in limine* by some of those singular inconsistencies which are an almost sure sign that unreflecting habit, or in other words prejudice, has been at work in framing laws on the subject. Many years ago, circumstances brought me a good deal into the society of Evangelicals; and I can very well remember that while shooting was looked upon by them as an odious amusement for a clergyman, fishing, to which I have already alluded, was viewed as a harmless recreation. I have stayed in houses where a minister of the gospel, who had been known to take up a gun for any other purpose than that of defending himself against the blackbirds which molested his

(1) As there has been some discussion about this word of late, I may be permitted to say that I use it here in the sense of “an undue exaltation of the clerical office.” Strictly speaking, I take sacerdotalism, or the sacerdotal theory, to be the theory of a priesthood, or collegium, enjoying a divine commission; as opposed to the theory of a body of men invested with certain functions by their fellow-men. The former is, of course, the doctrine of the Church of England, but like the doctrine of Apostolical Succession, with which it is connected, it is accepted only by the clergy (not indeed by all of them) and by clerically-minded laymen.

currants, would hardly have been asked across the threshold again; yet it was not unusual for the clerical guests to turn out and fish in a stream which ran hard by. Everybody acquainted with Quaker literature knows that field-sports are disapproved by the society, yet as one of their most distinguished members, Mr. Bright, is constantly reported in the newspapers as being on his way to or from the pursuit of salmon, I must presume that salmon-fishing is not looked upon by the Quakers as a field-sport. An estimable Evangelical clergyman, who did not disapprove of the rod and line (if my memory serves me, he occasionally wielded them himself), once related to me how good Thomas Scott, the commentator, had, when a curate, been induced to give up shooting. A parishioner had one day come upon him as he was in the act of hitting a wounded rabbit across the neck, or otherwise despatching him, and it all at once occurred to him how ill it beseeemed a clergyman to be putting animals to torture for his own amusement. I was too young at the time to venture to ask my informant whether putting a worm, "tenderly as if you loved him," on a hook (as was then the common practice in country parts) was inflicting torture or not; or whether a fish, gasping out the remains of his life in agony on the grass, suffers, on the whole, less than the Reverend Mr. Scott's rabbit? I think it was this gentleman's wife who told me that "the apostles fished," and that this furnished a sanction for the practice. Ridiculous as this sounds, and of course is, it is worth while asking, in passing, whether the superior antiquity of fishing may not be one of the secrets of the vantage-ground which it holds as against shooting in some people's estimation. Not only did the apostles practise it, as a means of livelihood, but the abbots and friars fished away for fun and for food all through the dark ages. It is an institution, so to speak, of great age, whereas shooting, and hunting in its present artificial form, are comparatively new things. If we conceive the possibility of the respective ages of these sports being reversed, if we conceive the apostles (as we surely may do, without wounding any one's feelings) compelled to seek their livelihood by the use of guns instead of nets, and the taking of fish to be an invention of the middle ages, it is probable that many excellent persons would, nowadays, view without a twinge a party of their spiritual instructors trudging through the turnips, breech-loaders in hand, while all authority and spiritual influence over them would be at once parted with by the clergyman who ventured to throw a fly.

Again, I think it cannot be disputed that religious people in the country are on the whole less shocked at a clergyman indulging in country sports than they are to hear of his indulging in any town amusement, such as a theatre or a ball; whereas in large towns the sentiment runs the other way. Indeed, many of the High Church

clergy, whose strongholds are the towns, will go to balls. This is only what might be expected. In both cases habit has been at work. What we see going on all around us cannot be so inexpressibly and unpardonably bad for any one. A practice about which we know nothing at all, except that we have got it into our heads that it is a vice, readily presents itself to us as a very terrible vice.

However, let the reader choose for himself the particular amusements from which he would exclude the clergy, but not the laity, and then let him proceed to account to himself, to give a real reason, for the distinction. A religious caste, whether it be of Brahmans or priests, bound to do certain trifling things and not to do certain other trifling things, is, I repeat, intelligible. For example, the Roman priest must not marry—a prohibition which at once places him under a different moral law from the rest of his fellow-creatures; and a power which can enjoin celibacy on him can, it seems to me, enjoin anything else upon him, down to the clothes he is to wear, the food he is to eat, and the recreations he may permit himself. Here is a reason. But the case of the Protestant minister is entirely different. He is the product of a social want, just as much as the barrister and the butcher, and is subject to no restrictions save those which the law of the land imposes on him, and as the law of the land has imposed no restrictions on his amusements, it follows that he is at perfect liberty to indulge in such as may seem innocent to him, the question being, after all, one of propriety and taste. Now what can be urged against the propriety of certain relaxations on the part of clergymen? Nothing, as I venture to think, but a mere sentiment. And when arguments are adduced on behalf of the sentiment, they are always found to imply this—that the relaxations themselves offer some objectionable features; that grave doubts may be raised as to the propriety of their being indulged in by any one. "They are not suited to the character of a clergyman," is what we hear; and when the meaning of this is fully brought out, "clergyman" is found to mean a highly virtuous, humane, chaste, delicate man, a man who avoids scenes and pursuits by which he may be contaminated, a man acting up to a standard which is attainable by all, and should therefore be the standard of all.

Try this on any particular case, and take shooting. Is there any moral objection of a general kind to shooting? It seems to me that there is only one objection of this kind which can be taken to it, and that a strong one, at any rate against battues and such butchery. "It is not right to take the lives of animals for mere amusement's sake." Now, if there be anything in this objection, it appears to me to apply to the squire as well as the parson.

Take the case of hunting. Hunting, by the way, seems to me to differ somewhat from shooting in the fact that a number of people

set off in pursuit of an animal which is perfectly able to defend himself. If he cannot rush upon you, like the tiger, he can interpose between you and him a number of ugly fences, gates, and brooks, and break your arms and legs and ribs before you have done with him, or, by breaking your neck, may chance to do for you. This is quite a different thing from standing in a ride and killing and mauling a number of creatures that are driven up to one, merely with a view of exhibiting one's address. And if the slaughter of a fox adds to the health and improves the digestion of a number of people, as it certainly does in a way which perhaps no other sport could effect, I see no more objection to his slaughter than to that of a sheep or an ox for a kindred purpose. However, if, despite these considerations, fox-hunting be wrong, it is surely wrong for everybody. If it be risking one's limbs without a sufficient equivalent, no one ought to risk his limbs without a sufficient equivalent. I remember, when I was a boy, hearing it urged that one reason why a clergyman should not indulge in this sport was that he put himself in the way of hearing bad language. This was doubtless the case in the days of Squire Western and his whips, and it is to be feared even at a still more recent period. But I do not think that in the present day oaths are more frequently heard in the hunting-field than on the cricket-ground. This would be a reason against ladies hunting; which, I am thankful to say, that in my neighbourhood they do in considerable numbers. Perhaps their presence prevents the bad language.

Similar observations apply to the theatre or opera as amusements. All the well-known objections which can be raised against these hold good in the case of every one who participates in them. If, for instance, the ballet is indelicate for a clergyman, it must be indelicate for every one concerned. And how about women? Is the standard of female delicacy to be put lower than that of clerical delicacy? We sometimes hear such a remark as this, "Fancy a clergyman summoned from laughing at *Bor and Cor* to a death-bed!" Why not, provided there is nothing wrong in laughing at *Bor and Cor*? And if there is, no one ought to be there. "But the frame of mind engendered by such an amusement is so entirely unsuited to the duty of administering consolation to the dying!" Supposing, however, a clergyman were engaged on a certain evening in laughing over "*Pickwick*" with his children, or in acting a charade with them (and I presume there are few who would see harin here), and were then suddenly called to a death-bed, how about his "frame of mind"? The fact is, that the tension which some people would impose on a clergyman is impossible to human nature, and if possible, would make very bad clergymen. The passage from mirth to pursuits of the most serious character and

even to the profoundest sorrow is a passage which we are constantly compelled to make in this life; and nobody, when the situation is thus changed, has cause to regret the previous mirth, provided it has been of an innocent character. The layman who comes home from *Box and Cox*, and receives a telegram to the effect that his father is taken with a fatal seizure, does not, or ought not, to repent or blame himself for having been at the theatre just before; nor is he rendered unfit to attend on his father. To be sure, the case as to the regret would be different if he had had notice of his father's impending seizure, or for some reason felt that he ought to have been at his side. And so with the clergyman. If he did not go to the theatre by way of relaxation in the course of his duties, but was neglecting some duty by being there, he was wrong. But then this is introducing an entirely different question.

Take horse-racing. Here a strong instance of the difficulty of maintaining that an amusement is wrong for a clergyman without insinuating that it is wrong for a layman—of the difficulty that is of supporting the distinction at all—is furnished in a recent article of the *Saturday Review*.<sup>1</sup> We are told that, "If the turf simply consisted of a number of knaves preying upon each other, it would be a nuisance to be suppressed as soon as possible. The fact that it is still patronised by many men of undoubted honour is that which enables it to hold its ground. Therefore an honest man who keeps race-horses is encouraging an institution which is, to say the least, of a very doubtful character." We are further told that, "If his (the clerical) profession is one which imposes on a man the duty of inculcating moral improvement, he cannot be excused for the negative merit of not actually doing wrong himself." In other words, he ought to have nothing to do with the turf. Nor, if this be a true picture of the turf, ought any man of honour. A point is raised here upon which I am not called upon to pronounce an opinion, for it is not the question under discussion. That point is this: supposing a pursuit to be "at the least of very doubtful tendencies," "threatening to become an unmingled nuisance," and so forth, is it *more* improper for a clergyman to indulge in it than a layman? I do not say that it may not be more improper. People who disapprove of my Lord A. or the Duke of B. running a race-horse may be quite right in disapproving still more of the Rev. Mr. K. doing the same. This I say is quite a different thing. The question is, Can an amusement be *perfectly* innocent for a layman and yet at the same time objectionable for a clergyman? If the turf be indeed a scene from which every gentleman should withdraw, then certainly no clergyman should be found there. If a gentleman may still mix himself up with it without derogating from his gentlemanly

character, why not a clergyman? The writer of the article referred to is far too able a writer not to see the weakness of the distinction. "And yet," he says, "there is some difficulty in measuring the force of this distinction. Every man, clergyman or layman, is bound to protest, so far as opportunity serves, against the corruptions which he encounters." "The question," he adds, "cannot be solved without inquiring into the true meaning of the clerical calling." And so say I. In other words, those who see in it a priesthood may draw the distinction. Those who see in it a ministry will fail to do so, and will have to fall back upon mere sentiment, the most fallible of guides.

I have referred to the objections against "clerical amusements" (other than what may be called the priestly objection), which, when looked into, are found to involve disapproval more or less strong, or, to say the least, an uneasy suspicion of the amusements themselves. There is another class of objections to which I referred as being altogether beside the mark. So far as they are arguments at all, they are arguments not against the *use* by the clergy of certain amusements, but simply against their *abuse*, about which there can be no dispute whatever. Such is the familiar plea, "The clergyman ought not to have time for hunting and shooting, or for dancing and theatres." This, by the way, must mean a clergyman on active duty, and Mr. King, having now resigned his livings, is doing quite right (at least as right as any one else) in breeding race-horses. And as to the clergy on active duty, what may be termed the religious objection is here entirely given up. It is conceded that if a clergyman had time for hunting, shooting, &c., then he might without impropriety hunt, shoot, &c. Now it might be conclusively shown that nine out of every ten clergymen (where hounds are kept) have time to hunt; and that nine out of every ten clergymen (where there are theatres) have time to go to the theatre; that is to say, that they have a certain margin of time not only available, but actually necessary, for innocent relaxation, and which, the innocence of these relaxations being conceded, they are at liberty to devote to them, as far as reason is here shown to the contrary, as much as to any other amusements. In other words, this "time" argument is absurd. I will quote the passage in which the *Saturday Review* introduces this point:—

"The objection to hunting, as far as it has any reasonable ground, rests upon the presumption that the amusement costs too much *time and money* to be compatible with active devotion to a profession; and so far it does not specially affect the clergy. A young barrister or doctor, who followed the hounds, *when he ought to be sitting in court or attending at a hospital*, would soon find his prospects injured; and the same remark applies in a stronger degree to the turf. A clergyman who has a sufficient margin of time and money to be able to attend to horse-racing, must be a very exceptional member of his profession."

To deal with the last sentence first, and to be done with Mr. King, whose name I have so often taken, not I hope altogether in vain. What it affirms is strictly true, but not as it appears to me in the least to the point. Supposing a clergyman *is* an exceptional member of his profession, and *has* a sufficient margin of money (as Mr. King had), what then? The inference is that he will be entitled to keep race-horses, unless it be alleged that in no case can he have a sufficient margin of time. But a man may keep a much greater number of race-horses than Mr. King, as I have known over and over again, and yet not devote on an average an hour a day to them—not a fourth part of the time which many model country clergymen devote to their gardens. A daily stroll through the stables, a morning ride every now and then to the neighbouring downs to see the horses gallop, and an occasional trip to the race-course where they are to perform—this comprises all the amount of time which I have known more than one country gentleman devote to his race-horses. The mere keeping of race-horses then need not be a moral offence on the part of a clergyman who can afford to do so, but the devoting to them of hours which should be spent on his duties will be an offence. This is to take up a position which no one denies. It is simply to say that abuse of an amusement is bad for any one. If this abuse can be fixed upon any clergyman—if, as is adroitly slipped in in this article, “he rubs shoulders for six days with all the vices which he denounces on the seventh”—then let him stand convicted of *excess*. So of the other passages which I have underlined. A clergyman who hunts when he cannot afford to do so is as bad as any other man who does the same, or, if you like, worse. But suppose he can afford it? It may be said that there are few who can. Then there are few who ought to hunt,—that is all. This, however, does not apply to shooting in a moderate way, or to an occasional visit to the theatre. Again, a barrister who “hunts when he ought to be in court” (a way of putting it in which the question is entirely begged) will certainly lose practice. And, similarly, a parson who hunts, when he ought to be in his parish will most properly sink in estimation. But suppose the barrister hunts when he need not be in court, for instance, in the Christmas vacation? and suppose the parson hunts when he need not be in his parish? Unless it be urged that the parson should never stir out of his parish, which, by the way, would be a splendid recipe for producing a large-minded class of men as popular guides! There may be cases, however, where it may be almost literally necessary to do this, just as there are barristers with large chamber practice who can scarcely get away from town at all. But writers in the London journals may rest assured that the average country parson is not so terribly put to it as all this. With very many of them the appalling difficulty is how to kill time. A man



of average intelligence cannot take a whole week to prepare a couple of sermons: cottagers no more than gentlefolk are fond of seeing the parson perpetually thrusting his nose into their porches and kitchens; and in healthy localities people have a knack of seldom falling ill till they die at an immense age, and then frequently going off some fine day quite unexpectedly, after smoking a pipe. In the next parish to where I sit writing, the population of which figures in the Directory as 842, a few years ago no death occurred from the 1st of January till the following November.

The way in which this objection is usually argued is as follows, if we throw it into the form of a syllogism:—"People ought not to do what they can't properly find time to do. Parsons can't find time to be always hunting and shooting. Therefore parsons ought not to hunt and shoot in moderation."

That this question of "time" is merely put forward for want of a better plea, and has nothing to do with the unreasoning prejudice of some people on this subject, is shown if we consider the case of cricket. In the county in which I live there are many clergymen who play at cricket with general approval, because with moderation; and there are some clergymen who still follow the harriers, and sometimes the foxhounds, and occasionally take up a gun, and all this with equal moderation, who are yet not so universally approved. Yet in the case of those I am acquainted with, I have calculated that the time devoted by the sporting parsons to the chase and the gun is on the whole less than that devoted by the cricketing parsons to the bat and the ball. Again; no one says that a country clergyman with a small parish ought not to find time for writing books, or for cultivating astronomy or geology or botany, provided of course he does not neglect his parish. Yet the hours devoted to those pursuits are often far in excess of those which the much-abused sporting parson gives to sport. No one will, I hope, suppose that I wish to compare one mode of spending one's leisure hours with the other: the existence of the leisure hours is what I wish to point to.

It appears to me that the strongest ground which can be taken up against clerical amusements is the old stumbling-block argument, that is to say, the argument that it is desirable, in some cases, to abstain from what is innocent in order not to offend certain innocent people. St. Paul has often been quoted here, but his eminently wise advice to the Romans and Corinthians has a very remote application, if any, to our particular case. Suppose a clergyman, to whom wine is not an absolute necessity, sent to minister in a parish peopled by teetotallers, and who should find all his influence destroyed and his ministrations rejected in consequence of the few glasses which he permits himself. Would it not be advisable to give them up? I think it might. If there were some object which I

had particularly at heart, and my wearing a blue necktie stood in the way of my success, I should give up the blue necktie. Only before giving in to prejudice—since no precise formula can be laid down—the circumstances of the particular case should be carefully considered—the strength and character of the prejudice, the quarter in which it is mainly felt, and other like matters. For nothing can be less advisable than to yield in what is innocent, for example to a few people who although they may make their voices loudly heard (as a few people banded together often can), yet are far from representing a general or permanent sentiment. I remember the time when the prejudice against clerical beards was by no means confined to Bishop Wigram; but the clergy stood firm, the boldest as usual leading the way, and the prejudice has vanished. So of smoking. A few years ago I attended the opening of a Wesleyan chapel, and was pleased to see a number of Wesleyan ministers walking down the road which led to it, smoking their cigars. Forty years before, this would have been deemed scandalous. On the other hand, a clergyman who conscientiously believed that the Jewish sabbath was abrogated and who should attempt to set up a game of cricket on Sundays, between the services, would shock every one. The people, high and low, would believe, with a conscientiousness equal to his, that he was violating a divine command. Now I am not in a position to say whether the inhabitants of a back alley in London or Liverpool would shrink from the ministrations of a clergyman, or give less heed to them, on hearing that he had danced a few times in the course of the preceding twelvemonth, and taken his children to see a Christmas pantomime. My impression is that they would not, that the objection would come from a few of the inhabitants of squares and crescents: and I should be particularly loath to consult prejudice where it is least excusable. As for the country, my experience convinces me that a parson who indulges moderately in field-sports gains rather than loses influence with the villagers and cottagers. And, by the way, no class of persons are more ready to seize the difference between moderation and excess, to distinguish between a parson who is always at the tail of the hounds neglecting his parish, and the one who takes his two or three hours' gallop twice a week by way of recreation. You will never persuade the hind, that the latter is doing any harm; his rustic life and associations prevent this. The people who will find fault are the squire's evangelical wife and daughters, the inhabitants of a few neighbouring mansions and villas, perhaps the strict Nonconformist grocer or baker (whom the parson is surely not bound to consult in this matter), and a few of the adjacent parsons of the "modern" type, who spend their leisure in cackling about and playing at croquet. Secure in the affections of his humble parishioners, the genial old-

fashioned rector or vicar will wisely neglect these people and their talk. I have known many country clergymen who gave their working hours to their parishes, and the time which could be fairly claimed, nay rather is imperatively demanded by nature, for relaxation, to sport, and I cannot call to mind an instance where the removal or death of such a man has not caused profound sorrow among the poor. Zealous as may be his Evangelical or Ritualistic successor, you will hear from the common people, years afterwards, the lament which I heard a few days ago over a parson of the old stamp. "God bless him, sir! He be worth ten to one of them that's here now." Yet the people that were "here now" were an excellent man and his family of the Evangelical school.

I am glad to find the Saturday Reviewer, at the close of his article, expressing, after all, some doubts about what he rightly describes as the "great social change" now taking place in this country, "the gradual differentiation of the clerical from the ordinary lay type," in other words, the formation of a distinct priesthood, or sacerdotal caste. To my mind there are few figures more to be regretted than that of the old-fashioned parson, half clergyman, half country gentleman. The continued existence of such a character would be as great a safeguard against Nonconformist Popery on the one side as against Roman Popery on the other. A clergy of this type, modified by such changes as the present age might reasonably demand (among which I do *not* include the abandonment of almost all innocent recreations), would be a strength to the Church and a strength to the country. The change which is actually taking place appears to me as certainly a retrogression in the direction of barbarism as would be the gradual re-establishment of slavery. Indeed, with a priesthood will come a slavery of the very worst kind: and that a priesthood in some form must result from "drawing a deeper line" between clergy and laity is plain. Yet public opinion is, as we see, still mischievously working at this line, and has not done with it yet; by public opinion I mean the opinion of upper and middle class society, for the agricultural labourers at any rate have had no voice in the matter. If the election of rector or vicar were vested in the latter, I will be bound that even now, if "society" would only leave them to themselves, they would in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred elect a sportsman by a large majority over a modern priest. However, society—the people who have balances at their bankers, and for whom the daily papers are written—think, as a general rule, differently; and it is very likely that they will ultimately carry the common people with them. This infallible society must execute a kind of war-dance round every specimen of the old school which it chances to light upon. We must have a set of clergy more and more marked off from other men, with a different

standard, higher attributes, loftier and nobler qualities; they must be too nice to hunt, too humane to shoot, too pure to dance, too fastidious to sit out a ballet, too shrinking and sensitive to course a hare or to draw a badger, too full of heavenly things to think of improving the breed of horses, too frightened of contamination to watch them run, and too much occupied, even if they were not too saint-like, to do any of these things; and when public opinion has constructed this exceptional being and respectfully shut the doors of the theatre and the ball-room in his face, warned him off the hunting-field and the race-course, relieved him of his gun and thrown his playing-cards out of window,—when it has emphatically told him “all these things that are innocent for *us* are wrong for *you*!”—when it has banished him, in short, from one whole side of the world as a creature far too angelic to inhabit it, this same public opinion is astounded to find this exceptional being taking it at its word, and joining the ranks of those who, in their character of exceptional beings, claim exceptional powers, and seek to place themselves in a situation of superiority to a world for which they are pronounced to be too good and too holy. Yet nothing can be more natural. The more the clergy are driven out of their top-boots, the more we shall see of them in chasubles and birettas. Banish them from the opera-stalls by all means, but do not be surprised to find them taking their seats at the confessional. Make it a crime to have anything to do with the improvement of horses, but do not be astonished if the next generation of your priests should be engaged in furthering a much more fatal enterprise—the deterioration of mankind.

JOHN DELAWARE LEWIS.

## THE GREVILLE JOURNALS.<sup>1</sup>

THIS book is one of great interest, and full of curious information. The writer was a man of good family and of high connections, who for a great number of years was not merely moving familiarly among the most fashionable set of London society, but was enjoying, moreover, the intimacy and confidence of many of the leading political men of his time, and was behind the scenes both of the pompous royal drama of the Court of George the Fourth, and of the burlesque afterpiece of his successor and brother. These great opportunities Mr. Greville has used unsparingly. He has recorded fully and frankly what he heard and saw among these hereditary governors of England; and he has given us the contemporary comments and reflections of an acute observer.

It is open for the critic to blame some of the means whereby this information was obtained; and there may even, at the present time, be men in high positions who may read with some uneasiness that Mr. Greville learnt many entertaining, but undignified, details of the more intimate life of King George the Fourth from Batchelor, the valet, first of the Duke of York, and then of the King. If even a hero is no hero to a valet, it must be hard for those whose glory depends entirely on their position, and not on their personal qualities, to stand the test of this scrutiny of their private and domestic conduct. We imagine there are few royal or princely persons who have the instinct of the comedian sufficiently strong to put on, like Louis the Fourteenth, their wig of dignity before suffering any to see them. But though once or twice Mr. Greville has accepted, perhaps sought, information a little beyond the limits which a nicer and more scrupulous person would have set to himself, we are not disposed to blame him over severely. And the impression left upon the reader from these memoirs is, that the mind of the writer was clear, that he had the power of sifting truth from falsehood, and, on the whole, considering the gilded corruption with which his mind must have been familiar, he kept a higher tone of conviction, a greater sense of public duty, than would naturally be expected from one who had been appointed at the age of three years to be Secretary of the Island of Jamaica, with perpetual leave of absence, and with a deputy to do the work for which he was paid. In addition to this sinecure, Mr. Greville at an early age was secured the reversion of the office of Clerk to the Council, to which appointment he succeeded in the year 1821, at the age of twenty-seven. From one thus circumstanced we

(1) *Journals of the Reign of George IV. and William IV.* By the late Charles C. F. Greville, Clerk of the Council in those Reigns. Longmans. 1874.

can hardly expect any fervent zeal for popular rights. To him "everybody" means everybody whom he meets in the most exclusive set of London society. And yet we find indications in this journal that he was not so corrupted by his position and by his associates as not to see that outside of the charmed circle there was a world which ought to be taken into some consideration. Thus, in 1820, at the time of the proceedings against Queen Caroline, we find him writing as follows:—

"The Duke of Portland [his uncle] told me that he conversed with the Duke of Wellington upon the subject, and urged, as one of the reasons why this bill should not pass the House of Lords, the disgrace that it would entail upon the King by the recrimination that would ensue in the House of Commons. His answer was, 'that the King was degraded as low as he could be already.' The vehemence with which they pursue this object produces a corresponding violence in their language and sentiments. Lady Harrowby, who is usually very indifferent upon political subjects, has taken this up with unusual eagerness. In an argument which I had with her the day before yesterday she said, that if the House of Lords was to suffer itself to be influenced by the opinions and wishes of the people, it would be the most mean and pusillanimous conduct; and that, after all, what did it signify what the people thought or what they expressed, if the army was to be depended upon? I answered that I never had expected that the day would come when I should be told that we were to disregard the feelings and wishes of the people of this country, and to look to our army for support." (Vol. i., p. 37.)

There are plenty of indications scattered throughout these journals that Mr. Greville found his life, attractive as it would seem to superficial observers, unsatisfactory and unworthy. To enjoy all the ease of wealth with none of its duties or responsibilities; to be able to gratify to the full one of the most expensive tastes a man can have, that for racing; to skim the cream of the choicest society; to be intimate with whatever there was of beauty, wealth, wit, wisdom, and power; to pass from town to country, and from country back to town—one unbroken round of enjoyment; to know intimately the secret springs and wheels of political action; to be consulted by leaders on both sides, and to know that his judgment was valued, and that his word had weight—all these things were the life-long possession of Mr. Greville. They were his because, like Beaumarchais's nobleman, he had taken the trouble to be born.

And yet, judging from these journals, he does not appear to have been a happy man. A sense of inferiority when he met the brilliant wits of Holland House; a sense of misspent time when he thought of the vast knowledge and untiring social activity of men like Brougham, Macintosh, and Macaulay; a doubt sometimes piercing through the artificial enchantments of the Castle of Indolence in which he dwelt—all these, and a "little grain of conscience which made him sour," continued to make the cup of pleasure taste bitter even when sweetened to the utmost; it showed him a glimpse of a higher life and nobler aims, with which his own life was too much

at variance for him to be able either clearly to apprehend, or steadfastly to pursue them.

Had he had fair play, Mr. Greville might have done something to increase the sum of human happiness, and to adjust the faulty conditions of human society with the demands of social improvement. That he was capable of generous aspirations and of sympathy with justice may be seen not only in this book, but also in a striking work published by him in 1845, "The Past and Present Policy of England towards Ireland." That book, though a sketch, shows a mind capable of historical research, and a heart aglow with indignation at the weary record of corruption and injustice of which Irish history is full. Mr. Greville was evidently not the slave of any ecclesiastical system, and with reference to Ireland, his freedom from Church prejudice enabled him to see clearly the necessity for putting down Orange ascendancy. He was capable even of appreciating and admiring the great Irish leader, Daniel O'Connell, to an extent most unusual among men of his class and time, to whom O'Connell was far more hateful than even Mr. Bright was to the Tories and exclusive Whigs of fifteen years ago. But the standpoint of Mr. Greville prevented his seeing further than the horizon of aristocracy. In fact, though his own memoirs contain the most contemptuous exposure of the weakness and corruption of our boasted system, yet he could not contemplate without horror the substitution of a government appealing frankly to popular support, instead of resting principally on the influence of great families.

When Catholic Emancipation was in question he sympathized with it most heartily, and he is most outspoken in his censures of the high Tory Protestant party led by the Duke of Cumberland and by Lord Eldon. But in the question of Reform he was for compromise; and though he felt that the old state of things could neither be defended nor maintained, yet he would gladly have seen a more timid measure passed than the one which became law. After the passing of the Reform Bill he at once begins to gravitate towards Peel, as the leader in whom he has most confidence; and though Peel's coldness and self-seeking repelled him, while he found much more to attract him in such men as Lord Melbourne, yet he clearly shows that his natural place was in what we may call the Right Centre of English politics, among the men who are too clear-sighted to waste time in lamentations over lost causes, but who will do their utmost still to keep up that temperate inequality, that bourgeois oligarchy, which is the present character of what calls itself the Tory, the Conservative, or the Constitutional party. One passage, illustrating Mr. Greville's point of view, may be quoted. Speaking of the manner in which Catholic Emancipation was carried, he says:—"There is this evil in the history of the measure, that a blow will have been given to the reputa-

tion of public men in general which will, I strongly suspect, have an important, though not immediate, effect upon the aristocratic influence in this country, and tend remotely to increase the democratic spirit which exists." (Vol. i., p. 168.)

Such being the character of the writer, we propose to illustrate from his book the movement of parties and the character of the governors to whom England was subject in the time of George the Fourth and William the Fourth; and since living statesmen are still able to keep the veil over the hidden methods of their administration,—

"Experiar quid concedatur in illos  
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis atque Latina."

Politically the memoirs divide themselves into several periods, in which distinct political questions occupied a prominent position. The first period, at the accession of George the Fourth, is associated with the conjugal complaints of that model husband against her who was probably best described by the Quaker, as "good enough for thy King, but not good enough for thy Queen." The second period is that of Catholic Emancipation. Before the third great period we have an account of the author's Italian tour, which completes the first volume. The second volume is almost entirely taken up with the great Reform struggle. The third volume, after ambling for a hundred pages or so through the history of the first Reform governments of Lord Grey and Lord Melbourne, brings us to the great conflict between the Whigs and the King, which ended in the establishment of Lord Melbourne's second administration. After this fourth political agitation the book takes us on to the accession of the Queen; at which point the memoirs cease for the present.

Besides many interesting details concerning these four important phases of English political and constitutional history, we find in these journals vivid portraits and lively sketches of many men whose names are familiar to all educated people. The two Kings are drawn in such a way that very little divinity is left to hedge them. The Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Cumberland, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Grey, Lord Durham, Lord John Russell, Lord Brougham, the late Lord Derby, and many more, are passed in review, and the portraits, if not always flattering, are, at any rate, likenesses of some mood of the originals.

In a work so full of matter one may dip at random and be sure to bring up something illustrative; perhaps the chronological method will be the best for calling the attention of the reader to some of the incidents recorded here.

On the 4th August, 1818, we find the first mention of the Duke of York. This prince, though unable to pay his debts (we find that some of his Newmarket debts remained unpaid at the accession of



William the Fourth), kept up a racing establishment which, subsequently was entrusted to the management of Mr. Greville. The Duke of York, who was once, for the misfortune of England, entrusted with a military expedition, appears from this journal to have hated the Duke of Wellington, because he was preferred to him for the command of our forces in Portugal. He is principally remembered now for his debts and for the scandalous sale of commissions by his mistress, Mrs. Clark, in 1809, to which there was evidence to show that he was privy, though naturally the Parliament of those days shrank from pressing home the conviction. Yet we are reminded on reading this journal that such a man, of tarnished reputation, both in public and in private, was treated as a political oracle by the high Tory Orange party, and that his fanatical speech against Catholic Emancipation was printed in letters of gold and widely circulated among the so-called "Protestants" of 1828. After his death his brother, George the Fourth, paid some of his debts, and adopted out of deference to his memory his bitterest zeal for Orange ascendancy. The nation did its share of posthumous honour by erecting the hideous column which still disfigures Waterloo Place. Let us look now at a glimpse of the life which this illustrious person led. In 1819 the Duke of York received £10,000 a year as *custos personæ* to the insane King. In August of the same year we find Mr. Greville noticing (vol. i., p. 22) the state of affairs at Oatlands, where the Duke lived:—

"An immense party; the Duchess wished to have it prolonged, but there were no funds. The distress they are in is inconceivable. When the Duchess came down there was no water in the house. She asked the reason, and was informed that the water came by pipes from St. George's Hill, which were stopped up by sand, and as the workmen were never paid they would not clear them out. She ordered the pipes to be cleared and the bills brought to her; which was done. On Thursday there was a great distress, as the Steward had no money to pay the tradespeople; and the Duke was prevailed upon with great difficulty to produce a small sum for the purpose. The house is nearly in ruins."

On February 14, 1820, we find George the Fourth at variance with his Cabinet on the question whether Queen Caroline should be prayed for in the Liturgy. The discussion reminds us of Denman's rejoinder, that whether she was prayed for as Queen or not, she would at any rate be prayed for among those who are desolate and oppressed. The way the first gentleman of Europe was supposed to behave to his Cabinet appears on p. 25:—

"The ministers had resigned last week because the King would not hear reason on the subject of the Princess. It is said that he treated Lord Liverpool very coarsely, and ordered him out of the room. The King, they say, asked him if he knew to whom he was speaking. He replied, 'Sir, I know that I am speaking to my Sovereign, and I believe I am addressing him as it becomes a loyal subject to do.' To the Chancellor he said, 'My Lord, I know your conscience always interferes, except where your interest is concerned.'"

While the King was striving to degrade the wife whom his brutality had driven to the loose life with which he charged her, he was not for a moment denying himself any of those indulgences which appeared to him venial if not lawful for a king, though capital offences in a queen. We read on June 4, 1820 (p. 27), that the King was at the cottage (a small residence close to Virginia Water), and that Lady Conyngham was with him, "looking remarkably well of a morning, her complexion being so fine." The Ascot races were going on, and the King was attending them. On Friday the Sultana is tired, and will not go; the King accordingly stays at home. "It was supposed that Lady Conyngham's family—her son and brother—had set their faces against her connection with the King, but Lord Mount Charles [her son] was at the cottage, and Denison [her brother] was at the levée, and very well received." We shall find throughout the journals plenty of references to the favours and profits which the husband and son of the mistress gained by the position of their wife and mother. Meanwhile, the Queen comes to London on the 6th of June from the Continent, and the whole town is in an uproar. The mob by a little confusion of chronology breaks the windows of Lady Hertford, the King's late mistress, and spares those of Lady Conyngham. Of this lady we shall read plenty as we go through the journals. She early began to exercise her influence, and under the head of May 2, 1821 (p. 45), we find recorded the edifying history of the first rise in the Church of Mr. Sumner, afterwards Bishop of Winchester. It is well known that this mild and judicious prelate was tutor to the son of the King's mistress, and the young man having been in danger of forming a *mésalliance*, and so corrupting the pure stream which he had inherited from his parents, the tutor, with prompt prescience of mind, threw himself into the gap, and married the lady, a thoroughly respectable Swiss, but not worthy to mingle with these favourites of royalty. Mr. Greville shall tell the rest of the story himself.

"When the canonry of Windsor became vacant, Lady Conyngham asked the King to give it to Mr. Sumner, who had been Mount Charles's tutor. The King agreed; the man was sent for, and kissed hands at Brighton. A letter was written to Lord Liverpool to announce the appointment. In the meantime Lord Liverpool had sent a list of persons one of whom he should recommend to succeed to the vacancy, and the letters crossed. As soon as Lord Liverpool received the letter from Brighton, he got into his carriage and went down to the King to state that, unless he was allowed to have the distribution of this patronage without any interference, he could not carry on the Government, and would resign his office if Sumner was appointed. The man was only a curate, and had never held a living at all. The King '*chanta palinodie*,' and a sort of compromise was made by which Lady Conyngham's friend was withdrawn, and the King begged it might be given to Dr. Clarke; to which appointment Lord Liverpool consented, although he did not approve of him. He did not, however, wish to appear too difficult."

In the note to this passage we are reminded that this dispute was a very serious one, and one which set the King against Lord Liverpool ever after, so that his objection to Canning's entering the Cabinet was partly that it was particularly desirable to Lord Liverpool. So that great political combinations in English history were impeded *ἐπὶ τὰς λαϊκαστίας*.

Though Mr. Sumner missed his promotion this time, he was not forgotten, and soon after the same female influence made up to him three and fourfold compensation for his disappointment, so that by the time he died it has been calculated that he must have received something like eight hundred thousand pounds of public money in the various church dignities which he held; to say nothing of the vast patronage which in so long a life fell to his share. Truly the devout advocates of the union of Church and of State may be proud of a constitution of their Church which enabled such a patroness as Lady Conyngham to convert her complaisant dependent into a right reverend father in God.

We have cause to rejoice when we read of the career of her whom the King delighted to honour, that this generation has been spared the open scandals of the past, and that if corruption and intrigue still determine political and ecclesiastical promotion, and if men in high places fall short of the standard which their positions demand, yet that rank abuses, such as flourished fifty years ago, dare not flaunt in the open day. How things went on at the time of which we are writing may be seen by the following passages (vol. i., p. 46):—

“Lady Conyngham lives in one of the houses in Marlborough Row. All the members of her family are continually there, and are supplied with horses, carriages, &c., from the King's stables. She rides out with her daughter, but never with the King, who always rides with one of his gentlemen. They never appear in public together. She dines there every day. Before the King comes into the room, she and Lady Elizabeth join him in another room, and he always walks in with one on each arm. She comports herself entirely as mistress of the house, but never suffers her daughter to leave her. She has received magnificent presents, and her daughter the same, particularly the mother has strings of pearls of enormous value. The other night Lady Bath was coming to the Pavilion after dinner; Lady Conyngham called to Sir William Keppel and said, ‘Sir William, do desire them to light up the saloon’ (this saloon is lit by hundreds of candles). When the King came in she said to him: ‘Sir, I told them to light up the saloon, as Lady Bath is coming this evening.’ The King seized her arm, and said with the greatest tenderness; ‘Thank you, thank you, my dear; you always do what is right; you cannot please me so much as by doing everything you please—everything to show that you are mistress here.’”

How thoroughly she was mistress may be seen by the fact that we soon after (p. 48) find her in possession of a sapphire which belonged to the Stuarts, and was given by the Cardinal York to the King. He gave it to Princess Charlotte, and when she died, desired to have it back, Leopold being informed it was a crown jewel. Soon after

this, the husband of Lady Conyngham receives the title of marquis, and the husband's son, we learn, supplants Lord Bloomfield in the favour of his mother's lover :—

*Δημοβόρος βασιλεὺς ἐπεὶ ὀντιδανοῖσιν ἀνασσει.*

In order to dispose once for all of this episode we may notice two more passages (vol. i., p. 207) :—

“In the meantime the influence of Knighton (the King's secretary) and that of Lady Conyngham continue as great as ever; nothing can be done but by their permission, and they play into each other's hands. Knighton opposes every kind of expense, except that which is lavished on her. The wealth she has accumulated by savings and presents must be enormous. The King continues to heap all kinds of presents upon her, and she lives at his expense. They do not possess a servant, even Lord Conyngham's valet-de-chambre is not properly their servant. They all have situations in the King's household, from which they receive their pay, while they continue in the service of the Conynghams. They dine every day while in London at St. James's, and when they give a dinner it is cooked at St. James's and brought up to Hamilton Place in hackney coaches and in machines made expressly for the purpose. There is merely a fire lit in their kitchen for such things as must be heated on the spot. A more despicable scene cannot be exhibited than that which the interior of our Court presents—every base, low, and unmanly propensity, with selfishness, avarice, and a life of petty intrigue and mystery.”

Such was the life of the pair. One scene more, before we drop the curtain on this the last royal mistress, so far, in English history, (vol. ii., p. 31) during the last illness of the King:—

“Lady Conyngham and her family went into his room once a day; till his illness, he always used to go and sit in hers. It is true that last year, when she was so ill, she was very anxious to leave the Castle, and it was Sir William Knighton who, with great difficulty, induced her to stay there. At that time she was in wretched spirits, and did nothing but pray from morning till night. However, her conscience does not seem ever to have interfered with her ruling passion—avarice, and she went on accumulating. During the last illness waggons were loaded every night and sent away from the Castle, but what their contents were was not known, at least Batchelor did not say. All Windsor knew this.”

So much for the real character of that life of splendour which the ignorant admire. Such was the strain to which the institution of royalty was put in this country forty or fifty years ago. Such being the mistress of George the Fourth, he himself does not appear any better in these journals. Those who would know the details of his private life and character may refer to vol. i., pp. 143-4, pp. 154-5, and pp. 189-90; we will not dwell more minutely on the unsavoury spectacle.

In vol. i., p. 74, we read that in Mr. Greville's opinion, “it is not possible for any man to have a worse opinion of another than the Duke of York had of George the Fourth.” As an instance of his paltry meanness and disregard for the public service it appears that a protégé of the Duke of York having, in the course of his duty as head of the Board of Works, made some inquiries about the

removal of some property, the King resented this as a personal insult, and to be revenged on the Duke refused to allow a regiment to be moved from Windsor when the public service required it. The whole of his conduct during the passing of Catholic Emancipation was most pitiful. On the death of Lord Liverpool he made every effort to escape the necessity of accepting Canning as his Prime Minister. At length he found himself compelled to submit to this. Canning, however, found himself immediately deserted by some of the Tories and forced to lean on Whig support. Had he lived, he probably would have passed Catholic Emancipation, though we may doubt whether the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Peel would have seen as clearly the necessity of that measure if out of office, as they were forced to do by official responsibility in the following year. But with so shuffling and untruthful a King as George the Fourth, Canning would have had much less chance of success than the Duke of Wellington. Had Peel and the Duke of Wellington been out of office, the King would have believed that he still had a reserve of parliamentary support, even should he break with Canning; and no doubt the Duke of Cumberland, Lord Eldon, and the others of the same faction would have been able to bring still more pressure to bear. What makes this intriguing and insincerity on the part of George the Fourth the more offensive is, that there was no deep-seated conviction in him as there was in his father. To spend money which was not his, and which he did not pay, to invent coats, to build palaces, to be surrounded with flatterers, were the serious occupations of his life. His opposition to Catholic Emancipation merely represented his weakness and the force of the pressure of his Tory *entourage*.

In vol. i., p. 101 we read—

“As to the King, he seems desirous of leading a quiet life and disposing of all patronage; public measures and public men are equally indifferent to him. The Duke of Wellington, who knows him well, says he does not care a farthing about the Catholic question; but he does not like to depart from the example of his father and the Duke of York, to which they owed so much of their popularity. His conduct is entirely influenced by selfish considerations, and he neither knows nor cares what measures the exigencies of the country demand.”

About this time (July 25, 1827) we read (p. 102) that the King “has taken from Prince Leopold the plate that was given, or as they now say lent, to him on his marriage. The Chamberlain sent to Sir R. Gardiner for it in the Prince’s absence, and he refused to give it up without his Royal Highness’s orders; but the Prince, as soon as he heard of it, ordered it to be sent to the Chamberlain.”

There is a passage at page 104 which should be recommended to the notice of those who are not entire believers in our system of secret diplomacy, nor in the propriety of a large fund of secret-service money. It appears that this fund was employed in getting

up the case against Queen Caroline. It appears that Lord Stewart and Lord Castlereagh were in a conspiracy to hoodwink the Parliament, to which they were responsible, by concocting false despatches at variance with their genuine correspondence. So fully did Metternich understand this, that it was not till a long time after Canning's accession that Metternich could believe that the latter was sincerely opposing the views of the Holy Alliance; he still thought he was acting a part in order to keep the House of Commons quiet.

Somewhat nearer our own time we remember the celebrated case of the Affghan despatches, where Sir Alexander Burne's despatches were so garbled as to convey to the House of Commons an impression contrary to the meaning of the writer. There the falsification was in the Foreign Office and not in the Envoy; but we are not even now secure that Parliamentary papers give any faithful account of what really passes between Ministers at home and our representatives abroad.

In January, 1828, Mr. Greville met Brougham at Panshanger, and seems to have been quite dazzled by his brilliancy and talents. His character he rates very low. When Lord Campbell's lives of Brougham and Lyndhurst were published, newspaper critics were loud in condemnation of Lord Campbell and in praise of the other two. Lord Lyndhurst does not figure so prominently in this journal, though where he is mentioned he is not spoken of with any great respect; but of Lord Brougham Mr. Greville speaks very fully, and has quite as low an opinion of him as ever Lord Campbell had. On the whole, great as were the services which Lord Brougham rendered to many good causes, we must conclude that Mr. Greville has rated the personal character of the man at its true worth. Mr. J. S. Mill, who was as fitted to judge as any man of what was the real contribution that Lord Brougham had made to the causes which he had espoused, tells us—

“Lord Brougham has fought both frequently and effectively on the people's side; but few will assert that he often was much in advance of them, or fought any up-hill battle in their behalf. Even in the days of his greatest glory it was remarked that he seldom joined any cause until its first difficulties were over, and it had been brought near to the point of success by labourers of deeper earnestness and more willing to content themselves without indiscriminate applause.” (Mill, “Dissertations and Discussions,” vol. ii., p. 337.)

How imperfectly the modern theory of the Constitution, that the King should choose his Ministers in accordance with the wishes of the majority of the House of Commons, worked in the reign of George the Fourth, how much room there was, not only for the intrigues of great lords, but for the personal preference of the King, and even for the dictation of foreign Courts, appears frequently in these journals. In the contemporary memoirs published by the Duke of Buckingham, we read that, in Lord Liverpool's Cabinet,

Mr. Charles Wynn was admitted as the representative of the Duke of Buckingham ("Memoirs of the Court of George the Fourth," vol. ii., p. 10). The Duke of Wellington writes to the Duke of Buckingham, Oct. 4, 1823, "When the connection between your family and the Government was formed, C. Wynn was considered its representative in the Cabinet." The Duke of Buckingham was desirous of entering the Cabinet, and he is told pretty plainly that one is enough for his family, and if he comes in C. Wynn must go out; to which he rejoins that if he is not put into the Cabinet at the first favourable opportunity, he cannot give the Government his support. Bargaining with great peers no doubt still goes on, though perhaps the parties to the negociation do not always write out plainly what both sides understand. In Mr. Greville's Journal, vol. i., p. 132, we have an instance of foreign intrigue working upon royal preferences:—

"In the middle of all this (the formation of the Duke of Wellington's Government in 1828) Madame de Lieven (the Russian ambassadress) is supposed to have acted with great impertinence, if not imprudence, and to have made use of the access she has to the King to say all sorts of things against the Duke and the present Government. Her dislike to the Duke has been increasing ever since that cessation of intimacy which was caused by Canning's accession to power, when she treated him very uncivilly in order to pay court to Canning."<sup>1</sup>

As to the influence of the King in determining who should be his Ministers, according to his personal preference, it is well known that Mr. Canning was resolved to break this down, and became Prime Minister in the teeth of the hostility of the King. We shall find the battle fought out with much more desperation by William the Fourth against Lord Melbourne and the Whigs, when Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington gave him all the help of the Tory party in his intrigue. On that occasion the question was finally decided, and a great constitutional principle was firmly established, that the House of Commons, and not the King, either by himself or in combination with the House of Lords, can choose the Prime Minister, so that the Ministers became virtually the Ministers of the nation, though still nominally the Ministers of the Crown. Of course we cannot doubt that even to-day there is room for Court intrigue in exalting or abasing the minor members of an Administration; but we do not believe that at the present day the hostility of the Sovereign could exclude any man of first-class political importance from the Cabinet, much less from the premiership.

Catholic Emancipation was passed by the Tories in such a manner as to do the least amount of good compatible with the concession of an act of justice. Wellington and Peel plotted secretly to do, without approving of it, that which they had hitherto prevented others from doing, and on the eve of their own defection insulted

(1) See also Mdme. de Lieven's "Intrigues," vol. i. p. 180.

and dismissed their Lord Lieutenant, the Marquis of Anglesea, for countenancing openly the cause which they were espousing secretly. Twice again on great occasions have the Tories acted in a similar way—excusably in the case of the repeal of the Corn Laws, but with the same want of principle in the case of the last Reform Bill. Indeed, the Duke of Wellington was less blamable than Lord Dorby, who avowedly called his measure a leap in the dark, who boasted that he did it to dish the Whigs, and because his party were clamorous for the sweets of office, and he did not like to keep them in the cold shade of Opposition. The Duke of Wellington, much as he despised George the Fourth personally, had a sense of loyalty to his office, which made him willing to sacrifice his own honour, rather than expose the King to the mortification of having to accept not only Catholic Emancipation, but also the hateful imposition of a Whig Cabinet. While condemning, therefore, the Duke's principle of action, we can recognise that there was some kind of principle in it—

“ His honour, rooted in dishonour, stood,  
And faith, unfaithful, kept him falsely true.”

But since it was no sense of public duty, but merely the desire to serve the King, which led the Duke of Wellington to pass this measure, he set himself to remove all grace from his submission, and to let the Irish see that they had their own resolution and the fears of the Tory party to thank, and not any sense of justice, for this admission of their claims.

Though the Clare election had proclaimed with a voice of thunder the power of the Catholic Association and the uprising of the Irish people, or rather because the overthrow of the Tory party and of Orange ascendancy had come from the Clare election, it was determined to humiliate O'Connell by refusing to recognise his right, having been already elected, to take the oaths in a way which was henceforward to be legal to all Catholics. His election had been perfectly legal. The impediment to his taking his seat was the oath which followed the election. Nevertheless O'Connell was affronted by being forced to go back to his constituents. The people of Ireland were disfranchised in a wholesale manner because their recent action had shown that they were capable of voting independently; and a sham assertion of authority was made by the pretended dissolution of the Catholic Association, which the Ministers had not dared to touch while it was fighting against them. What the Orange party of that time was, in deference to whom these contemptible exhibitions of petulancy were put into the bill, may be judged from the fact that they made the Duke of Cumberland their leader; a man who, had he not been a royal duke, would have been excluded from all decent society; of whom George the Fourth



said, "There never was a father well with his son, or husband with his wife, or lover with his mistress, or a friend with his friend, that he did not try to make mischief between them." Mr. Greville relates an incident of this man, in relation to Lady Lyndhurst, which will give those who read it a notion of what he could be capable of, though they may shrink from giving credence to it when they consider the positions of the persons engaged and the Duke's age.

In 1830 Mr. Greville made a tour in Italy, to which he had long looked forward, his remarks upon which will be found worth reading, but we pass them over in order to get on to the political events which give the chief interest to his journal. On his way to England Mr. Greville was met by the news of the death of George the Fourth, and when he came to London he found the late King forgotten, or only remembered for his vices. All were looking with the usual feelings of expectation towards the new King, whose character was a marked contrast to that of the last. As undignified as George the Fourth was polished, as good-natured and simple as his brother had been selfish and worldly, King William by his manners impressed those accustomed to the old court with a sense of burlesque which comes out in several anecdotes of these Journals. But in substantial matters, as opposed to deportment, the change for the better was immense. The Duke of Wellington was able to dispose at one audience of business which formerly had taken days. The King was delighted with his new popularity and importance, but does not seem to have been spoilt by it. A respectable old admiral is Mr. Greville's description of him, and such a character was a great improvement on what had gone before. It is true we are reminded many times of those whom Mr. Greville, in plain speech, calls the King's bastards. But of all unlawful princely connections that of William the Fourth was the most venial. Prevented by the Royal Marriage law from marrying freely, he chose for his companion Mrs. Jordan, and led a domestic life with her for many years. He was never taxed with licentiousness nor with falseness, and can hardly be blamed for the irregularity of the connection since he was unable to obtain a legal sanction for what he did. We need not find fault with him if he used the salaried sinecures of his court to provide for his illegitimate children. Perhaps these offices were less mischievous when so used, than as bribes to peers to give their political support to an Administration. Had William the Fourth had more mental power and more stability of character he would have made a good king; as it is, by contrast with his two predecessors, he must be considered a creditable one. When the successful French Revolution of 1830 gave the needed impulse to the reforming spirit at home, William the Fourth was intoxicated by the excitement and pleasure of popularity, and, on Lord Grey becoming Prime Minister, he went

with him for a time in the character of a patriot and reforming King. He and his Premier both soon became afraid of the spirit they had encouraged; and before the Reform Bill became law, William the Fourth was quite cured of his tendencies to Liberalism, and Lord Grey, in spite of the terrors of his imperious son-in-law, Lord Durham, had begun to feel that "he must stand by his order." When we remember, too, that the Queen and all the King's children were using their influence daily in favour of Toryism, we cannot be surprised if the weak old King gave way to a pressure which urged him in the direction to which he himself inclined. We may condemn from the modern standpoint the sudden and arbitrary dismissal of Lord Melbourne on the death of Lord Spencer; but William the Fourth was brought up in another school of politics, and it is not he, but Sir Robert Peel, who is most to be condemned for aiding in an intrigue which sought to set aside the principles of modern representative government. Any one who reads Sir Robert Peel's memoirs, and his attempted justification of his conduct in taking office when fetched back from Rome, must see how lame a defence he makes, and how entirely he bases his action on the duty of personal adherence to the King, and on his wish to save him from personal mortification by being forced to take back his discarded Ministry.

It will be seen from these journals that Mr. Greville, too, blamed the Whigs for insisting upon their right as having a majority to displace the Ministers whom the King preferred. Mr. Greville thinks that the Liberal majority in the House of Commons should have suffered the minority, led by Peel, to govern the country, because it suited the King's feelings and the preferences of his family that they should do so.

He writes (vol. iii. p. 160), after the Whigs had resigned, when speculating on the chances of support for Peel's Government—

"The best hope and chance is that a number of really independent men unpledged may be returned who will hold something like a balance between the extreme parties, resist all violent propositions, protect the King from insult and peremptory dictation, and afford the new Government a fair trial."

And page 161—

"The Duke told Wharncliffe that both he and the King were fully aware of the importance of the step that his Majesty had taken, that this is, in fact, the Conservatives' last cast, and that he (the King) is resolved neither to flinch nor falter, but, having embarked with them, to nail his flag to the mast, and put forth all the constitutional authority of the Crown in support of the Government he is about to form. I am strongly inclined to think that this determination, when properly ascertained, will have considerable influence, and that, provided a respectable and presentable Cabinet be formed and liberal measures adopted, they will succeed. Though the Crown is not so powerful as it was, there probably still remains a great deal of attachment and respect to it; and if

the King can show a fair case to the country, there will be found both in Parliament and out of it a vast number of persons who will reflect deeply upon the consequences of coming to a serious collision with the Throne, and consider whether the exigency is such as to justify such extremities. It may be very desirable to purify the Irish Church, to remodel corporations, and relieve the Dissenters in various ways, and nobody can entertain a shadow of doubt that all these things must and will be done; but the several cases are not of great and pressing urgency. The fate of the nation does not depend upon their being all accomplished and arranged offhand; and if the Government which the King may form exhibits no spirit uncongenial to the public feeling generally, and wars not with the genius of reform which is dear to the people, it is my belief that a great majority of the nation will shrink from the mere possibility of a direct breach with the King, and from offering him an insult in the shape of dictation and peremptory demand, which he would consider himself bound in honour and in conscience to resist."

Mr. Greville speaks with some bitterness of the new constituencies as vehement against sinecures. No wonder this notion of theirs should not exactly please the Secretary for Jamaica. The journal for 1835 is full of anger against the Whigs, because when the Tory minority, aided by a court intrigue, had forced on a dissolution, the Whigs did not humbly acquiesce, and allow their opponents to stop the progress of those reforms for the sake of which Parliament itself had been reformed in 1832. What the Toryism was in Mr. Greville's opinion which the Whigs were demagogues for opposing, may be seen by this passage. He speaks of Peel's "strange appointments, and the undiluted Toryism of his Government. He goes on the old aristocratic principle of taking high birth and connection as substitutes for other qualifications, and he never seems to consider the former avowed sentiments of any man in weighing his fitness for office" (vol. iii. p. 194). The Whigs have been blamed for turning out Manners Sutton from the Speakership and putting in Abercrombie in 1835; but any one who reads this journal will see how constantly Manners Sutton was mixed up in the party councils of the Tories, and how deficient he was in the impartiality which, when suffered to remain as Speaker by his political opponents, he should have tried to display.

With all his abuse of the Whigs, Mr. Greville is fully aware of the hopelessness of defending the Tory position. Let the reader turn to vol. iii. p. 207, and he will find a short and telling indictment against the Tory party, whose selfishness and stupidity Mr. Greville constantly exposes and denounces. But though his judgment and conscience were against them, he could not bring his feelings to repudiate the aristocratic system of which they were the necessary outcome. He longed for an ideal Government, in which high-spirited and generous statesmen should administer in the presence of an admiring people, whose observation might control them, but from whose interference the Government were to be substantially free. Accustomed from his childhood to the refinement of

the most select society, he could not bear the censures, even when true, of those loud-mouthed agitators, whose manners had not that repose which stamps the caste of *Vere de Vere*.

When we look back at Mr. Greville's vivid account of all the conflicts of 1835, we feel that between this reign and the last there is a great gulf fixed. The historian of the reign of Queen Victoria will be able to record in her honour that she has always behaved with the most absolute loyalty to her Ministers for the time being. No doubt there was a moment when she strove to keep the companions of her girlhood about her person, and broke with Sir Robert Peel on the point; but she was guilty of no insincerity then, nor has any party in the State ever, during her reign, dared to drag her name into party conflict, or to claim that the Queen either expressed any preference, or would wish the free deliberations of Parliament to be influenced through subserviency to her. We have been born free from the intrusion of court intrigues into politics; but we owe a debt to Lord Melbourne and to the Whigs of his day for fighting the battle and gaining the victory. The malignity of the House of Lords, led by Lord Lyndhurst, prevented Lord Melbourne's Government from carrying those reforms to which they were pledged; but at any rate that Government established the principle that the House of Commons should choose the Ministry, and that while the Ministers had the confidence of the House of Commons they would treat the hostility of the House of Lords as of no importance. The House of Lords, however, since the Reform Bill, has been a very serious obstruction to the good government of the country. Before 1832, through rotten boroughs, the Peers had such influence over the Lower House, that, except on questions of privilege, there was rarely a serious conflict of opinion between the two. But the wholesale flooding of the Upper House by Pitt and his successors has given us a body preponderatingly Tory, and largely untrained in political affairs, and therefore without the instinct of political responsibility. This body, at variance even with the House of Commons of William the Fourth's reign, is much more at variance with the more democratic constitution of the present time. And if in reading Mr. Greville's Journals we are struck, with him, at the incompatibility between the two Houses in those days, the future historian of the age in which we live will have far more reason to regret the paralysis of government which results from the present want of sympathy between them.

The question on which the Whigs beat Sir Robert Peel—that of the secularization of the surplus revenues of the Irish Church—was one well calculated to unite the Liberal party at the time, for it conciliated O'Connell and his Irish followers. But it really weakened the Whigs, and paved the way for the Tory reaction of 1841. Hatred

of Popery, hatred of the Irish, and support of the Church, are three powerful auxiliaries to the Tory party, and the support of O'Connell almost amounting to patronage, lost the Whigs a far greater quantity of English support. It took all the energy of a reformed Parliament, after thirty-five years' waiting, to disestablish that Church which, in the days of William the Fourth, was already doomed in argument; and even at the present day, the supposition that the Liberal Government was too favourably disposed to the Irish has alienated a large number of the operative classes of Lancashire, where an Orange State Church has traded on the antipathies of race of the working population. Most of the great Whig leaders, even while they used O'Connell, were shy of his company. M. Guizot, when ambassador in England in 1840, tells us in his memoirs (vol. v. p. 143) that he never met O'Connell in the society of the leading Whigs, and only met him in consequence of his having asked to have a dinner arranged for the purpose. One lady of the party took care to let M. Guizot know that the Liberator was no social intimate of theirs. If we turn over the caricatures of H. B., we see the burly figure of O'Connell—sometimes supplying sticks at a fair for Whigs to knock down the House of Lords and the Crown, and generally as the instigator, or, as the Americans would say, the wire-puller, who determines the political action of his simpler associates.

The latter part of Mr. Greville's third volume is taken up with the efforts of the Whig Government, on an ebbing tide of popular support, and in the teeth of the opposition of the House of Lords and of the King, to carry on the government of the country. There is much that is most interesting in the narrative of these years.

Mr. Greville had shared the distrust of Lord John Russell which caused William the Fourth to refuse utterly to accept his leadership of the House of Commons. As time went on, we find Mr. Greville fully recognising his merits and judgment. We have a very cursory reference to the debate of February, 1836, upon the Orangemen's intrigues, exposed in the House of Commons by Joseph Hume. It seems incredible to us that there should have been an idea of disturbing the succession to the throne, still more that it should have been imagined by any one to substitute the Duke of Cumberland for the Queen. Yet those who are familiar with the caricatures of H. B. will remember that this notion was sufficiently notorious to be made the subject of ridicule in that series, and though the notion of making the Duke of Cumberland king was too ridiculous to have gone beyond the idle talk of a few of the hotter spirits, yet the idea of violent resistance to the Government was being fostered by the leading Orangemen, including such men as Lord Kenyon and Lord Londonderry. The speech of Lord John Russell on this occasion is highly eulogized by Mr. Greville, and its effect was to secure

the quiet dissolution of this powerful conspiracy against the peace of the country.

The journals close by an account of the accession of the Queen. Mr. Greville was no lenient critic; some may think that he was over-bitter; he certainly was strict in his judgment of men. It is pleasant to read in these pages no word of censure, but unmixed praise, of the way in which she entered on her reign. The book which has dealt with so much meanness and so much corruption closes with a fresh era and the promise of better times. There will be much of intrigue and much that is sordid recounted in those volumes which are yet to come; but we may believe that as the Government of this country has become more popular, it has become purer and more public-spirited. Gradually social questions are occupying a greater amount of space in politics as opposed to personal ones. The reign of George the Fourth reflected the character of the King. It was a period of corruption and selfish intrigue, when a borough-mongering aristocracy spent their last days in hopelessly struggling against their impending doom. The reign of William the Fourth established the change which has led to the transference of power to the English middle-class, and by satisfying their demands has made them in their turn Conservative. His reign, however, was a period of conflict, during which the old Tory party still battled for ascendancy by the old methods. Sir Robert Peel was wiser, and built up his party on the new Conservatism of the middle-class. For a time his efforts to make a strong party failed, because he was not able to educate the landed gentry to acquiesce in the necessary concession of Free Trade. From the passing of the Reform Bill, though many constituencies still remain under the patronage of powerful individuals, yet virtually the power of the upper class is now social and through its indirect influence, not through direct domination. The modern Tory aristocrat must bring himself into more direct communication with those of lower station, and must condescend to flatter, if he is still to govern. Mr. Greville felt in a general way the advent of a more democratic age, and shrank from it. He would have been glad to see England justly governed as far as he understood justice, but his sympathies had been cramped by his exclusive associations. Once or twice, as when he has forced upon him at the trial of a wretched murderer painful facts as to the condition of the poor, he challenges the equity of a system which allows of such contrasts. But out of sight is out of mind, and he did not often dwell on what Mr. Carlyle calls the great People of England question.

His journal is singularly deficient in references to these social movements which were stirring the country. He could be zealous for Catholic Emancipation, but the great causes of N gro Emancipa-

tion and of Popular Education, both of which were being pursued with enthusiasm, seem to have had no interest for him. There are many men of letters mentioned in these journals. He was quite capable of appreciating the intellect of men like Henry Taylor and Frederick Elliot. He met the elder Mill and other political economists, but he seems not to have been drawn towards them, and rarely gets out of the groove of mere parliamentary politics, the intrigues and contests of the day. There is not a word in these journals of the new Poor Law, and yet it was one of the most important measures of the Whigs, and one of those for which they incurred the greatest odium. No doubt his clear incisive judgment led him to despise the sentimentalism of the Young England party. His leaning to free thought would make him utterly alien from any sympathy with the Tractarian movement, yet there were two attempts worth noticing to adjust the old Conservatism in State and in Church to the new order of things. We do not once meet the name of Thomas Carlyle in these journals, nor, down to 1837, is there any indication that he had read any of his writings. Yet Carlyle influenced the generation of men who were young in 1837 more than any other writer of his time, and did more than any one else to arouse what has been called "the enthusiasm of humanity;" though his advocacy of mere force and his scorn of democratic methods have estranged from him most of those whose sympathies he kindled. But movements for social reformation in those days were either in the hands of the "Saints," for whom Mr. Greville seems to have entertained aversion and contempt, or else they were the fermentation of socialist and chartist ideas among working men, which to Mr. Greville must have foreboded nothing but anarchy and the renewal of the horrors of the Reign of Terror.

We must not look in the book for what was not in the mind of the author. It is the work of an aristocrat, generous and high-toned in feeling, acute and observant in detail, but wanting in wide sympathy, and in power or will to extend his ideas beyond their accustomed associations. Such as it is, we recommend it to all who desire either to be entertained or instructed in the political movement of England for the twenty years over which it extends.

E. LYULPH STANLEY.

## A SHORT REPLY TO MR. GRANT DUFF'S LECTURE.

MR. GRANT DUFF has done me the honour to make my recent volume the text of an address delivered on the 30th of October, at the opening of the Philosophical Institution of Edinburgh, and published in the *Fortnightly Review*.<sup>1</sup> The commentary is for the most part a dissentient one; that is, he deems my general views far too gloomy, and thinks I have overlooked or greatly underestimated the recuperative powers of a nation still healthy at the core; but when we come to close quarters I cannot perceive that he seriously questions any of my premises, or decisively demurs to any of my conclusions. On the contrary, most of both he avowedly or implicitly admits. The address, therefore, interesting as it is because of the thoughtful and suggestive remarks scattered through its pages, I can scarcely persuade myself to look upon as even an attempted refutation of my argument. Mr. Grant Duff and I seem to differ scarcely more than thinkers of discrepant temperaments must differ, even when dealing with the same facts, and holding the same general principles. He is an optimist, who thinks that all will go right, and that because we have improved so greatly in the past, we shall certainly go on improving in the future. I am—not a pessimist, I hope, but merely an observer who wishes to look probable perils in the face in time, believing that, however avertible, they will not be averted if they are resolutely ignored or gilded over. Perhaps the divergence in our hopes and estimates may be due merely to the circumstance, that he is a much younger man than I am; identically the same sky or the same landscape looks very different to the man of forty and the man of sixty, and

“The clouds that gather round the setting sun  
Do take a sober colouring from an eye  
That hath kept watch on man's mortality.”

Indeed, when we come to close quarters, and deal with the *fond*—the substance and basis of my position—I can scarcely persuade myself that we differ at all—in fact he more than once confirms all I say. My position was, that our cheap coal was visibly in process of exhaustion, and that as it became exhausted, our exceptional position as manufacturers for the whole world must cease, and that, unless timely emigration saved us, we should have to meet a crisis of the bitterest suffering and distress. Mr. Grant Duff says:—“No reasonable man doubts that a time will come when our cheap coal will be exhausted, when we shall, in all likelihood, cease to be the

(1) *Fortnightly Review* for November.



great workshop of the world. All I contend for is, that that time is so far off, that it is idle to speculate at present about it. Long ere it arrives the whole political condition of the world may be so entirely altered, the transference of population from one part of the globe to another, where it is more wanted, may be so much a matter of course, that the very word emigration may have become obsolete, and that our children may smile as much at the idea of any mother objecting to her children going to America, as we now do, when we hear of a mother in Kent objecting to her children going into the Midland counties. 'Please God,' said such a one to a benevolent lady recently, 'no child of mine shall ever go down into the Shires.'"

The paragraph immediately following, has to me a curious ring of being addressed to some such popular constituency, as, in another passage of his paper, he kindly wishes me, as an influence to keep my political speculations in better order.

"Then I want to know why it should be assumed that the greatness of this country is to be for ever dependent on her manufacturing industry, and on the iron and coal that feed them. That is the present form of our greatness; but we were great before our manufactures, and we will, if we are true to ourselves, be great after them. Coal and iron are but instruments in the hands of that energy which is the true source of our national strength. Coal and iron did not defeat the Armada, did not conquer India, or colonise America."

I seem to have read just the same *ad captandum* phrase in *Punch* the other day:—

"Not loss of trade nor failing coal  
This country can disgrace;  
For England's wealth is in the men  
And women of her race."

But what on earth has either piece of self-glorification to do with the argument of mine to which it is intended as a reply? I said that the *wealth* of England was dependent on her manufacturing industry, and that industry again upon her coal and iron—a truism if you will, but assuredly not a controvertible proposition—and I am met by the "spread-eagleish" reminder that coal and iron are only instruments in the hands of our wonderful energy, that we were great before we had our manufactures, and shall be just as great after we have lost them. What is this but to maintain that a wealthy and powerful nation will be just as wealthy and powerful (wealth being one of the main elements of power) after it has lost the chief sources of its wealth; and that a strong man loses nothing of the effectiveness of his strength by having his armour and his weapons taken from him? Moreover, if a nation's strength and

greatness lie in its people *pur et simple*, it must be great just in proportion to the numbers of that people, and a country that by the diminution of its material resources can support only twenty millions, may be as happy and respectable, but can scarcely be as great, as when it maintained thirty millions. I confess this passage amazed me. Mr. Grant Duff is the furthest possible remove from either a Philistine or a Yankee. But does not this sentence (like the subsequent one, wherein he gloats over our enormous national wealth, and prides himself upon the countless millions that passed through the clearing-house in the last year of the Gladstone administration) indicate the unconscious influence which the fact of representing a Liberal constituency (though perhaps the least Philistinean in the kingdom) exerts upon the mind not supposed to be especially susceptible to such influences? “We are a great nation,” says the American in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, “and we must be cracked up.”

The more carefully we read Mr. Grant Duff’s paper, the more clear, I think, it will appear that—apart from the very fundamental and pervading difference that he has, and that I have not—a Liberal constituency in the back-ground to rectify (or to warp) our respective views—almost the only real divergence lies in this: that he has a blinder confidence in the timely wisdom and the inherent virtue of both our people and our rulers than I, regarding the present and reflecting on the past, am able to feel. He scarcely denies a single one of the dangers I have signalled; he only trusts and believes we shall avert them by calling into operation precisely those agencies which I carefully specified as the only ones adequate to save us. He admits that “Cassandra is right in thinking that England cannot remain indefinitely the workshop of the world,” but argues that “the adoption of a wise policy” will postpone the evil day, and leave us still in the possession of vast (unspecified) advantages, “which only our unwisdom can take away;” forgetting that this “wise policy” is precisely the questionable postulate. He admits the bad and suicidal character of the trade-union rules and proceedings, but is content to regard them

“As nature’s errors on the way to truth,”

which is sanguine, to say the least of it, considering how long they have lasted, how much evil they have wrought, and how potent they still are. He does not deny—no one knows them better—the tremendous dangers to which we should be exposed were an ill-informed popular electorate to begin to concern themselves with Indian matters; but he is satisfied that they never will so concern themselves enough mischievously to interfere; forgetting that, if it is difficult for demagogues to awaken a steady and enduring interest

in the affairs of another people, it is only too easy to arouse a sudden passion or a spasmodic sentiment about them, which is noxious just in proportion to its vehemence, its unknowingness, and its transient flame. It is believed by many persons well qualified to form a judgment, that the excitement so recently fanned by the sensational English press, among the sensitive English constituencies, on the late Indian famine, cost this country hard upon five millions sterling, besides sowing the seeds of much probable future mischief; surely not a very hopeful omen for coming times. Finally, Mr. Grant Duff's hopes for "parrying the mischiefs which he admits must be parried," in order to keep us safe, lie (he tells us) in three things, in "patience"—that is, in waiting till ignorance and folly have exhausted error, and trusting that they will exhaust themselves before it is too late; in "education"—which yet, he says (as I do), must be something very different from what it is now, if it is to prepare men of all classes for the right exercise of their political functions; and in "wise government"—under which head he proceeds to show how many changes must be made in our policy before it can be considered wise—changes in which I need not follow him, and only very partially agree with him.

Two other very brief comments I have to make before I pass away from this branch of the controversy. Mr. Grant Duff observes very truly that our current "divisions into the upper, middle, and lower classes are purely arbitrary, and merely a loose though convenient way of lumping together an immense variety of social strata, which again are laterally divided in innumerable ways." I am so well aware of this that I carefully avoided these divisions, and spoke of the electorate under two heads, the "propertied class" and the "wage-receiving class"—a classification which I submit is the very reverse of arbitrary, and which, if it cannot be called natural, is at least very distinct, very real, and even too permanent and fixed. Again, all my critics, Mr. Grant Duff among them, treat the notion of these classes ever pulling together or being unanimous, especially in a crusade against capital, as mere moonshine, "a fear without the ghost of a reason" to justify it. Now, in the first place, this seems to me rather a rash and reckless position to maintain, when not only in this, but in other countries, the most salient social feature of the day is a strife between Labour and Capital (as it is illogically called), more organized, systematic, and persistent, more widely spread and spreading, and in some cases far more bitter than has hitherto been seen; a strife in which the wage-receiving classes, if they have not shown much sagacity, have at least shown much unanimity, much power of united action and endurance. In the second place, I never supposed, far less predicted, that the so-called working classes would as a rule gather themselves into one camp, or that they would not be

often divided on political, religious, and miscellaneous questions. I only pointed out—and I do not conceive that any one will dispute the proposition—that there *are* questions which may band them together in one compact body; that, when so banded together, our electoral laws will have made them almost irresistible—irresistible at least without a struggle which we must all contemplate with dismay; and that the questions most likely to produce this ominous union among the classes recently admitted to the franchise are, indisputably, those connected with the distribution, the acquisition, and the retention of property. These are the questions which of all most profoundly interest the wage-receiving classes—which in their minds are paramount to all others—on which they are most likely to hold strong and consentaneous opinions; and on which the views of the numerical majority, who possess no property, are most certain to be at variance with the views of the educated minority, who possess a great deal. How any one can dispute these propositions is to me, I confess, inconceivable. How any one can regard the prospect they hold out without uneasiness is, if possible, more inconceivable still.

I am not, and I never was, an advocate for withholding political power from “the people,” the artizan class, the masses if you will. I never believed that full justice would be done, or permanent safety reached, or their interests adequately secured, where they were excluded from all share in the choice of their lawgivers and rulers. I never argued that, as a rule, they were unfit to exercise influence, and a very beneficial influence, on electoral decisions. On the contrary, I have often maintained (and I think I said as much in the paper under discussion) that numbers among them are both morally and intellectually worthier of the franchise than numbers above them in the social scale. And, if it were becoming to be for a moment egotistical, I might say that few men laboured earlier or more indefatigably than I to urge schemes for placing on the electoral register every working man who in any way, by any title, according to any rational criterion, was qualified to choose a representative. I anxiously urged this wise and just conclusion years ago, when household suffrage was the *anathema maranatha* of both the political parties who at last joined in forcing it upon the country. But certainly I never was in favour of giving to those masses, whom even their friends designate as “the residuum,” the potential political preponderance with which Whig and Tory, in 1867, combined to endow them. I protested against their exclusion then just as earnestly as I protest against their preponderance now. And the impolicy which in 1867 admitted them to the franchise *en bloc* is the worthy and natural sequence of the impolicy which, in the previous five-and-twenty years, had refused that franchise to the *élite* among them.

In nearly all that Mr. Grant Duff has written in reference to my

third "Rock Ahead," the religious one, I cordially concur, and much of it is admirable and striking. I only contest the relevancy of his observations considered as antagonistic to the substance of my thesis. No doubt the religious sentiment, and much of the religious creed, of truly pious and highly spiritual natures, being a matter of intuitive conviction and consciousness of communion with God, will survive the destruction of "evidences" and the disproof of dogmas of detail; but what proportion of the religion of ordinary English men and women is of this lofty and genuinely personal type? No doubt, again, the criticisms, the researches, the analyses, the logic, which are shaking to their very core the old and current creeds—the doctrines of the prayer-book, and the articles, and the formularies of all Christian sects—do not assail, do not even touch or approach "the reverential feelings and beliefs of the higher forms of Christianity." I said as much myself, and put forth an aspiration that this higher and purified form might in time become the adopted religion of our teachers and our people. But no one knows better than my critic, that the religion, the faith, the Christianity, of nine-tenths of those who in this country are still believers, is not of this nobler and robuster sort, and has little of this vein of inward and unassailable conviction;—that, on the contrary, it rests mainly (where it can properly be said to rest upon anything at all beyond mere habit and the prevalent opinions of those around them) upon the *assumptions* of the inspiration of the Scriptures, the reality of the miracles of the New Testament, and the supposition that the Gospels are narratives by four independent eye-witnesses of the transactions they relate; that all these articles of belief are now rudely shaken, if not altogether disproved in the minds of most thinking persons; and that it is at least probable that, with the undermining or removal of the foundation, the edifice itself must crumble. It may be the fault of churches and divines that so essential an element of high national life, as Christianity, should have been built on such a sandy ground; rather, I would say, it is their fault to have made our national Christianity such a system of mysteries, and dogmas, and impossible statements, and unintelligible scholasticisms as only the fundamental assumptions as above enumerated could sustain; but, still, such our national Christianity is, and has been made, and being such, I affirm that every year it stands in greater and greater peril of being abandoned or swept away, as every year, by sure, steady, hastening, advances, the searching inquiries of our bold modern thought are perceptibly sapping its base.

It is true, no doubt, as Mr. Grant Duff eloquently maintains, that true Christian principles and sentiments never had so wide a public influence in Europe, and in England, as just at this moment when I represent Christianity as in such danger of being discarded.

“At no previous period in the history of the world has Christianity, as represented in the gospels, or in the lives and works of the best of its followers, exercised so powerful an influence on public affairs as in the last thirty years; and I make this assertion without in the least forgetting the endless wars and troubles of that period.

“In legislation, in administration, in our way of carrying on war, in our treatment of inferior races, in our social relations, in our amusements, in our literature, in everything we are, though, Heaven knows, still far enough from it, nearer nevertheless to the Christian ideal than we ever have been before; and it is interesting to observe that the results of the very highest statesmanship and of the very highest forms of Christianity are often most curiously near each other.

“If Christianity is going to lose its power at once over the highest intelligence of Western Europe and over the masses, just as it seems to be making itself more really felt in public affairs than it ever was in the so-called Ages of Faith, the course of this world is certainly the maddest piece of business. I confess, however, I do not believe one syllable of any such prophecy. The words once spoken amongst the Syrian hills will never lose their echo. The saying falsely attributed to Julian is profoundly true, ‘O Galilean! thou hast conquered!’”

That prophecy, I beg to say, was not mine. I never said that the Christianity which has done all these great things and exercised this wide influence for good—“*Christianity as represented in the gospels, and in the lives and works of its best followers*”—is losing its hold over the highest intelligence or the masses of Great Britain. It is not the dogmatic Christian creed, as taught in our churches and chapels, that has wrought these marvels, and is still working so potently for progress; it is the spirit, the temper, the morality of Christ, which those incongruous dogmas and that incrusting creed have never, thank God! been able wholly to smother and disguise, and which, if theologians permit, will survive their overthrow. I, too, believe that “the Galilean has conquered,” and will conquer; but it will be the true Galilean of history, not the travestied Galilean of Nicene or Athanasian formularies, of sacraments and sacerdotalism, of miracles and mysteries and legends, and everlasting punishments for all who cannot believe the unbelievable.

But why do we waste words in a purely imaginary controversy? Mr. Grant Duff evidently believes just as I do, that the current Christianity of the average Englishman must crumble to pieces before the pure faith of Jesus can emerge out of its ruins. “The time for reconstructing the religious thought of Europe,” he thinks, “lies far ahead, in a happier age than ours. The dissolvent process must go far further, and elements not thought of now must be considered before the process of theoretical reconstruction can begin.” Like me, too,—though in far more vigorous words,—he condemns, “as the worst antichrists of our time, the bungling sophists who denounce science and historical criticism, because they do not square with the vile little systems which they, and others like them, have built on Christ’s immortal words,—who yelp at our modern masters of those who know—.”

W. R. GREG.

## THE REPUBLICAN DEFEAT IN THE UNITED STATES.

WHENEVER the history of the Secession Era comes to be written by a chronicler worthy of the greatness of the subject, not the least interesting of its chapters to the student of politics will be that which treats of the Decline and Fall of the Republican Party. The date of its fall will be the elections of last month. In so saying I am not, I think, anticipating the future. Considering the normal fluctuations of popular opinion in the United States, and the exceptional influences by which this opinion may possibly be modified, it is not absolutely certain that the Democrats will carry the day two years hence at the State elections, which will determine the character of the next Presidential Administration. Still such a result is, to say the least, probable; and even if the Republicans should succeed in ultimately reversing the verdict of the constituencies, they can only do so by a complete reorganization of their party and their policy. This much at any rate may be fairly affirmed, that the Republican party, which has ruled the Union for fourteen years, and which for evil or for good has left its mark for ever on the history of the Republic, received its quietus at the recent elections. In the new Congress the Democrats will command a majority, according to the latest estimate, of seventy votes in the House of Representatives, and a minority of nine in the Senate. Owing to the peculiar constitution of the United States, the Administration will remain for the next two years in the hands of the Republicans, and the President will employ his executive authority in accordance with the views of the minority; but the fact that he is no longer supported by a majority in Congress will cripple his power of action; and even if General Grant should prove as impatient of opposition as Andrew Johnson, his remaining tenure of power must unquestionably be modified in accordance with Democratic principles of statesmanship and government. It is worth while, therefore, to examine what are the probable causes of the Democratic reaction in the United States, and what are likely to be its probable results. The subject is far too wide a one to be treated exhaustively. All I can hope to do is to point out some of the most salient features of the recent crisis in American politics.

The Republican party was the direct product of the Anti-Slavery movement which resulted in—if it did not directly lead to—the War of Secession. In the early days of the Republic the question of slavery had not assumed a party character. The issues between Federalists and Democrats centred mainly upon disputes as to the limits of Federal and State jurisdiction; and though the States Rights theories of the early Democrats naturally commended them-

selves to the slave power, yet neither of the two political parties took any distinct ground upon the Peculiar Institution. The Whigs, who succeeded to the political inheritance of the Federalists, were as hostile to any interference with negro slavery as the Democrats themselves. The most that can be fairly said is that just as the Democrats were driven by force of circumstances into active sympathy with the slave system, so the Whigs assumed reluctantly an attitude of passive disapproval with reference to slavery. Yet, to the last, Clay and Webster were as opposed to abolition as Jackson or Calhoun. Gradually, however, partly through the logic of events, partly through the agency of Abolitionists of the Garrison school, there grew up, throughout the Free States, a deep-rooted, widespread sentiment that slavery was an abuse and scandal which could not be allowed to spread without peril and disgrace to the commonwealth. Supposing England were to be convulsed by some absorbing religious movement, it is easy to see how a new party might be constructed, having little or no connection with our old party cries and leaders, and how new men might come to the front with new ideas possessing power enough to force all existing political organizations to take sides either for or against them. Something of this kind took place in America, as the institution of slavery grew more and more abhorrent to the Northern mind. To Sumner and Seward, more than to any other men of their time, the credit is due of having constructed a political organization on the basis of hostility to slavery; and these two statesmen may justly be called the founders of the Republican party. It is eighteen years since the Republicans, under their then name of Free Soilers, first endeavoured to assert their strength. Their candidate for the Presidency, General Fremont, was defeated by the Democrat Buchanan. But the defeat was full of promise for the future. The struggles in Kansas and the John Brown raid in Virginia exasperated the hostility of the North towards the Peculiar Institution; and even before the elections of 1860, it became clear that power would soon pass from the hands of the Democrats into those of a party pledged to resist the extension of slavery. To effect this was all that the Republicans, as a body, either intended or desired; and it is certain that the last thing which Abraham Lincoln contemplated when he was elected President was that he would ever be called upon to abolish slavery throughout the Union. It is a curious topic of speculation what course the Republicans would have followed if the Southerners had acquiesced calmly in the decision of the ballot; and it is more than possible that the popular impulse which bore them into power might have died away for a time as the difficulties and dangers attending any practical attempt to restrict slavery were brought home to the public mind. At the time of the Lincoln election, and indeed up to a much later date, the North was certainly not prepared to support



the Republican leaders in any active crusade for the abolition of slavery. But the attack on Fort Sumter excited an outburst of national feeling throughout the Free States, which completely swallowed up the minor cries of the preceding Presidential election. The preservation of the Union became forthwith the dominant passion of the North; and the Republicans made themselves the exponents of this passion with a zeal and courage which ensured them a lease of power for a long term of years. At the crisis of the nation's fate the Democrats hesitated as to which side they should join. Their hesitation was short; and, to do them justice, they redeemed it to a great extent by their subsequent loyalty. But the fact that they had "despaired of the Republic" told against them fatally at the time, and will continue to tell against them as long as the generation lasts to whom Bull Run is a memory as well as a name.

So the Republican party, which was called into being to check the advance of slavery, found itself suddenly and unexpectedly entrusted with the mission of preserving the Union. In the inaugural address delivered by Abraham Lincoln, the President used these oft-quoted words: "I have no purpose directly or indirectly to interfere with the institution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no lawful right to do so; and I have no inclination to do so." In thus speaking Lincoln expressed faithfully the sentiments of the Republican party; and in all estimates of the Republican record it should be remembered that the work of emancipation was forced upon the party by an irresistible destiny, not undertaken deliberately and knowingly. Seldom in the world's history has a political party been confronted with a graver task; never, I think, has such a task been discharged more faithfully, ably, and loyally. No position could well be prouder than that of the Republicans at the close of the war. Their success was due to the patriotism of the party far more than to the genius of its leaders.

Thus when the war ended in April, 1865, the strength of the Republican party, overwhelming as it appeared to be, was apparent rather than real. At the Presidential election in the preceding year, Abraham Lincoln had been returned by an overwhelming majority. But this vote, though Republican in name, was in truth a popular demonstration in favour of the prosecution of the war. MacClellan, the Democratic candidate, was supported by the Copperheads and the Southern sympathizers in the North, and, it may be said, by them only. And with the downfall of the Confederacy, the mission of the Republicans was fulfilled. They had restored the Union, and had not only restricted but suppressed slavery. It would perhaps have been better for their fame if their career could have closed with that of their martyr-President. And those to whom the memory of "Honest Abe" is most precious, must, I fancy, feel that, for the man himself as a political leader, his assassination was no unmixed calamity.

With the death of Abraham Lincoln, not only did the South lose its best and wisest friend, but the Republican party lost the one man who might possibly have enabled it to win fresh claims to the nation's gratitude. The Republicans were in power. Even if they had been animated by a self-denying desire to forfeit all the material fruits of their success—which most assuredly they were not—there was no one to take their place; and so, perforce, they entered on the work of reconstruction without a leader, without a policy, and with no distinct principle beyond a conviction that their own maintenance in power was essential to the welfare of the country. There were two great questions with which the Republicans were now called to deal. The first was the restoration of affairs in the North to a normal peace footing; the second was the re-establishment of the authority of the Union in the South. Posterity will make more allowance than their contemporaries have done for their failures in carrying out these two objects. The first they accomplished on the whole successfully. The enormous army of the North was disbanded on the spot; expenses were cut down; a vigorous effort was made to reduce the war debt; and the country returned to its ordinary pursuits with a rapidity which at the time seemed marvellous. It would, I think, have been wiser if all idea of reducing the national debt had been postponed to an attempt to restore specie payments. But any such attempt at the time would have endangered the prosperity of the party; and the Republicans—like the country for that matter—were too ignorant of political economy to realise the full evils of a depreciated currency. As it happened, the very success of the Republican policy in dealing with the restoration of order in the North increased the difficulties of the problem they had to solve in the South. The wisest, and in the end the shortest course, would have been to govern the Southern States as territories, or, in other words, to keep them under direct Federal authority, till such time as the memory of the Secession era had become dim, and a generation had sprung up to whom slavery was unknown, except as a tradition. This course, however, was inconsistent with the disbandment of the army and the reduction of expenditure; and I doubt whether public opinion in the North would have tolerated for any length of time a policy involving the admission that the South could only be retained by armed force. Finally, the Southern States had their autonomy restored to them, subject to certain provisions and restrictions known under the name of the Reconstruction Acts. The failure of the Republicans in their dealings with the South is the gravest of the charges brought against their Administration. Yet they entered upon the task with a genuine wish to do the best for the Southerners, and with no desire to press too hardly upon the conquered States. Unfortunately, two incidental causes combined to carry the Repub-

licans beyond the bounds of moderation. The first was the reaction caused by President Johnson's extraordinary display of pro-Southern sympathies; the second was the ascendancy acquired in the Republican counsels from 1865 to 1868 by Charles Sumner and Thaddeus Stevens.

The problem to be solved was, it should be admitted, well-nigh insoluble. Though the rebellion had been suppressed in such a manner that the Southerners disclaimed all idea of armed resistance, their hostility to the North was as bitter as it had been while Jefferson Davis still ruled at Richmond. Granted that the Union was justified in upholding its authority at all over the South, no excuse is needed for the legislation by which the franchise was conferred upon the negroes, or by which the coloured population of the South were secured absolute *legal* equality with their white fellow-citizens. If Lincoln had lived, the general policy of reconstruction would, I believe, have been substantially the same. It would, however, have probably been carried out in a wiser and more statesmanlike spirit. Mr. Sumner, a man of extraordinary energy, inordinate self-esteem, and inspired with an almost personal animosity towards all who opposed his views, was the leader of the Black Republicans who then formed the dominant section of the majority in Congress. The imposition of the famous "iron-clad" oath, the impeachment of President Johnson, and the attempt made by the Civil Rights Bill to establish by law *social* equality between Black and White, were grave errors in policy which gave the first impetus to the Democratic reaction.

In 1868 the Republicans again swept the country by an overwhelming majority. Governor Seymour, the Democratic candidate, was literally nowhere. Yet already there were symptoms that the wave which had carried the Republicans to power was on the ebb. General Grant was selected as the Republican candidate partly on account of his immense personal popularity at the time, but still more because he was not identified with the section which had led the party since Abraham Lincoln's death; and his triumphant election was in no small degree a protest against the extreme Republicanism of Senator Sumner and his adherents. In fact, General Grant had hardly taken possession of the White House before the feud between the Black Republicans and his own supporters broke out openly; and from that time the split in the Republican ranks which culminated in Horace Greeley's nomination grew wider and wider. The accumulated prestige of the party was not to be easily exhausted. Even as late as 1872 the Democrats were still distrusted by the country on account of their war-record; and the fate of the Republican secession led by Senator Sumner and Horace Greeley was sealed as soon as it appeared that they had coalesced with their old Democratic opponents. If, however, the malcontent Republicans had chosen a less impossible candidate than the editor of the *New York Tribune*, and had adopted a line of their

own instead of going over to the Democrats, they might have founded a new party. As it was, the reputation of the Republicans and the popularity of General Grant again carried the day, and the Republican party received another four years' lease of power.

Their triumph, however, was one far more of persons than of principles; and the Republican hold on public support became more and more dependent on their personal prestige. During the last two years a variety of circumstances have combined to undermine this prestige, and the result is the reaction which has restored the Democrats to power. As far as I can perceive, the chief of these circumstances are—the discontent caused by the depressed condition of trade throughout the United States, popular disappointment at the slow progress of the South under a Republican régime, disapproval of the alleged or real corruption of the Administration, and dislike of the idea of a third-term Presidency.

How far the American public had adequate grounds for their recent desertion of the Republicans it is very hard to say. That the commercial and industrial condition of the United States is in a poor way is painfully manifest. Trade is at a standstill, enterprise of all kind is languishing, the cost of living is exorbitant, the tide of emigration has set back towards the Old World. The States are, as I hold, feeling for the first time the full weight of the financial burdens imposed by the war. They are suffering from the collapse of the artificial stimulus given to speculation after the war by an inflated currency, they are crippled by an exorbitant and irrational protective tariff. Still it would be unreasonable to say that the industrial difficulties of the country are due to Republican policy. On the contrary, the Republicans have, as a party, opposed all proposals for repudiation and have advocated a return to specie payments. The South has made slow progress towards the recovery of her prosperity; but the tardiness of her advance is due far more to the force of circumstances than to the action of the dominant party at Washington. The charge of jobbery, so frequently brought against the Republican Administration is one singularly difficult to estimate at its true value. Making allowance for the hyperbolic diction, with which Americans alike deplore their national shortcomings and eulogize their national virtues, the upshot of the accusations against Grant seems to be, that he thought more of the emoluments of his office than has been the custom of previous Presidents; that he has favoured men whose integrity was not above suspicion; that he has shown an impatience of control and has surrounded himself by preference with men who have been content to execute his orders without discussion; that he has been careless in the discharge of his official duties; and that he has allowed abuses committed by his supporters to remain uncorrected. Still, against these charges it should be pleaded, that on every important crisis General Grant has

acted with good sense and firmness, while the great and just weight of his military renown tells, and ought to tell, more powerfully with the masses than any personal defects of his Administration. The hands of the Republican party in these later days are assuredly not free from the taint of jobbery; but then this is owing mainly to the demoralizing influences of the era of speculation introduced by the war; while the Democrats at all events have even less claim than their opponents to the credit of purity. The reaction against the Republicans was unquestionably accelerated by the impression that, in defiance of the unwritten law of the Constitution, the Republicans intended to run General Grant for a third term; but the outcry raised by the *New York Herald*, that the proposed prolongation of the Presidential powers was part of a conspiracy to overthrow the Republic, was too manifestly absurd to have had much weight with the electors. The plain truth I take to be, that the Republicans are suffering not so much for what they have done as for what they have omitted to do. In American parlance, they are "played out." They had nothing to propose, they had no programme of their own, and they had gone on celebrating their past achievements, till the public grew weary of the cry that the Union would be in danger, if the Republicans were out of office. So in fact, if my judgment is correct, the elections have gone as they have done not so much because the public wished to see the Democrats in power, as because they wanted to see the Republicans out of power.

Moreover in America, as in all democratic communities, when no great political issues are prominently before the public, personal and local considerations assume an exaggerated importance in politics. The Anti-whiskey crusade in the west, the Prohibition movement in New England, favoured as they were by a section of the Republican party, the abuses committed by certain Republican officials in the South, the "Granger" agitation, and a host of minor incidents, created sectional and partisan discontents, all of which told against the Republican candidates. It could not well have been otherwise, and though I am disposed to regard the Democratic triumph as a misfortune to the States, yet the Republicans cannot fairly complain of being the victims of popular fickleness. For ten long years they have been kept in power in virtue of their past services, and if they have succumbed at last, it is because they have done little or nothing to establish new claims upon popular confidence.

Meanwhile the more important question is, what will be the practical effect of the probable substitution of a Democratic for a Republican administration? I have dwelt perhaps at undue length upon the past record of the Republicans, as it is essential to understand this record in order to form any kind of forecast as to the future. No distinct principle or policy has triumphed, or been defeated at the recent elections. The Democrats will return to power

untrammelled, except by their traditions, their proclivities, and their natural alliances. Like the Conservatives in our own country, they will possess the great advantage of entering office without being bound to any definite programme of reform or legislation; and if they could be led by statesmen of the calibre of their leaders in by-gone days, they might do much to remove the stigma under which they still rest. Death, however, has been busier even in the ranks of the Democrats than in those of their opponents; and amongst their leading men there is scarcely one who had got his name before the world in the days when the Democrats were the dominant party in the State. In the probable event of the Democrats continuing to hold their ground till the next Presidential election, the coming administration will be composed of men not one of whom has ever held office before. In itself this is no disadvantage; and in as far as the foreign relations of the Union are concerned, there is no reason to suppose that the policy of the country will be affected by the transfer of the Government from Republican to Democratic rule. The motives which induced the Democrats to favour an annexationist policy in times past, with the view of extending the influence of the Slave Power, have ceased to exist; and if the traditions of the Democrats should lead them to look more favourably than their predecessors on the extension of the territory of the United States at the expense of Mexico and Cuba, I do not know that the world at large will have any solid ground for dissatisfaction. The main cause for viewing with anxiety the prospect of a Democratic régime lies in the fact that the "burning questions" with which the Democrats will have to deal, are those of the currency and of Southern reconstruction.

With respect to the first of those issues the apprehensions entertained in many quarters seem to me unwarranted. The Western Democrats, who carried the day both in Ohio and Indiana and Illinois, did undoubtedly put forward, as part of their programme, proposals which are virtually tantamount to repudiation. Nor can there be any doubt, that the fallacy of an inflated currency being the real remedy for the financial difficulties of the Union is one which is certain to commend itself to the semi-educated classes, who, north, south, and west, furnish so large a contingent to the Democratic ranks. The advocates of a policy of repudiation will be more active and more sanguine than they were under the rule of General Grant, and the prospects of an early return to hard money will be more distant than ever. The credit of American securities will probably be affected by a good deal of idle talk about the iniquity of taxing native industry in order to enrich foreign bondholders. But I feel very confident that any proposal, which even bears the colour of repudiation, will be vetoed by the good sense of the community. On all clear and broad issues, the rough

honesty of the masses in America may be relied upon to protect the good faith of the country; and even if this confidence should prove misplaced, the commercial interests concerned in the maintenance of the public credit are so vast, and so extensive, that I see no cause to fear the Democrats would ever be allowed to repudiate any of the obligations undertaken in the name of the Union, even supposing, which I do not believe, that they should be minded so to do. On the other hand, I can see little reason to suppose that the question of Free Trade will be taken up in earnest as a party cry. As yet, neither Republicans nor Democrats have taken any distinct issue on the merits of Free Trade as against Protection. The Eastern States, which are the stronghold of Republicanism, are fanatical supporters of Protective duties, the Western Democrats are Free Traders in principle. But from a variety of causes, into which I cannot enter here, the natural bias of the American public is so strongly in favour of Protection that for many years to come Free Trade cannot be the political platform of any dominant party in the States.

The real ground why impartial observers view with apprehension the prospect of Democratic rule, lies in the bearing it is likely to have on the progress of Southern reconstruction. This question is—and must be for a long period of time—the vital issue of all American politics. In as far as human foresight can reach, the South is now indissolubly connected with the Union. Logically, there may be something to be urged for the theory, that after the suppression of the rebellion and the abolition of slavery, the North should have adopted the advice attributed to General Scott, and “let the wayward sisters depart in peace.” But this theory would be scouted by all parties in the North. If anything can be predicted with safety, it is that the North is resolved to retain the Southern States within the Union, and has the power to execute her resolution; and granted this, it follows that the one thing to be desired in the interest of the Union, the negroes, and the Southern States, is that the new order of things, introduced into the South by the events of the war, may be consolidated as firmly and as speedily as possible. In other words, the South has got to be reorganized on a new basis; and anything which delays or hampers this reorganization is a misfortune not only to the Union but to the South herself.

I confess to a belief that any attempt to determine the relative responsibility for the disturbed condition of the South attaching respectively to Negro outrages or Ku-Klux Klan organizations, to white intimidation or coloured insubordination, seems to me practically hopeless. Things in the South may not be quite so black as they are painted on either side, but they are black enough in all conscience. The constituent elements of Southern society, as at present constituted, are such as to ensure social disorganization. On the one hand you have a white majority, bankrupt in fortune, embittered

tered by defeat, confronting a minority of blacks whose emancipation is the cause of their ruin, the symbol of their humiliation and disaster. The very children in white households can still remember when the negroes were slaves; the blacks who now in many districts command the elections, are men who but the other day were bought and sold as chattels. For at least a dozen years to come, no single native-born elector can record a vote in the South, who at the time of his birth did not belong personally to the slave, or slave-owning, caste. It would be contrary to human nature if the whites were not domineering and tyrannical; or if the blacks were not corrupt, indolent, and arrogant. Moreover—and this is the most important point—the equality of relations existing in the South between white and coloured citizens is still an artificial arrangement, upheld solely by external force. Mankind possesses a marvellous aptitude for accommodating itself to accomplished facts; and if the Southerners once realised that, for good or bad, they had got to live on terms of absolute legal equality with their former slaves, they would endeavour to make the best of an unwelcome necessity. But they recognise no such necessity. If it were not for the interference of the Federal Government, their superior numbers, intelligence, energy, and organization would soon enable the whites to reduce the blacks to the position of a subject caste. The re-establishment of slavery is an impossibility, except in the event of the South obtaining independence; and even then I doubt its being seriously contemplated. But if the North could be induced to modify the policy of reconstruction, to leave the Southern States to settle for themselves the relations between the emancipated slaves and their former masters, or, in other words, to govern the South according to Southern ideas, the re-establishment of white supremacy would be a matter of ease. The more difficult and tedious the work of Southern reconstruction on a Republican basis may appear to be, the more likelihood there is that the North may abandon the attempt in despair; and therefore, from their own point of view, it is the direct interest of the Southern whites to thwart the policy which the Republican party has hitherto carried out, with more or less success.

This assertion, that the experiment has been attended with success of any kind, may appear strange to those who derive their impressions of the South from the American papers. Yet there are certain hard facts which it is very difficult to explain away. It is barely ten years since the Confederacy was overthrown; and after a war in which the material resources of the South were sacrificed as freely as the blood of her sons; after a social revolution which necessarily entailed ruin on every planter in the country, and disorganized the whole commerce of the South, it might have been expected that years would elapse before its main industry would revive. Yet last year the money value of the Southern cotton crop was actually greater



than it was in the year preceding the war. Now if there is one thing clear it is that the revival of an enormous industry is inconsistent with a state of anarchy. In some rough and rude sort of fashion the reconstructed government of the Southern States must have supplied protection to life and property. As proof of the same conclusion may be cited the fact that population has increased largely in the Slave States, that the cotton crop has been mainly made up of petty parcels grown by free labour on small holdings, and that the new generation of negro planters has begun to hoard money to such an extent as to constitute one of the alleged causes of the financial difficulties of the Union. In fact, under the system of free labour, and legal equality between black and white, initiated by the Republicans, property in the South is changing hands, and a new class of proprietors is springing up in the place of the old slave-owning interest. That this change is accompanied with much suffering, gross abuses, and even bitter oppression, goes without saying. But if the change, as I hold, has to be accomplished, the sooner it is carried through the better. I own to feeling some impatience with the outcry so popular nowadays in the North against the "Scaliwags" and "Carpet-baggers," who, by the aid of the negro vote, have carried out the Republican policy in the South. The outcry is just as reasonable as the denunciations in former days of slave-traders by slave-owners. If you are determined on a given end, there is no good in protesting against the necessary means for attaining it; and, after all, Carpet-baggers and Scaliwags are the agencies by which alone the North can finally achieve the object it has set before itself, the permanent re-incorporation of the South with the Union. If there was one lesson the Secession War clearly taught, it was that the existence of an oligarchy of colour in the Southern States is incompatible with the Republican institutions of the North. The rule of the Union can never be voluntarily accepted in the South till the old planter class, with its traditions of slavery and caste ascendancy has given place to a class imbued with the Republican ideas of the North; and the creation of such a class can only be effected by the Carpet-baggers and Scaliwags, whom it is the custom to decry. The carpet-baggers are, as a class, the settlers who have come down from the North to seek fortunes in the South, and the Scaliwags are, with rare exceptions, the Southern whites, who have gone in for the negro vote in order to get place and office. Taking men as they are, these new settlers and politicians are sure to be representatives of a low class of the community. Yankee penetration must be much overrated, if the Northerners ever believed that while the free West remained open, settlers of high character and standing would go South to settle in a country where they would be looked upon and treated as aliens, or that any but the meanest of mean whites would, as a rule, aid the negro vote and interest.

Owing then to the influence of negro suffrage, supported by the Carpet-bag immigrants from the North and the Scaliwag deserters from the white interest, a new order of things is growing up in the South which, whether better or worse than its predecessors, is the only one consistent with the permanent union of North and South under a common democratic government. If this is so, it may be asked why public opinion in the North seems to favour a change in the policy pursued hitherto towards the Southern States? I am afraid the answer must be that the masses in America—as for that matter in other countries—are impatient of any policy which does not produce immediate results, have a great distaste to looking unwelcome facts in the face, and care infinitely more for their own immediate concerns than for the indirect effect their action may produce on other people at a distance. To the ordinary American the idea that the Southerners really wish to sever themselves from the Union appears an absurdity. The assertion that ten years after the war the authority of the Union in the South can only be upheld by force is one which is singularly unacceptable to the nation; the tendency, so characteristic of the American mind, to believe that the country can “pull through” any difficulty is opposed to preventive legislation. The old disposition to regard the “irrepressible nigger” as a nuisance—a disposition curiously illustrated by Abraham Lincoln’s advice to the coloured people to emigrate *en masse*—has regained its sway; and, finally, the popular dissatisfaction with the Republicans has brought their Southern policy into discredit. Thus, if I read the signs of the times aright, there is a growing feeling in the North that the South should be governed according to Southern ideas, and that the negroes should be left to shift for themselves. Of this feeling the Democrats, who look to the Southern whites as their political allies, who have an hereditary distaste to the negro, and who disapprove by principle of centralised government, will actively avail themselves; and should a democratic administration ever be in power, the planter interest will recover a degree of power in the South it has never possessed since the war.

To my mind, this policy of concession to the South is a fatal error. If the North could persist for a score of years or so in its present policy, by which the Union party is maintained in power throughout the old Slave States, in however unsatisfactory a fashion, a new generation would arise, to whom slavery would be known by tradition only, and to whom free labour and legal equality between black and white would seem the normal order of existence. But if, as I fear, the authority of the Union is relaxed in the South, if Southern ideals are once more allowed to prevail, the work accomplished will be undone, the incompatibility of Southern principles with Republican institutions will become again apparent, and an era of unwise leniency will be followed by one of over-harsh repression.

EDWARD DICEY.


## BEAUCHAMP'S CAREER.

### CHAPTER XV.

CECILIA HALKETT.

BEAUCHAMP walked down to the pier, where he took a boat for H.M.S. *Inis*, to see Jack Wilmore, whom he had not met since his return from his last cruise, and first he tried the efficacy of a dive in salt water, as a specific for irritation. It gave the edge to a fine appetite that he continued to satisfy while Wilmore talked of those famous dogs to which the navy has ever been going.

"We want another panic, Beauchamp," said Lieutenant Wilmore. "No one knows better than you what a naval man has to complain of, so I hope you'll get your election, if only that we may reckon on a good look-out for the interests of the service. A regular Board with a permanent Lord High Admiral, and a regular vote of money to keep it up to the mark. Stick to that. Hardist has a vote in Bevisham. I think I can get one or two more. Why aren't you a Tory? No Whigs nor Liberals look after us half so well as the Tories. It's enough to break a man's heart to see the troops of dockyard workmen marching out as soon as ever a Liberal Government marches in. Then it's one of our infernal panics again, and patch here, patch there; every inch of it make-believe! I'll prove to you from examples that the humbug of government causes exactly the same humbugging workmanship. It seems as if it were a game of 'rascals all.' Let them sink us! but, by heaven! one can't help feeling for the country. And I do say it's the doing of those Liberals. Skilled workmen, mind you, not to be netted again so easily. America reaps the benefit of our folly. . . . That was a lucky run of yours up the Niger; the admiral was friendly, but you deserved your luck. For God's sake, don't forget the state of our service when you're one of our cherubs up aloft, Beauchamp. This I'll say, I've never heard a man talk about it as you used to in old midshipmite days, whole watches through—don't you remember? on the North American station, and in the Black Sea, and the Mediterranean. And that girl at Malta! I wonder what has become of her? What a beauty she was! I dare say she wasn't so fine a girl as the Armenian you unearthed on the Bosphorus, but she had something about her a fellow can't forget. That was a lovely creature coming down the hills over Granada on her mule. Ay, we've seen handsome women, Nevil Beauchamp. But you always were lucky, invariably, and I should bet on you for the election."



"Canvass for me, Jack," said Beauchamp, smiling at his friend's unconscious double-skeining of subjects. "If I turn out as good a politician as you are a seaman, I shall do. Pounce on Hardist's vote without losing a day. I would go to him, but I've missed the Halketts twice. They're on the Otley river, at a place called Mount Laurels, and I particularly want to see the colonel. Can you give me a boat there, and come?"

"Certainly," said Wilmore. "I've danced there with the lady, the handsomest girl, English style, of her time. And come, come, our English style's the best. It wears best, it looks best. Foreign women . . . they're capital to flirt with. But a girl like Cecilia Halkett—one can't call her a girl, and it won't do to say goddess, and queen and charmer are out of the question, though she's both, and angel into the bargain; but, by George! what a woman to call wife, you say; and a man attached to a woman like that never can let himself look small. No such luck for me; only I swear if I stood between a good and a bad action, the thought of that girl would keep me straight, and I've only danced with her once!"

Not long after sketching this rough presentation of the lady, with a masculine hand, Wilmore was able to point to her in person on the deck of her father's yacht, the *Esperanza*, standing out of Otley river. There was a gallant splendour in the vessel that threw a touch of glory on its mistress in the minds of the two young naval officers, as they pulled towards her in the ship's gig.

Wilmore sung out, "Give way, men!"

The sailors bent to their oars, and presently the schooner's head was put to the wind.

"She sees we're giving chase," Wilmore said. "She can't be expecting *me*, so it must be you. No, the colonel doesn't race her. They've only been back from Italy six months: I mean the schooner. I remember she talked of you when I had her for a partner. Yes, now I mean Miss Halkett. Blest if I think she talked of anything else. She sees us. I'll tell you what she likes: she likes yachting, she likes Italy, she likes painting, likes things old English, awfully fond of heroes. I told her a tale of one of our men saving life. 'Oh!' said she, 'didn't your friend, Nevil Beauchamp, save a man from drowning, off the guardship, in exactly the same place?' And next day she sent me a cheque for three pounds for the fellow. Steady, men! I keep her letter."

The boat went smoothly alongside the schooner. Miss Halkett had come to the side. The oars swung fore and aft, and Beauchamp sprang on deck.

Wilmore had to decline Miss Halkett's invitation to him as well as his friend, and returned in his boat. He left the pair with a ruffling breeze, and a sky all sail, prepared, it seemed to him, to

enjoy the most delicious you-and-I on salt water that a sailor could dream of; and placidly envying, devoid of jealousy, there was just enough of fancy quickened in Lieutenant Wilmore to give him pictures of them without disturbance of his feelings—one of the conditions of the singular visitation we call happiness, if he could have known it.

For a time his visionary eye followed them pretty correctly. So long since they had parted last! such changes in the interval! and great animation in Beauchamp's gaze, and a blush on Miss Halkett's cheeks.

She said once, "Captain Beauchamp." He retorted with a solemn formality. They smiled, and immediately took footing on their previous intimacy.

"How good it was of you to come twice to Mount Laurels," said she. "I have not missed you to-day. No address was on your card. Where are you staying in the neighbourhood? At Mr. Lespel's?"

"I'm staying at a Bevisham hotel," said Beauchamp.

"You have not been to Steynham yet? Papa comes home from Steynham to-night."

"Does he? Well, the *Ariadne* is only just paid off, and I can't well go to Steynham yet. I——" Beauchamp was astonished at the hesitation he found in himself to name it: "I have business in Bevisham."

"Naval business?" she remarked.

"No," said he.

The sensitive prescience we have of a critical distaste of our proceedings is, the world is aware, keener than our intuition of contrary opinions; and for the sake of preserving the sweet outward forms of friendliness, Beauchamp was anxious not to speak of the business in Bevisham just then, but she looked and he had hesitated, so he said flatly, "I am one of the candidates for the borough."

"Indeed!"

"And I want the colonel to give me his vote."

The young lady breathed a melodious "Oh!" not condemnatory or reproachful—a sound to fill a pause. But she was beginning to reflect.

"Italy and our English Channel are my two poles," she said. "I am constantly swaying between them. I have told papa we will not lay up the yacht while the weather holds fair. Except for the absence of deep colour and bright colour, what can be more beautiful than these green waves, and that dark forest's edge, and the garden of an island! The yachting-water here is an unrivalled lake; and if I miss colour, which I love, I remind myself that we have temperate air here, not a sun that sends you under cover. We can have our fruits too, you see." One of the yachtsmen was

handing her a basket of hothouse grapes, reclining beside crisp home-made loaflets. "This is my luncheon. Will you share it, Nevil?"

His Christian name was pleasant to hear from her lips. She held out a bunch to him.

"Grapes take one back to the South," said he. "How do you bear compliments? You have been in Italy some years, and it must be the South that has worked the miracle."

"In my growth?" said Cecilia, smiling. "I have grown out of my Circassian dress, Nevil."

"You received it, then?"

"I wrote you a letter of thanks—and abuse, for your not coming to Steynham. You may recognise these pearls."

The pearls were round her right wrist. He looked at the blue veins.

"They're not pearls of price," he said.

"I do not wear them to fascinate the jewellers," rejoined Miss Halkett. "So you are a candidate at an election. You still have a tinge of Africa, do you know? But you have not abandoned the navy?"

"Not altogether."

"Oh! no, no: I hope not. I have heard of you, . . . but who has not? We cannot spare officers like you. Papa was delighted to hear of your promotion. Parliament!"

The exclamation was contemptuous.

"It's the highest we can aim at," Beauchamp observed meekly.

"I think I recollect you used to talk politics when you were a midshipman," she said. "You headed the aristocracy, did you not?"

"The aristocracy wants a head," said Beauchamp.

"Parliament, in my opinion, is the best of occupations for idle men," said she.

"It shows that it is a little too full of them."

"Surely the country can go on very well without so much speech-making?"

"It can go on very well for the rich."

Miss Halkett tapped with her foot.

"I should expect a Radical to talk in that way, Nevil."

"Take me for one."

"I would not even imagine it."

"Say Liberal, then."

"Are you not"—her eyes opened on him largely, and narrowed from surprise to reproach, and then to pain—"are you not one of us? Have you gone over to the enemy, Nevil?"

"I have taken my side, Cecilia; but we, on our side, don't talk of an enemy."

"Most unfortunate! We are Tories, you know, Nevil. Papa is a thorough Tory. He cannot vote for you. Indeed I have heard him say he is anxious to defeat the plots of an old Republican in Bevisham—some doctor there; and I believe he went to London to, look out for a second Tory candidate to oppose to the Liberals. Our present member is quite safe, of course. Nevil, this makes me unhappy. Do you not feel that it is playing traitor to one's class to join those men?"

Such was the Tory way of thinking, Nevil Beauchamp said: the Tories upheld their Toryism in the place of patriotism.

"But do we not owe the grandeur of the country to the Tories?" said she, with a lovely air of conviction. "Papa has told me how false the Whigs played the Duke in the Peninsula: ruining his supplies, writing him down, declaring, all the time he was fighting his first hard battles, that his cause was hopeless—that resistance to Napoleon was impossible. The Duke never, never had loyal support *but* from the Tory Government. The Whigs, papa says, absolutely preached *submission* to Napoleon! The Whigs, I hear, were the Liberals of those days. The two Pitts were Tories. The greatness of England has been built up by the Tories. I do and will defend them: it is the fashion to decry them now. They have the honour and safety of the country at heart. They do not play disgracefully at reductions of taxes, as the Liberals do. They have given us all our heroes. *Non fu mai gloria senza invidia*. They have done service enough to despise the envious mob. They never condescend to supplicate brute force for aid to crush their opponents. You feel in all they do that the instincts of gentlemen are active."

Beauchamp bowed.

"Do I speak too warmly?" she asked. "Papa and I have talked over it often, and especially of late. You will find him your delighted host and your inveterate opponent."

"And you?"

"Just the same. You will have to pardon me; I am a terrible foe."

"I declare to you, Cecilia, I would prefer having you against me to having you indifferent."

"I wish I had not to think it right that you should be beaten. And now—can you throw off political Nevil, and be sailor Nevil? I distinguish between my old friend, and my . . . our . . ."

"Dreadful antagonist?"

"Not so dreadful, except in the shock he gives us to find him in the opposite ranks. I am grieved. But we will finish our sail in peace. I detest controversy. I suppose, Nevil, you would have no such things as yachts? they are the enjoyments of the rich!"

He reminded her that she wished to finish her sail in peace;

and he had to remind her of it more than once. Her scattered resources for argumentation sprang up from various suggestions, such as the flight of yachts, mention of the shooting season, sight of a royal palace; and adopted a continually heightened satirical form, oddly intermixed with an undisguised affectionate friendliness. Apparently she thought it possible to worry him out of his adhesion to the wrong side in politics. She certainly had no conception of the nature of his political views, for one or two extreme propositions flung to him in jest, he swallowed with every sign of a perfect facility, as if the Radical had come to regard stupendous questions as morsels barely sufficient for his daily sustenance. Cecilia reflected that he must be playing, and as it was not a subject for play she tacitly reproved him by letting him be the last to speak of it. He may not have been susceptible to the delicate chastisement, probably was not, for when he ceased it was to look on the beauty of her lowered eyelids, rather with an idea that the weight of his argument lay on them. It breathed from him; both in the department of logic and of feeling, in his plea for the poor man and his exposition of the poor man's rightful claims, he evidently imagined that he had spoken overwhelmingly; and to undeceive him in this respect, for his own good, Cecilia calmly awaited the occasion when she might show the vanity of arguments in their effort to overcome convictions. He stood up to take his leave of her on their return to the mouth of the Otley river unexpectedly, so that the occasion did not arrive; but on his mentioning an engagement he had to give a dinner to a journalist and a tradesman of the town of Bevisham, by way of excuse for not complying with her gentle entreaty that he would go on to Mount Laurels and wait to see the colonel that evening, "Oh! then your choice must be made irrevocably, I am sure," Miss Halkett said, relying upon intonation and manner to convey a great deal more, and not without a minor touch of resentment for his having dragged her into the discussion of politics, which she considered as a slime wherein men hustled and tussled, no doubt worthily enough, and as became them; not however to impose such strife upon the elect ladies of earth. What gentleman ever did talk to a young lady upon the dreary topic seriously? Least of all should Nevil Beauchamp have done it. That object of her high imagination belonged to the exquisite sphere of the feminine vision of the pure poetic, and she was vexed by the discord he threw between her long-cherished dream and her unanticipated realisation of him: if indeed it was he presenting himself to her in his own character, and not trifling, or not passing through a phase of young man's madness.

Possibly he might be the victim of the latter infliction and more pardonable state, and so thinking she gave him her hand.



"Good-bye, Nevil. I may tell papa to expect you to-morrow?"

"Do, and tell him to prepare for a field-day."

She smiled. "A sham fight that will not win you a vote! I hope you will find your guests this evening agreeable companions."

Beauchamp half-shrugged involuntarily. He obliterated the piece of treason towards them by saying that he hoped so; as though the meeting them, instead of slipping on to Mount Laurels with her, were an enjoyable prospect.

He was dropped by the *Esperanza's* boat near Otley ferry, to walk along the beach to Bevisham, and he kept eye on the elegant vessel as she glided swan-like to her moorings off Mount Laurels park through dusky merchant craft, colliers, and trawlers, loosely shaking her towering snow-white sails, unchallenged in her scornful supremacy; an image of a refinement of beauty, and of a beautiful servicelessness.

As the yacht, so the mistress: things of wealth, owing their graces to wealth, devoting them to wealth—splendid achievements of art both! and dedicated to the gratification of the superior senses.

Say that they were precious examples of an accomplished civilisation; and perhaps they did offer a visible ideal of grace for the rough world to aim at. They might in the abstract address a bit of a monition to the uncultivated, and encourage the soul to strive towards perfection in beauty: and there is no contesting the value of beauty when the soul is taken into account. But were they not in too great a profusion in proportion to their utility? That was the question for Nevil Beauchamp. The democratic spirit inhabiting him, temporarily or permanently, asked whether they were not increasing to numbers which were oppressive? And further, whether it was good for the country, the race, ay, the species, that they should be so distinctly removed from the thousands who fought the grand, and the grisly, old battle with nature for bread of life. Those grimy sails of the colliers and fishing-smacks, set them in a great sea, would have beauty for eyes and soul beyond that of elegance and refinement. And do but look on them thoughtfully, the poor are everlastingly, unrelievedly, in the abysses of the great sea . . . . .

One cannot pursue to conclusions a line of meditation that is half-built on the sensations as well as on the mind. Did Beauchamp at all desire to have those idly lovely adornments of riches, the Yacht and the Lady, swept away? Oh, dear, no. He admired them, he was at home with them. They were much to his taste. Standing on a point of the beach for a last look at them before he set his face towards the town, he prolonged the look in a manner to indicate that the place where business called him was not in com-

parison at all so pleasing: and just as little enjoyable were his meditations opposed to predilections. Beauty plucked the heart from his breast. But he had taken up arms; he had drunk of the *questioning* cup, that which denieth peace to us, and which projects us upon the missionary search of the How, the Wherefore, and the Why not, ever afterwards. He questioned his justification, and yours, for gratifying tastes in an ill-regulated world of wrong-doing, suffering, sin, and bounties unrighteously dispensed—not sufficiently dispersed. He said by-and-by to pleasure, battle to-day. From his point of observation, and with the store of ideas and images his fiery yet reflective youth had gathered, he presented himself as it were saddled to that hard-riding force known as the logical impetus, which spying its quarry over precipices, across oceans and deserts, and through systems and webs, and into shops and cabinets of costliest china, will come at it, will not be refused, let the distances and the breakages be what they may. He went like the meteoric man with the mechanical legs in the song, too quick for a cry of protestation, and reached results amazing to his instincts, his tastes, and his training, not less rapidly and naturally than tremendous Ergo is shot forth from the clash of a syllogism.

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## CHAPTER XVI.

### A PARTIAL DISPLAY OF BEAUCHAMP IN HIS COLOURS.

BEAUCHAMP presented himself at Mount Laurels next day, and formally asked Colonel Halkett for his vote, in the presence of Cecilia.

She took it for a playful glance at his new profession of politician: he spoke half-playfully. Was it possible to speak in earnest?

"I'm of the opposite party," said the colonel; as conclusive a reply as could be: but he at once fell upon the rotten navy of a Liberal Government. How could a true sailor think of joining those Liberals! The question referred to the country, not to a section of it, Beauchamp protested with impending emphasis: Tories and Liberals were much the same in regard to the care of the navy. "Nevil!" exclaimed Cecilia. He cited beneficial Liberal bills recently passed, which she accepted for a concession of the navy to the Tories, and she smiled. In spite of her dislike of politics, she had only to listen a few minutes to be drawn into the contest: and thus it is that one hot politician makes many among women and men of a people that have the genius of strife, or else in this case the young lady did unconsciously feel a deep interest in

refuting and overcoming Nevil Beauchamp. Colonel Halkett denied the benefits of those bills. "Look" said he, "at the scarecrow plight of the army under a Liberal Government!" This laid him open to the charge that he was for backing Administrations instead of principles.

"I do," said the colonel. "I would rather have a good Administration than all your talk of principles: one's a fact, but principles? principles?" He languished for a phrase to describe the hazy things. "I have mine, and you have yours. It's like a dispute between religions. There's no settling it except by main force. That's what principles lead you to."

Principles may be hazy, but heavy artillery is disposable in defence of them, and Beauchamp fired some reverberating guns for the eternal against the transitory;—with less of the gentlemanly fine taste, the light and easy social semi-irony, than Cecilia liked and would have expected from him. However, as to principles, no doubt Nevil was right, and Cecilia drew her father to another position. "Are not we Tories to have principles as well as the Liberals, Nevil?"

"They may have what they call principles," he admitted, intent on pursuing his advantage over the colonel, who said, to shorten the controversy: "It's a question of my vote, and my liking. I like a Tory Government, and I don't like the Liberals. I like gentlemen: I don't like a party that attacks everything, and beats up the mob for power, and repays it with sops, and is dragging us down from all we were proud of."

"But the country is growing, the country wants expansion," said Beauchamp; "and if your gentlemen by birth are not up to the mark, you must have leaders that are."

"Leaders who cut down expenditure, to create a panic that doubles the outlay! I know them."

"A *panic*, Nevil." Cecilia threw stress on the memorable word.

He would hear no reminder in it. The internal condition of the country was now the point for seriously-minded Englishmen.

"My dear boy, what *have* you seen of the country?" Colonel Halkett inquired.

"Every time I have landed, colonel, I have gone to the mining and the manufacturing districts, the centres of industry; wherever there was dissatisfaction. I have attended meetings, to see and hear for myself. I have read the papers. . . ."

"The papers!"

"Well, they're the mirror of the country."

"Does one see everything in a mirror, Nevil?" said Cecilia: "even in the smoothest?"

He retorted softly: "I should be glad to see what you see," and felled her with a blush.

For an example of the mirror offered by the Press, Colonel Halkett touched on Mr. Timothy Turbot's article in eulogy of the great Captain Beauchamp. "Did you like it?" he asked. "Ah, but if you meddle with politics, you must submit to be held up on the prongs of a fork, my boy; soaped by your backers and shaved by the foe; and there's a figure for a gentleman! as your uncle Romfrey says."

Cecilia did not join this discussion, though she had heard from her father that something grotesque had been written of Nevil. Her foolishness in blushing vexed body and mind. She was incensed by a silly compliment that struck at her feminine nature when her intellect stood in arms. Yet more hurt was she by the reflection that a too lively sensibility might have conjured up the idea of the compliment. And again, she wondered at herself for not resenting so rare a presumption as it implied, and not disdaining so outworn a form of flattery. She wondered at herself too for thinking of resentment and disdain in relation to the familiar commonplaces of licensed impertinence. Over all which hung a darkened image of her spirit of independence, like a moon in eclipse.

Where lay *his* weakness? Evidently in the belief that he had thought profoundly. But what minor item of insufficiency or feebleness was discernible? She discovered that he could be easily fretted by similes and metaphors: they set him staggering and groping like an ancient knight of faery in a forest bewitched.

"Your specific for the country is, then, Radicalism," she said, after listening to an attack on the Tories for their want of a policy and indifference to the union of classes.

"I would prescribe a course of it, Cecilia; yes," he turned to her.

"The Dr. Dulcamara of a single drug?"

"Now you have a name for me! Tory arguments always come to epithets."

"It should not be objectionable. Is it not honest to pretend to have only one cure for mortal maladies? There can hardly be two panaceas, can there be?"

"So you call me quack?"

"No, Nevil, no," she breathed a rich contralto note of denial: "but if the country is the patient, and you will have it swallow your prescription . . ."

"There's nothing like a metaphor for an evasion," said Nevil, blinking over it.

She drew him another analogy, longer than was at all necessary; so tedious that her father struck through it with the remark:

"Concerning that quack — there's one in the background, though!"

"I know of none," said Beauchamp, well-advised enough to forbear mention of the name of Shrapnel.

Cecilia petitioned that her stumbling ignorance, which sought the road of wisdom, might be heard out. She had a reserve entanglement for her argumentative friend. "You were saying, Nevil, that you were for principles rather than for individuals, and you instanced Mr. Cougham, the senior Liberal candidate of Bevisham, as one whom you would prefer to see in Parliament instead of Seymour Austin, though you confess to Mr. Austin's far superior merits as a politician and servant of his country: but Mr. Cougham supports Liberalism while Mr. Austin is a Tory. You are for the principle."

"I am," said he, bowing.

She asked: "Is not that equivalent to the doctrine of election by Grace?"

Beauchamp interjected: "Grace! election?"

Cecilia was tender to his inability to follow her allusion.

"Thou art a Liberal—then rise to membership," she said "Accept my creed, and thou art of the chosen. Yes, Nevil, you cannot escape from it. Papa, he preaches Calvinism in politics."

"We stick to men, and good men," the colonel flourished. "Old English for me!"

"You might as well say, old timber vessels, when Iron's afloat, colonel."

"I suspect you have the worst of it there, papa," said Cecilia, taken by the unexpectedness and smartness of the comparison coming from wits that she had been undervaluing.

"I shall not own I'm worsted until I surrender my vote," the colonel rejoined.

"I won't despair of it," said Beauchamp.

Colonel Halkett bade him come for it as often as he liked. "You'll be beaten in Bevisham, I warn you. Tory reckonings are safest; it's an admitted fact: and *we know* you can't win. According to my judgment a man owes a duty to his class."

"A man owes a duty to his class as long as he sees his class doing its duty towards the country," said Beauchamp; and he added, rather prettily in contrast with the sententious commencement, Cecilia thought, that the apathy of his class was proved when such as he deemed it an obligation on them to come forward and do what little they could. The deduction of the proof was not clearly consequent, but a meaning was expressed; and in that form it brought him nearer to her abstract idea of Nevil Beauchamp than when he raged and was precise.

After his departure she talked of him with her father, to be charitably satirical over him, it seemed.

The critic in her ear had pounced on his repetition of certain words that betrayed a dialectical stiffness and hinted a narrow vocabulary: his use of emphasis, rather reminding her of his uncle Everard, was, in a young man, a little distressing. "The *apathy* of the country, papa; the *apathy* of the rich; a state of universal *apathy*. Will you inform me, papa, what the Tories are *doing*? Do we really give our consciences to the keeping of the *parsons* once a week, and let them *dogmatise* for us to save us from exertion? We must attach ourselves to *principles*; *nothing is permanent but principles*. Poor Nevil! And still I am sure you have, as I have, the feeling that one must respect him. I am quite convinced that he supposes he is doing his best to serve his country by trying for Parliament, fancying himself a Radical. I forgot to ask him whether he had visited his great aunt, Mrs. Beauchamp. They say the dear old lady has influence with him."

"I don't think he's been anywhere," Colonel Halkett half laughed at the quaint fellow. "I wish the other great-nephew of hers were in England, for us to run him against Nevil Beauchamp. He's touring the world. I'm told he's orthodox, and a tough debater. We have to take what we can get."

"My best wishes for your success, and you and I will not talk of politics any more, papa. I hope Nevil will come often, for his own good: he will meet his own set of people here. And if he should dogmatise so much as to rouse our apathy to denounce his principles, we will remember that we are British, and can be sweet-blooded in opposition. Perhaps he may change, even *tra le tre ore e le quattro*: electioneering should be a lesson. From my recollection of Blackburn Tuckham, he was a boisterous boy."

"He writes uncommonly clever letters home to his Aunt Beauchamp. She has handed them to me to read," said the colonel. "I do like to see tolerably solid young fellows: they give one some hope of the stability of the country."

"They are not so interesting to study, and not half so amusing," said Cecilia.

Colonel Halkett muttered his objections to the sort of amusement furnished by firebrands.

"Firebrand is too strong a word for poor Nevil," she remonstrated.

In that estimate of the character of Nevil Beauchamp, Cecilia soon had to confess that she had been deceived, though not by him.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## HIS FRIEND AND FOE.

LOOKING from her window very early on a Sunday morning, Miss Halkett saw Beauchamp strolling across the grass of the park. She dressed hurriedly and went out to greet him, smiling and thanking him for his friendliness in coming.

He said he was delighted, and appeared so, but dashed the sweetness. "You know I can't canvass on Sundays."

"I suppose not," she replied. "Have you walked up from Bevisham? You must be tired."

"Nothing tires me," said he.

With that they stepped on together.

Mount Laurels, a fair broad house backed by a wood of beeches and firs, lay open to view on the higher grassed knoll of a series of descending turf mounds dotted with gorse-clumps, and faced south-westerly along the run of the Otley river to the gleaming broad water and its opposite border of forest, beyond which the downs of the island threw long interlopping curves. Great ships passed on the line of the water to and fro; and a little mist of masts of the fishing and coasting craft by Otley village, near the river's mouth, was like a web in air. Cecilia led him to her dusky wood of firs, where she had raised a bower for a place of poetical contemplation and reading when the clear lapping salt river beneath her was at high tide. She could hail the *Esperanza* from that cover; she could step from her drawing-room window, over the flower-beds, down the gravel walk to the hard, and be on board her yacht within seven minutes, out on her salt-water lake within twenty, closing her wings in a French harbour by nightfall of a summer's day, whenever she had the whim to fly abroad. Of these enviable privileges she boasted with some happy pride.

"It's the finest yachting-station in England," said Beauchamp.

She expressed herself very glad that he should like it so much. Unfortunately she added, "I hope you will find it pleasanter to be here than canvassing."

"I have no pleasure in canvassing," said he. "I canvass poor men accustomed to be paid for their votes, and who get nothing from me but what the baron would call a parsonical exhortation. I'm in the thick of the most spiritless crew in the kingdom. Our southern men will not compare with the men of the north. But still, even among these fellows, I see danger for the country if our commerce were to fail, if distress came on them. There's always danger in disunion. That's what the rich won't see. They see simply nothing out of their own circle; and they won't take a thought of

the overpowering contrast between their luxury and the way of living, that's half starving, of the poor. They understand it when fever comes up from back alleys and cottages, and then they join their efforts to sweep the poor out of the district. The poor are to get to their work anyhow, after a long morning's walk over the proscribed space; for we must have poor, you know. The wife of a parson I canvassed yesterday, said to me, 'Who is to work for us, if you do away with the poor, Captain Beauchamp?'"

Cecilia quitted her bower and traversed the wood silently.

"So you would blow up my poor Mount Laurels for a peace-offering to the lower classes?"

"I should hope to put it on a stronger foundation, Cecilia."

"By means of some convulsion?"

"By forestalling one."

"That must be one of the new ironclads," observed Cecilia, gazing at the black smoke-pennon of a tower that slipped along the water-line. "Yes? You were saying? Put us on a stronger——?"

"It's, I think, the *Hastings*: she broke down the other day on her trial trip," said Beauchamp, watching the ship's progress animatedly. Peppel commands her—a capital officer. I suppose we must have these costly big floating barracks. I don't like to hear of everything being done for the defensive. The defensive is perilous policy in war. It's true, the English don't wake up to their work under half a year. But no; defending and looking to defences is bad for the fighting power; and there's half a million gone on that ship. *Half a million!* Do you know how many poor taxpayers it takes to make up that sum, Cecilia?"

"A great many," she slurred over them; "but we must have big ships, and the best that are to be had."

"Powerful fast rams, sea-worthy and fit for running over shallows, carrying one big gun; swarms of harriers and worriers known to be kept ready for immediate service; readiness for the offensive in case of war—there's the best defence against a declaration of war by a foreign State."

"I like to hear you, Nevil," said Cecilia, beaming: "Papa thinks we have a miserable army—in numbers. He says, the wealthier we become the more difficult it is to recruit able-bodied men on the volunteering system. Yet the wealthier we are the more an army is wanted, both to defend our wealth and to preserve order. I fancy he half inclines to compulsory enlistment. Do speak to him on that subject."

Cecilia must have been innocent of a design to awaken the fire-flash in Nevil's eyes. She had no design, but hostility was latent, and hence perhaps the offending phrase.

He nodded and spoke coolly. "An army to preserve order? So, then, an army to threaten civil war!"



"To crush revolutionists."

"Agitators, you mean. My dear good old colonel—I have always loved him!—must not have more troops at his command."

"Do you object to the drilling of the whole of the people?"

"Does not the colonel, Cecilia? I am sure he does in his heart, and, for different reasons, I do. He won't trust the working-classes, nor I the middle."

"Does Dr. Shrapnel hate the middle-class?"

"Dr. Shrapnel cannot hate. He and I are of opinion that, as the middle-class are the party in power, they would not, if they knew the use of arms, move an inch farther in Reform, for they would no longer be in fear of the class below them."

"But what horrible notions of your country have you, Nevil! It is dreadful to hear. Oh! do let us avoid politics for ever. Fear!"

"All concessions to the people have been won from fear."

"I have not heard so."

"I will read it to you in the History of England."

"You paint us in a condition of Revolution."

"Happily it's not a condition unnatural to us. The danger would be in not letting it be progressive, and there's a little danger too at times in our slowness. We change our blood or we perish."

"Dr. Shrapnel?"

"Yes, I *have* heard Dr. Shrapnel say that. And by the way, Cecilia—will you? can you?—Take me for the witness to his character. He is the most guileless of men, and he's the most unguarded. My good Rosamund saw him. She is easily prejudiced when she is a trifle jealous, and you may hear from her that he rambles, talks wildly. It may seem so. I maintain there is wisdom in him when conventional minds would think him at his wildest. Believe me, he is the humanest, the best of men, tender-hearted as a child: the most benevolent, simple-minded, admirable old man—the man I am proudest to think of as an Englishman and a man living in my time, of all men existing. I can't overpraise him."

"He has a bad reputation."

"Only with the class that will not meet him and answer him."

"Must we invite him to our houses?"

"It would be difficult to get him to come, if you did. I mean, meet him in debate and answer his arguments. Try the question by brains."

"Before mobs?"

"Not before mobs. I punish you by answering you seriously."

"I am sensible of the flattery."

"Before mobs!" Nevil ejaculated. "It's the Tories that mob together and cry down every man who appears to them to threaten

their privileges. Can you guess what Dr. Shrapnel compares them to?"

"Indeed, Nevil, I have not an idea. I only wish your patriotism were large enough to embrace them."

"He compares them to geese claiming possession of the whole common, and hissing at every foot of ground they have to yield. They're always having to retire and always hissing. 'Retreat and menace,' that's the motto for them."

"Very well, Nevil, I am a goose upon a common."

So saying Cecilia swam forward like a swan on water to give the morning kiss to her papa, by the open window of the breakfast-room.

Never did bird of Michaelmas fling off water from her feathers more thoroughly than this fair young lady the false title she pretended to assume.

"I hear you're of the dinner-party at Grancey Lespel's on Wednesday," the colonel said to Beauchamp. "You'll have to stand fire."

"*They* will, papa," murmured Cecilia. "Will Mr. Austin be there?"

"I particularly wish to meet Mr. Austin," said Beauchamp.

"Listen to him, if you do meet him," she replied.

His look was rather grave.

"Lespel's a Whig," he said.

The colonel answered. "Lespel *was* a Whig. Once a Tory always a Tory,—but court the people and you're on quicksands, and that's where the Whigs are. What he is now I don't think he knows himself. You won't get a vote."

Cecilia watched her friend Nevil recovering from his short fit of gloom. He dismissed politics at breakfast and grew companionable, with the charm of his earlier day. He was willing to accompany her to church too.

"You will hear a long sermon," she warned him.

"Forty minutes." Colonel Halkett smothered a yawn that was both retro and prospective.

"It has been fifty, papa."

"It has been an hour, my dear."

It was good discipline nevertheless, the colonel affirmed, and Cecilia praised the Rev. Mr. Brisk of Urplesdon vicarage as one of our few remaining Protestant clergymen.

"Then he ought to be supported," said Beauchamp. "In the dissensions of religious bodies it is wise to pat the weaker party on the back.—I quote Stukely Culbrett."

"I've heard him," sighed the colonel. "He calls the Protestant clergy the social police of the English middle-class. Those are the

things he lets fly. I have heard that man say that the Church stands to show the passion of the human race for the drama. He said it in my presence. And there's a man who calls himself a Tory! You have rather too much of that playing at grudges and dislikes at Steynham, with squibs, nicknames, and jests at things that—well, that our stability is bound up in. I hate squibs."

"And I," said Beauchamp. Some shadow of a frown crossed him; but Stukely Culbrett's humour seemed to be a refuge. "Protestant *parson*—not clergy," he corrected the colonel. "Can't you hear Mr. Culbrett, Cecilia? The Protestant parson is the policeman set to watch over the respectability of the middle-class. He has sharp eyes for the sins of the poor. As for the rich, they support his Church; they listen to his sermon—to set an example: *discipline*, colonel. You discipline the tradesman, who's afraid of losing your custom, and the labourer, who might be deprived of his bread. But the people? It's put down to the wickedness of human nature that the parson has not got hold of the people. The parsons have lost them by senseless Conservatism, because they look to the Tories for the support of their Church, and let the religion run down the gutters. And how many thousands have you at work in the pulpit every Sunday? I'm told the Dissenting ministers have some vitality."

Colonel Halkett shrugged with disgust at the mention of Dissenters.

"And those thirty or forty thousand, colonel, call the men that do the work they ought to be doing demagogues. The parsonry are a power absolutely to be counted for waste, as to progress."

Cecilia perceived that her father was beginning to be fretted.

She said, with a tact that effected its object: "I am one who hear Mr. Culbrett without admiring his wit."

"No, and I see no good in this kind of Steynham talk," Colonel Halkett said, rising. "We're none of us perfect. Heaven save us from political parsons!"

Beauchamp was heard to utter: "Humanity."

The colonel left the room with Cecilia, muttering the Steynham tail to that word: "tomtity" for the solace of an aside repartee.

She was on her way to dress for church. He drew her into the library, and there threw open a vast placard lying on the table. It was printed in blue characters and red. "This is what I got by the post this morning. I suppose Nevil knows about it. He wants tickling, but I don't like this kind of thing. It's not fair war. It's as bad as using explosive bullets in my old game."

"Can he expect his adversaries to be tender with him?" Cecilia simulated vehemence in an underbreath. She glanced down the page.

"FRENCH MARQUEES" caught her eye.

It was a page of verse. And, oh! could it have issued from a Tory Committee?

"The Liberals are as bad, and worse," her father said.

She became more and more distressed. "It seems so very mean, papa; so base. Ungenerous is no word for it. And how vulgar! Now I remember, Nevil said he wished to see Mr. Austin."

"Seymour Austin would not sanction it."

"No, but Nevil might hold him responsible for it."

"I suspect Mr. Stukely Culbrett, whom he quotes, and that smoking-room lot at Lespel's. I distinctly discountenance it. So I shall tell them on Wednesday night. Can you keep a secret?"

"And after all Nevil Beauchamp is very young, papa!—of course I can keep a secret."

The colonel exacted no word of honour, feeling quite sure of her.

He whispered the secret in six words, and her cheeks glowed vermilion.

"But they will meet on Wednesday after *this*," she said, and her sight went dancing down the column of verse, of which the following trotting couplet is a specimen:—

*"O did you ever, hot in love, a little British middy see,  
Like Orpheus asking what the dance to do without Eurydice?"*

The middy is jilted by his FRENCH MARQUEES, whom he 'did adore,' and in his wrath he recommends himself to the wealthy widow Bevisham, concerning whose choice of her suitors there is a doubt: but the middy is encouraged to persevere:—

*"Up, up, my pretty middy; take a draught of foaming Sillery;  
Go in and win the widdy with your Radical artillery."*

And if Sillery will not do, he is advised, he being for superlatives, to try the sparkling *Sillery* of the Radical vintage, selected grapes.

This was but impudent nonsense. But the reiterated apostrophe to "MY FRENCH MARQUEES" was considered by Cecilia to be a brutal offence.

She was shocked that her party should have been guilty of it. Nevil certainly provoked, and he required, hard blows; and his uncle Everard might be right in telling her father that they were the best means of teaching him to come to his understanding. Still a foul and stupid squib did appear to her a debasing weapon to use.

"I cannot congratulate you on your choice of a second candidate, papa," she said scornfully.

"I don't much congratulate myself," said the colonel. "Here's a letter from Mrs. Beauchamp informing me that her boy Blackburn will be home in a month. There would have been plenty of time for him. However, we must make up our minds to it. Those two'll

separable within her bosom than one tick from another of a clock; they changed places, and next his friend was fearing what his foe had feared: they were inextricable.

Why had he not sprung up on a radiant aquiline ambition, whither one might have followed him, with eyes and prayers for him, if it was not possible to do so companionably? At present, in the shape of a canvassing candidate, it was hardly honourable to let imagination dwell on him, save compassionately.

When he rose to take his leave, Cecilia said, "Must you go to Itchincope on Wednesday, Nevil?"

Colonel Halkett added: "I don't think I would go to Lespel's if I were you. I rather suspect Seymour Austin will be coming on Wednesday, and that'll detain me here, and you might join us and lend him an ear for an evening."

"I have particular reasons for going to Lespel's; I hear he wavers towards a Tory conspiracy of some sort," said Beauchamp.

The colonel held his tongue.

The untiring young candidate chose to walk down to Bevisham at eleven o'clock at night, that he might be the readier to continue his canvass of the borough on Monday morning early. He was offered a bed or a conveyance, and he declined both; the dog-cart he declined out of consideration for horse and groom, which an owner of stables could not but approve.

Colonel Halkett broke into exclamations of pity for so good a young fellow so misguided.

The night was moonless, and Cecilia, looking through the window, said whimsically, "He has gone out into the darkness, and is no light in it!"

Certainly none shone. She however carried a lamp that revealed him footing on with a wonderful air of confidence, and she was rather surprised to hear her father regret that Nevil Beauchamp should be losing his good looks already, owing to that miserable business of his in Bevisham. She would have thought the contrary, that he was looking as well as ever.

"He dresses just as he used to dress," she observed.

The individual style of a naval officer of breeding, in which you see neatness trifling with disorder, or disorder plucking at neatness, like the breeze a trim vessel, had been caught to perfection by Nevil Beauchamp, according to Cecilia. It presented him to her mind in a cheerful and a very undemocratic aspect, but in realising it she thought, like something flashing black, crossed her—how such a style must be to a Frenchwoman!

"He looks a little worn," she acquiesced.

GEORGE MEREDITH.











